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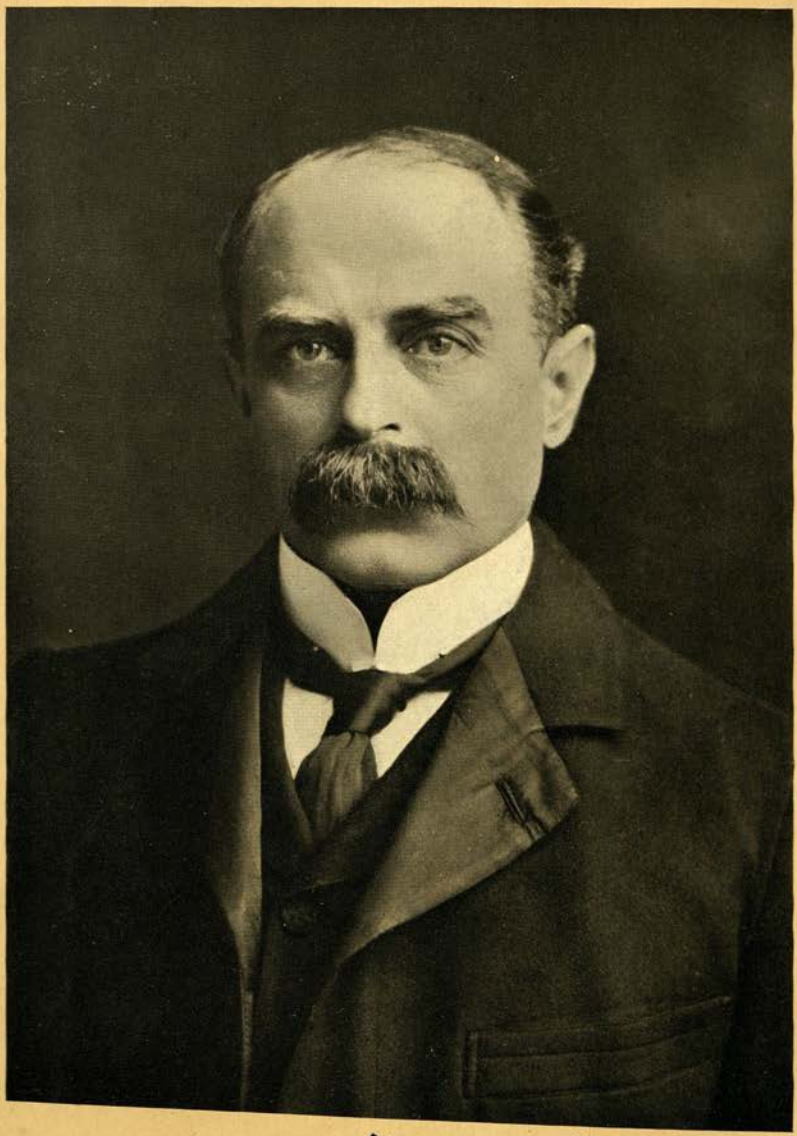
# LHASA



# LHASA

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF CENTRAL TIBET AND OF THE PROGRESS OF THE MISSION SENT THERE BY THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT IN THE YEAR 1903-4


WRITTEN,
WITH THE HELP OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS OF THE MISSION,
BY

PERCEVAL LANDON

*Special Correspondent of the 'Times'*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*πὰρ δ' ἴσαν ὠκεανοῦ τε ῥοὰς καὶ λευκάδα πέτρην*
*ἠδὲ παρ' ἠελίοιο πύλας καὶ δῆμον ὀνείρων*
*ἤισαν.*

Vol. II

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# LHASA

## CHAPTER I.

### INTERNAL HISTORY OF LHASA 1902–4.

BEFORE taking up again the story of the Expedition I propose to sketch the internal affairs of Lhasa for the last few years with somewhat greater detail than before. The key to the situation in Tibet, which was now becoming desperate, is to be found in the deliberate and steady determination of the Tibetans to do away with the Chinese suzerainty. This is a policy of long standing. Thirty-five years ago the spirit of independence was already abroad in Tibet, and there was a recognised progressive party, headed by no less a dignitary than the treasurer of Gaden monastery. Under the old régime, as is well known, a consistent policy of regency, made possible only by the equally systematic assassination of each successive young Grand Lama before he reached the age of eighteen, resulted in a continual regency, and therefore also a continual opportunity for the assertion and re-assertion of the Chinese suzerainty, for no regent could be appointed without the sanction of the Chinese Emperor. The very election of the Dalai Lama himself was theoretically subject to the approval of Peking, but this prerogative was seldom, or never, exercised. In other parts of his dominions the Chinese Emperor made undoubted use of his rights.

At Urga, a new Taranath Grand Lama, the third in importance in the Buddhist world, was, on one occasion, peremptorily disqualified by his majesty on the grounds that his immediate predecessor had been a turbulent and seditious fellow, and that there was no good ground for supposing that he had been reincarnated in any human being. Against this the good people of Mongolia entered a violent protest. They said that such a contention cut at the root of their religion, and so much trouble did they give that eventually the Emperor compromised; he said that as the monks of Urga had chosen a Mongolian to be their chief he would allow the election to stand, but that on no account thenceforward was a reincarnation to take place in the body of a Tibetan. The descent of the spirit is thus regulated to-day. Again it is necessary to remind the European reader with a sense of humour that these apparent absurdities are the source of very real and often very bitter political feeling in the Far East, and that the application of European habits of thought to these circumstances can only result in a total misapprehension of the whole situation. The Tibetans see no absurdity in situations thus created at a time when in other ways their national aspirations were shaping a shrewd and Occidental policy.

The leader of the party died indeed before achieving success, but it is worth notice that in the election of the present Dalai Lama, in 1874, a change, directly attributable to the dead reformer's personality, was made in the devolution of the spirit of Avalokiteswara. In the old days the names of all babies born at the time of the assassination of the previous Dalai Lama were written on slips and put into a golden urn, which,

it is reported, levitated itself and thrice cast forth the slip of paper bearing the name of the chosen child. This miracle is supposed to have been somewhat assisted by the writing of the same name upon every slip, and it was to guard against any such political manipulation of this all-important choice that a new plan of selection was then adopted. Acting upon the counsels of the chief magician of Nachung choskyong, the discovery of the new Dalai Lama was entrusted to the pious clairvoyance of the Shar-tse Abbot of Gaden. This man, acting upon instructions, went to the Chos-kor Plain, to the east of Lhasa, and there on the surface of the Muli-ding-ki lake the new reincarnation was seen in his mother's lap upon a lotus flower. After a brief search for mother and child, Tubdan Gyatso, the present pontiff, was found at Paru-chude in the district of Tag-po. This method of choosing a successor to the divine authority checkmated the ordinary intrigues by which family influence as well as official guardianship secured to the Chinese suzerain no small voice in the acts of the doomed child's government. The last regent, as has been said, was chosen from Gaden though he also had some connection with the Kun-de-ling in Lhasa.*

Eighteen years afterwards, when, under other circumstances, his life would have been brought to a sudden conclusion, Tubdan Gyatso was spared. This has been attributed by some to the unrest prevailing during our troubles with India at that time; the treaty was then actually in process of construction in Calcutta, and it is very likely that the recent war with ourselves had sug-

* It is impossible to obtain very accurate information upon a point like this. A Tibetan has his 'La-lis' out of his mouth before a name is even mentioned.

gested to the shrewder Tibetans that the time had come finally to take their affairs into their own hands. China had been of no use to them in their dispute with India, and to have 'reincarnated' the Dalai Lama at that moment meant a repetition of the usual opportunity for the exertion of Chinese influence which would have been peculiarly inopportune and even disastrous. He was therefore allowed to survive maturity, but only as a religious pontiff, the temporal power remaining in the hands of the regent. But as soon as the treaty was signed the last vestige of Chinese influence in Tibet was thrown off by a *coup d'état*, in 1895, strangely resembling that of King Alexander of Servia under similar circumstances, Tubdan Gyatso declared himself temporal sovereign as well as religious autocrat, cast the regent into prison and poisoned him almost immediately.

Such was the position in 1901. There were at this time three important men in Lhasa: the Dalai Lama, Dorjieff and the 'Premier'—the Shata Shapé.* The last of the triumvirate was a man who had been brought into prominence some years ago by an unfortunate incident in Darjeeling. The story is well known: a Tibetan was ducked in the fountain for insolence displayed by him or by one of his countrymen towards an Englishwoman in a rickshaw. The man's rudeness did not, perhaps, justify so drastic a punishment, but it was not altogether unnatural, and it was our misfortune rather than our fault that we thus incurred the perpetual and bitter hatred of the man, who, in the course of a few years, was destined to become prime minister of Tibet; for the victim was no other than

* He is also known as Shaffi Phen-tso Dorje.

the Shata Shapé, then exiled and under a temporary cloud. He never forgot or forgave, and it is not surprising that when the opportunity presented itself he flung himself heart and soul into the change of policy advocated by Dorjieff. Sufficient reference has already been made to the career of Dorjieff; of the Dalai Lama, we only know from Chinese sources that he is a headstrong and somewhat conceited man, not without strength of character, but intolerant of restraint in any form. Physically he is a tall and powerfully built man with unusually oblique eyes.

Opposed to them stood the various representatives and delegates of the ruling priestly caste, greatly swayed by the traditional respect and homage which the Grand Lama's position inspires in the least dutiful of his subjects, but stubbornly refusing to depart from their ancient principles and the policy of seclusion which had stood Tibet and themselves in good stead for so long. In all else the Dalai Lama was able to have his way, but neither the introduction of a Russian protectorate, nor the presence of Russian representatives in Lhasa, would the Tsong-du tolerate in any form whatever, or for an instant. To neither side were the claims or the opinions of the Chinese of the slightest moment. The return of Dorjieff in December with the unofficial understanding between Russia and Tibet was, therefore, the inauguration of a difficult period for the Dalai Lama.

The existence of this understanding was a fact that he could neither openly avow nor, on the other hand, entirely conceal. The solemn anti-foreigner covenant, signed by the Tsong-du, was obstinately pleaded by the opposition and nothing could be done. The Dalai Lama changed his methods. Not for a moment did he abandon

the policy which promised to secure for himself and for his country the apparently gratuitous protection of Russia and freedom from the ever-present dread of the English; and he did not attempt to conceal his not unnatural dislike for the shortsighted policy of the Tsong-du, by which he now found himself as much thwarted as by any possible interference of China. But in their existing mood it was impossible to coerce the members of the National Council, so for the future he determined to use the wide powers he was able to wield without reference to it, and he believed that their scope was extensive enough to carry through his matured Russophile policy, not so much by the deliberate choice of the Tsong-du, as of necessity, and he set himself determinedly to bring about that necessity. This was no easy task. There was no trouble then with India, and the self-confident Tibetans attached small value to any inducements that Russia could hold out. Tibet had succeeded easily in regaining her independence of China, and could conceive no reason for putting herself again under obligation to any man. But with shrewder foresight the Dalai Lama saw that some such protection from the north or from the south was ultimately inevitable. He chose to make a truce with Russia. Apart from the practical inducements offered by Dorjieff, it must be remembered in his choice of an ally that he was acting upon a principle well known in the East. Long before his days the worn out shoes and mouldy bread of the men of Gibeon had persuaded Joshua that it was safe to make a treaty of peace with so distant a tribe. The moral effect of an alliance with either was, as he knew well, a guarantee for the non-interference of the other. Now India is but a fortnight away, while Russia,

by the quickest route is full four months' journey distant.

So soon, therefore, as he could make the Tsong-du recognise the necessity for outside support, he knew that the assistance of Russia, as being the more distant friend, would, as a matter of course, be preferred by it to the traditional and imminent menace of Indian influence. He set himself to bring this recognition about, and it was clear that if friction could in some way be established in his relations with India, he would have gone far towards obtaining his end. In achieving his purpose, he had neither scruples nor difficulty. Reference has been made before to the policy of aggression he adopted, but the acts may be briefly recapitulated here. The frontier regulations of Sikkim were violated in a flagrant manner; the grazing rights near Giao-gong were encroached upon in a way which he was well aware we could not much longer suffer. A customs house and a barrier were actually erected and occupied, and British subjects kept out by force from a small portion of the British Empire. Eventually the arrival of a letter from Lord Curzon, in the middle of 1902, offered him an opportunity he was not slow to use. The letter was returned unopened, without apology or comment of any kind. Such, it will be remembered, was the situation immediately before the arrival of the mission at Kamba jong.

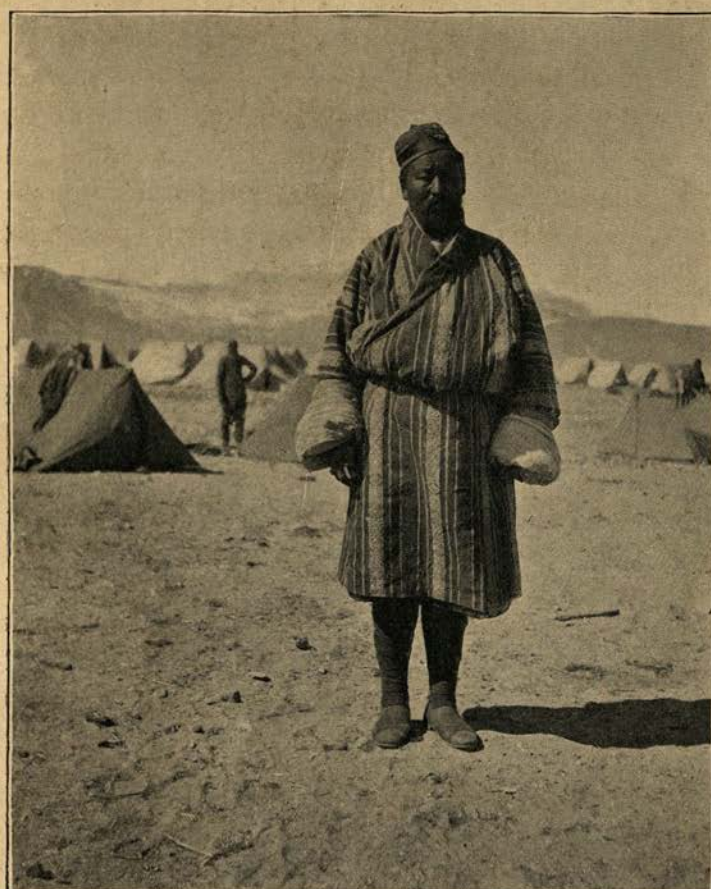
Under this new régime the Tsong-du were little consulted. It was Tubdan's intention to use them afterwards, but rather for the mere purpose of ratifying an inevitable policy than of asking them their opinion upon its wisdom. No definite information of their attitude seems to have been sent to Russia. Rifles

were from time to time received and stored at Norbuling under the Dalai Lama's personal supervision, and Dorjieff continued to distribute small but valuable European-made gifts among the leading men of Lhasa. The action of the Indian Government in sending Mr. Claude White to enforce the rights of the Sikkimese over their grazing grounds was interpreted by the Grand Lama as an act of overt hostility, and was used to hasten the catastrophe—all the more readily, perhaps, because of the repeated warnings of the old Amban Yu-kang that the Tibetan policy with regard to the English was both foolish and *ultra vires* : his protests were, however, consistently and insolently ignored. At last, however, it seems that the Shata Shapé recoiled before the lengths to which the Dalai Lama, now utterly in the toils of Dorjieff, was prepared to go. The exact circumstances of their quarrel are not known, but it is clear that in 1903 the Shata Shapé was deposed from office and thrown into prison ; where, I believe, the unfortunate man remains. The story of this incident is not without interest.

We get glimpses of the internal affairs of Lhasa about this time, which reveal sufficiently clearly the chaos which was then reigning. To any demur on the part of his colleagues in the government, the Dalai Lama opposed ill temper instead of argument, and soon made the unfortunate discovery that the slightest threat of resignation from temporal affairs—which one might have supposed to be no unwelcome idea to his harassed colleagues—speedily reduced the most insubordinate member of the Tsong-du to submissiveness.

But the dissatisfaction of Tibet with the Russophile tendencies of the Grand Lama could not thus be checked,

and the co-operation of England and China in the advance of the Mission to Kamba jong was a rebuff for the Grand Lama that could not be misinterpreted. The



Ugyen Kazi.

great astrologer of Tibet, the Lama of Re-ting, was asked about this time to interpose the influence of the stars against the encroachment of the British. It is remarkable that in his answer he makes the definite

charge that the troubles from which Tibet was suffering were due to the fact that bribes of European money had been unlawfully accepted by Tibetan officials.

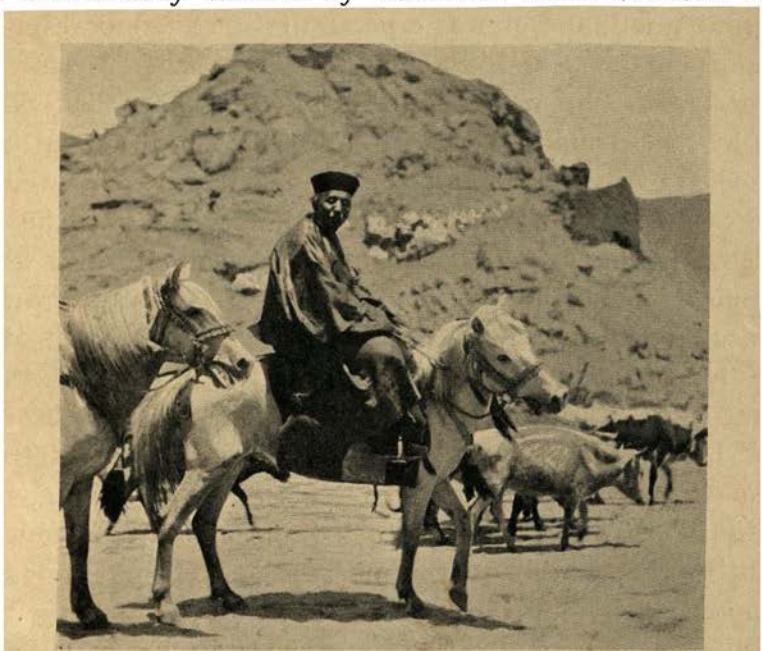
On the 3rd or 4th of October, it was asserted that 150 Russian rifles* were brought to the Potala by Dorjieff. At this time the latter's influence reached its highest point, and it was regretfully admitted in Lhasa that even the Shapés themselves were obliged to curry favour with him to get anything done or even listened to by the Dalai Lama. About this time, owing to the direct intervention of Dorjieff, the Dalai Lama took the arbitrary and high-handed step to which we have referred. On the 13th of October he sent for and imprisoned at Norbu-ling the four ministers of state and the representatives of the Three Monasteries. He accused the Shata Shapé of having taken bribes; the other members were charged with having concealed from the Dalai Lama important facts connected with the boundary dispute, with having taken money from Ugyen Kazi† on the occasion of the presentation of an elephant, with being behindhand in their biennial reports, and, in general, with disobedience to his Holiness, and with attempting to carry on the business of the country contrary to his intentions and orders. In order to carry through this *coup-de-main*, he once again threatened

* It was believed in Lhasa that weapons were continually arriving in camel loads, but it is more probable that they were barrels only. The Tip arsenal across the river was working at high pressure, and even during our brief experience of Tibetan munitions of war it was possible to observe a very distinct improvement in the manufactured cartridges; the rifles here made consisted, as a rule, of a local Martini lock adjusted somewhat carelessly to an old European-made barrel of some discarded pattern.

† Ugyen Kazi, horsedealer and diplomatist, is the most conspicuous figure on the Tibetan frontier. He was used by the Indian Government in 1902 as the bearer of the letters to the Dalai Lama which were returned unopened to Lord Curzon. A commanding presence and a quick humour also has this man who might use Elizabeth's scratching on the Hatfield window for his motto.

to resign and adopt the meditative life unless his action were endorsed. He was completely successful.

Almost the last act of these unhappy men was a refusal to attend the annual review on the plain between Sera and Lhasa on the day when the Emperor of China is customarily saluted by obeisance made towards the



The Ta Lama. He is the chief executive member of the Hierarchy under the Dalai Lama.

east. It is probable that they refused to attend this yearly ceremony in order to avoid offending either the Emperor or the Dalai Lama, either by abandoning or persisting in the old custom which the latter seems now to have forbidden for the future, and it is not without significance that, in order to save themselves from internal treachery, the four deposed Shapés had bound themselves by an oath to stand or fall together.

The points were put upon the i's of the situation by a remark of the Amban's about this time that even if ambassadors were sent to meet the British at any point, and even if they succeeded in coming to an agreement, the Tsong-du would refuse to ratify the treaty. Of the four Shapés or Kalons, the monk official Te-kang, the Shata Shapé and Sho-kang were the more responsible and respectable officers; the last, by name Hor-kang, a man of somewhat weak character, who had been in office but four months, committed suicide almost immediately in terror. Their places were taken by the Ta Lama, as ecclesiastical member, the head of the house of Yutok, the Tsarong Dépen and the Tse-chung Shapé; none of them, with the exception of the Yutok Shapé, of any social position or strength of mind.

The Ta Lama, whom we repeatedly met at one time or another, was a gentlemanlike old priest, verging on his second childhood and incapable of keeping his attention fixed on any subject for more than a minute or so at a time. The Yutok Shapé was a phlegmatic fatalist who seemed fully aware of the impossibility of doing anything for his country with the scanty authority he possessed. The other two were negligible quantities and were clearly appointed for the sole purpose of allowing a freer hand to the Dalai Lama's personal eccentricities. With this ramshackle government the affairs of Tibet were carried on; every now and then the Amban, who had already received notice of his dismissal, tried, in a weak manner, to settle the matter by a personal appeal to the Grand Lama or the Tsong-du, but the treatment of the Mission at Kamba jong is witness enough to the small importance that was attached to Chinese representations at this period.

In December 1903 the Shapés, by instruction of the Dalai Lama, definitely refused transport to the Amban. This, by preventing his approaching Colonel Younghusband, was tantamount to an active refusal to allow China to interfere in any way. It was the last straw; he angrily demanded that their refusal to obey the orders of the Chinese Emperor should be set down in writing. It was probably somewhat to his surprise the Dalai Lama instantly acquiesced and assumed full responsibility for the action. Tibet had decided to act as an independent kingdom, and as soon as the gauntlet had been thrown down, troops were moved out from Lhasa along the southern road to Phari. Yu-kang then rather weakly offered to pay his own transport expenses, but this was as steadily refused as before. For some time now the Amban had been unable to obtain an answer from the Dalai Lama even to questions whollyunconnected with the dispute with ourselves; from this moment he was an insignificant and ultimately a disgraced man.

The arrival of the new Amban, Yu-tai, was about this time announced from Chyando, and Yu-kang made his preparations to return. His degradation was no loss to us. He had been acting upon the confidential orders of Yung-lu for many years and undoubtedly supported the Tibetans in their refusal to negotiate with the English, relying upon assurances received from Yung-lu that Lhasa would be occupied by Russian troops in the spring of 1903. This corroborates Dorjieff's boast, and our minister in Peking obtained from Prince Ching an admission that he had heard the report. Nor when pressed did the Russian minister in Peking deny that there was a certain *rapprochement* 'on religious grounds'; but Yung-lu's death shortly

afterwards and the first rumblings of the Japanese war cloud effectually held the hand of Russia. The Dalai Lama therefore found himself in the position of having paved the way for advances on Russia's part from which nothing was to be expected, while from our side he could only await that demand for satisfaction and a clearer understanding which he had himself deliberately provoked.

By this time even the pious citizens of Lhasa were grumbling against their divine ruler. They whispered that the Potala Lama, as he is not infrequently called in Lhasa, after having murdered the regent of Tibet and imprisoned the Shapés, was about to consummate his folly by losing the country itself as well. The wildest confusion prevailed in official circles; no man trusted his nearest friend; the Amban, trying perhaps to retrieve his credit at the last moment, appears now and then in a whirl of fussy and impotent ill temper, making demands that his master must be obeyed, that transport must be provided for him, that the La-chung men must be released at once.* No one paid him the slightest attention, and at last he seems to have subsided upon receipt of an unpleasant communication from Peking, intimating that his punishment would be decided upon after he had returned; and this is the end of Yu-kang.

Meanwhile the new Amban was slowly making his progress towards Lhasa. He had started in November,

* Two men from Sikkim had been caught by the Tibetans and detained by them during our stay at Kamba jong. It was almost universally reported that they had been tortured and put to death in Shigatse, but on our arrival in Lhasa they were found to be still in prison there, and on the 17th of August Colonel Younghusband had them released. This incident at one time seemed likely to give rise to serious complications, but thus it ended happily, and the men themselves made no charge of brutality against their Tibetan gaolers.

1902, and fifteen months seems an inordinate time for even a Chinese official to take in covering the distance which separates Lhasa from Peking. He had asked for an escort of 2,000 men to accompany him, but as a matter of fact he found it difficult to provide for the needs of the bare hundred whom he was allowed to take. He had been selected for the post because he was the brother of Sheng-tai who had concluded the unfortunate treaty of 1890, and it was regarded as only fitting and just by the Oriental mind that the harm done by one member of a family should be rectified by another. On his way he met Mr. E. Nicholls, an American, at Ta-chien-lu, the frontier city, where he seems to have spent some time in extracting money from the Chinese prefect and the Tibetan "gyalpo" alike. He seems to have asserted his intention of restoring Chinese authority, and he admitted no sympathy with the Tibetan desire for seclusion, arguing that if Sze-chuan was open to foreigners there could be no reason why the pretensions of the Tibetans should be permitted for a moment. He moved on to Batang for the same dubious purposes that had detained him at Ta-chien-lu.*

On the 12th of February, the belated official reached Lhasa and assumed the reins of government. Later in the same month Dorjieff's influence began to wane. The intrigues with Russia had been overdone and were the common talk of the town. It was known and widely resented that the Dalai Lama had sent back to St. Petersburg a Buriat who had come

* Mr. Nicholls notes that at this place the hair and scraps of the finger nails of the Dalai Lama were sold at enormous prices in the market, and Mr. Wilton tells me that there is a constant demand in Pekin for scraps, however dirty, of His Holiness' clothing, and even more repulsive relics of the great Reincarnation.

to Dorjieff, bringing with him a large sum of money. Moreover, the new Amban, whatever his moral deficiencies, had at least some energy at first. He tried to carry things with a high hand, and one of his first actions was severely to censure the inaction of a Chinese representative, who had been ordered south to confer with Younghusband; he seems also to have given our Kamba jong acquaintance, Ho, a bad quarter of an hour on the ground that he had misappropriated Government money. A week after his arrival he made an official visit to the Dalai Lama, and for three hours attempted to bring him to reason; it was not, however, of much use, and on his return to the Residency the Amban set himself to the re-organisation and reform of the military arrangements in Tibet so far as the Chinese soldiery was concerned. On one point at least he failed as completely as his predecessor; he, too, first requested and finally demanded that he should be allowed transport to go to Tuna to meet Younghusband, or Yun-hai-phun, as they transliterated the name. This the Dalai Lama courteously but firmly refused. At a subsequent visit the Amban seems to have moderated his tone, but to no effect; the Dalai Lama again cheerfully accepted the responsibility for every obstacle that was placed in the way of the Amban's intended journey, and refused to permit the strengthening of the Chinese garrisons at the frontier and in Lhasa. The mood of the Tibetans at this period was anything but conciliatory. The Tongsa Penlop, who had written offering his services as mediator once again, was told that only after a retreat to Ya-tung and payment of damages for our trespass at Phari would the question of negotiation be opened.

But the display of temper was not confined to officials. About this time levies from the province of Kams were called up, but they refused to come, alleging that no proper rations had been served out to them; a promise of proper supplies (which, by the way, was never performed) induced them to send about a thousand men for the defence of Lhasa, but in other parts of the country the demands of the Dalai Lama were met with a blank refusal. Upon the top of this came the news of the disaster at Guru and of our occupation of Gyantse jong. The discontent redoubled. Dorjieff felt that, now or never, the time was come for action if he wished to save his life. He seems to have argued to himself that if a successful attack could be made upon the small British garrison at Chang-lo, time would be gained and his policy justified, for the moment at least. On the other hand, if such an attack were unsuccessful his own liberty and even his own life would be in danger; he therefore planned and ordered the attack on the Mission post on May 5th, and straightway fled the country, posting north along the Sining highway, and ultimately branching off along the Urga road.*

About this time the Tsarong Dépen asked that troops should be sent to Nagartse to oppose the advance of the British troops. He especially objected, it is said, to the English habit of taking photographs. The Paro Penlop in Bhutan was stealthily approached by the Dalai Lama at the same time with the object of inducing the Bhutanese, in the absence of the Tongsa

* Rumours of a subsequent meeting between himself and the Dalai Lama have as yet no confirmation, but it is not improbable that at Urga or some similar place the two men have since met.

Penlop, to destroy the British lines of communication,* and a second messenger was sent in haste to Russia as the former envoy had not returned.

High officials now began to talk among themselves almost without concealment of the foolishness of the Dalai Lama, but no one dared to say much to him. The news that Russia was getting the worst of it in Korea had reached Tibet. A report of the fight on the Karo la was received with consternation in Lhasa, but the Grand Lama merely observed that it was time to send forward the Golden Army† and, if necessary, all the male inhabitants of Lhasa also. The rumour that Gyantse jong had been retaken and the British garrison there exterminated to a man helped to restore public confidence a little, and about the same time a letter of sympathy came from Bhutan causing disproportionate satisfaction. It is significant that the Chinese Amban refused to believe in the killing of even a couple of Chinese at Dzara during the Karo la fight, pointing out that the English had not killed one of his countrymen throughout the expedition, and bluntly declaring his belief that these two had been assassinated there by Tibetans.

Such, then, was the position until the middle of July, when the Dalai Lama heard that Gyantse jong had been again recaptured and that the English were on the point of starting for Lhasa. He lost no time. Disguised in the plain dirty crimson of a common monk the mortal body of Tubdan Gyatso fled away from his ancient residence and hallowed cathedral

* The Paro Penlop ranks second, and consistently opposed the Anglophile tendencies of the Tongsa Penlop. He is, however, now discredited.

† This is the monkish reserve which supplies a personal escort to the Dalai Lama. It is often loosely used to describe the fighting lamas as a whole.

in Lhasa, carrying within him the incarnate soul of Avalokiteswara. He set his golden feet along the Nakchu-ka road and never looked back till he was eight days' journey from the capital. With him went the Chief Magician, he who many years ago had helped to place Tubdan upon the throne, and in later years had foretold only too truly that the "year of the wood dragon" (*i.e.*, 1904) would spell disaster for Tibet. These two men at the present moment are at Urga, where a religious jehad is being organised, and it is quite clear that no finality in our relations with Tibet can be secured until they are persuaded of the foolishness of opposing the rights of India, or until, as is far more likely, they have been quietly put out of the way by the hierarchs whose ancient régime they have so rudely offended.

As to the negotiations which we had so far vainly endeavoured to begin, it should be remembered that the terms which Colonel Younghusband was instructed to demand from the Tibetans were in themselves neither burdensome nor indeed as heavy as we had a right to demand. Briefly stated, they included a demand that the frontier should be rectified, that an indemnity should be paid of an amount and in a manner to be subsequently decided, that foreign political influence should be totally excluded from Tibet and that no concessions for mines, railways or telegraphs should be granted without the knowledge and the assent of the Indian Government. Trade markets were to be established at Gyantse and Gartok, a place far on the road from Shigatse to Leh, and another clause permitted trade from India to pass freely along any existing highway of commerce. A Resident in Gyantse was to be

appointed, but no representative of British interests, political or commercial, was to be posted at Lhasa. As a guarantee for the payment of the indemnity the Chumbi Valley was to be occupied by the British. The suzerainty of the Chinese was frankly recognised throughout the document, and it need hardly be said that Russia was not referred to. Colonel Younghusband had frankly expressed his opinion that it would be cheaper and more effectual in the long run to have a Resident in Lhasa, and if the Government had not committed themselves to an opposite policy by their promises to Russia it is possible that this suggestion, which, to some extent commended itself to Lord Curzon also, might have been adopted. We shall see later the actual course of negotiations and the form which this treaty eventually assumed. For the moment it is only necessary to remember that Lord Curzon's absence from India on leave from the end of April to the beginning of December, placed him somewhat at a disadvantage. He has, however, in the fullest manner, acknowledged his indebtedness to Lord Ampthill, Governor of Madras and acting Viceroy of India during Lord Curzon's furlough, for the steady way in which the policy, which had been begun and shaped by himself, was consistently pressed forward by his successor. The latter, who was thus in office during the actual advance to Lhasa and the signing of the treaty, is a man of capacity far beyond his years. Difficult as his position was—and the difficulty was added to by the ultimate uncertainty prevailing as to the length of his tenure of office *—it

* Lord Curzon's return to India was indefinitely delayed owing to Lady Curzon's sudden illness. She had been ailing for some time. On the 21st of September she developed peritonitis of an aggravated and complicated kind. For three weeks she lay in Walmer Castle between life and death, and few indeed of those who watched the struggle

was universally recognised that he had dealt with a new and increasingly difficult situation with firmness and restraint, and the Home Government regarded themselves as under a deep obligation to him.

One advantage of the sending of the expedition has been, as Lord Curzon is probably very well aware, that public attention has now been definitely drawn to a matter which had been allowed to be shelved almost too long. However much some of the less responsible members of the Opposition in England may regret it, it cannot again seriously be contended by them that our position on the northern frontier of India was this time safe. I have referred to the warnings that reached Lord Curzon of the gradual insinuation of Russian influence at Lhasa, and the expedition proved conclusively that those rumours considerably underestimated the importance of the occasion. There is no reason in the world why Russia should not obtain a predominating influence in Lhasa except the plain one that it is incompatible with our own clearly recognised interests. If such a consideration is held not to have justified the sending of the Mission, there is little more to be said, but to those who recognise the importance of safeguarding our Indian frontiers without possibility of mistake, a few more considerations as to the policy to be observed in the future with regard to Tibet may here be offered.

To begin with, we have discovered for the first time the true nature of southern Tibet. It is far from re-

day by day had any hopes that she could ultimately throw off the disease. However, to the sincere relief of everyone who had at heart the best interests of India, Lord Curzon, on the 24th of November, was able to leave her to continue her convalescence at Highcliffe, and returned to take up the threads of his work at Calcutta.

sembling the dreary waterless deserts of the north, so well described by Sven Hedin and others, and it must also be admitted that it in no way substantiates the impression left upon the mind by the reports sent in by the secret surveyors. Apart from the fact that the native of India has no eye for the beauties of nature, and would as soon make a day's journey across a desert as a park, it must be remembered that the very manner in which these invaluable men were obliged to carry out their work precluded the possibility of much observation. To go on walking from day to day, intent only upon counting every footfall and faithfully registering the hundreds and the thousands upon a Tibetan rosary, naturally debars a traveller from such observations as would have suggested to the Indian authorities both the stored-up and the potential wealth of the great alluvial river-flats of southern Tibet.

I do not know that there are many feats in the world of adventure, endurance and pluck that will compare favourably with that of the Indian native entrusted with the work of secret exploration in Tibet. In the first place it must be remembered that to secure the brains necessary for the work a class of native has to be employed which, by tradition at least, is not the pluckiest in the peninsula. The wonder therefore is doubled when one remembers the splendid work of such men as Krishna (better known as A.K.) or Kintup (K.P.), for the moral courage needed to persist in an enterprise like this can hardly be overestimated. The men employed are of necessity entirely without companions and without resources; they are engaged upon one of the most hazardous occupations that remain in the world, that of a spy in a barbarous country, and

should they fail for one minute in all those months and years of exile, they know that no mercy will be extended to them; and I think it but fair to add that not one of them would in any emergency betray the Government whose servant he is. There is a known case of a man who actually consented to be betrayed by his colleague as a spy in order that one at least of the two might be able to escape and bring back to India the priceless notes and calculations collected during a year of travel. For three years Kintup was sold into slavery and endured it without complaining.

But this is not all; a life of exploration, apart from the dangers and hardships of it, is one of unremitting toil; the mere physical endurance needed to travel in this brain-benumbing way, counting each step, hardly daring to raise the eyes from the track at one's feet lest a number should be missed, or lest suspicion should be aroused, is incredible. One man measured the length of the Ling-kor, the road round Lhasa, by counting the prostrations necessary, afterwards solemnly repeating the whole process over a measured mile. Another man is known to have travelled 2,500 miles, counting every footstep over mountain ranges. Atma Ram did the same thing in one of Captain Bower's expeditions for a distance of 2,080 miles. Nain Singh counted his steps from Leh to Assam—look at it on the map. When the story of Asian exploration is finally and worthily written, the work of these lonely spies, twirling incessantly within their wheels rolls of blank paper instead of prayers which are laboriously and minutely filled up night after night with the day's observation, must receive a place of honour second to none. Hurree Chunder Mookerjee in "Kim" is a

character, drawn, I believe, immediately from the record of Krishna's work.

To return to the question of protecting the northern frontier of India. It seems a fair estimate that, so far as supplies are concerned, a force of a hundred thousand men could without difficulty rely upon the produce of the luxuriant valleys of the Tsang-po and the Nyang chu. It was no friend of England's who remarked that the natural frontiers of India were less the Himalayas than the impenetrable deserts which lie a hundred miles north of Lhasa, and it is a serious consideration for us that if Russia's influence should ever predominate in Lhasa, the actual ground to be fought for, diplomatically or otherwise, is that which lies across the barrier formed by the Himalayas. The advanced base, whether of the defending or of the encroaching force, must lie in these valleys. If the fertile fields of southern Tibet cannot enter into the calculations of an invading nation, that nation will have to rely upon the trans-Siberian railway as its base, and I need hardly say that this is tantamount to ridiculing the whole danger of invasion through Tibet. Such, baldly stated, is the situation.

To secure immediate access to this glacis of granaries is the obvious policy for the British Government to pursue, and it cannot be said too insistently that the recognition of this necessity in no way whatever involves interference with the internal affairs of Tibet. As to a protectorate, the very idea of undertaking responsibility for an additional eighteen hundred miles of frontier is ridiculous. This, however, is a different matter. To secure this advantage there is little constructive work needed. An alternative route to the

prohibitive hardships of the Natu la is now being surveyed along the valleys of the Di chu and the Ammo chu. It is proposed to push rail-head from some point on the line in the neighbourhood of Dam dim as far up the lower slopes of the Himalayas as is feasible without a rack, and then to construct a cart road, with an easy gradient, along the valley to the head waters of the Di chu, crossing into Bhutanese territory near Jong-sa, and at a height of 9,000 ft., overpassing at its lowest point the great mountain wall which here hems in the right bank of the Ammo chu. From this height there is almost a level run into Rinchengong. Once in the Chumbi Valley the difficulties of a second expedition will have been largely overcome, for even as these volumes are published the road from Rinchen-gong to Kamparab is receiving the last touches from the engineers who have worked on it so long. From Kamparab there is a level natural road which has been steadily used throughout the present expedition for wheeled traffic as far as Kang-ma. The road is practicable for carts for a few miles further still, and the construction of the road I have mentioned over the Jongsa la would enable stores, unloaded at rail-head, to be carried, without bulk broken, on wheeled carts to within thirty miles of Gyantse itself. It is hardly necessary to comment upon this. We have, I repeat, no wish in the world to interfere with Tibet so long as Tibet does not imperil our tranquillity in Bengal. While we ourselves seek no exclusive rights in the country, we have at the same time no intention of allowing any other power to secure them. So long as the Tibetans cordially co-operate with ourselves in excluding foreign political influence, so long will we assist them to the

best of our power by doubling the existing barriers along the common frontier. But it must be patent to the shallowest that the simple laying of this road will in future put us in a position to insist, should our friendliness be insufficient to win the loyalty and good faith of the hierarchy of Lhasa. It is but bare justice to credit Captain O'Connor with the original suggestion of its construction in any practicable form.

Inseparable from this cart road is the question of trade. Elsewhere I have referred to the staple products of the country. On our side it seems clear that tea is beyond all competition the chief export from India which the Tibetans would buy profusely and with gratitude should the opportunity be fairly presented to them. But a curious and unfortunately not an extraordinary thing is the unwillingness of the Darjeeling tea planters to recognise the real necessities of the case. They are ready to supply their ordinary tea in its ordinary form to any extent, but they seem quite unwilling to manufacture the tea in that shape in which alone the Tibetans recognise the article. I believe that after some pressure the institute of planters in the Darjeeling district have sent two men to the Chinese tea fields to learn the method of making bricks of tea, such as the Tibetans require, but it seems strange that it should have required an expedition to teach them such an obvious act of commercial prudence.

This, then, is in brief the truth about our future relations with Tibet, and in whatever terms the treaty now signed may eventually be ratified the fact remains unalterable, that by the simple construction of a road the northern frontier of India can now be safeguarded at an expense which is ridiculously small in comparison with

the millions lavished on the north-west, and one which by sheer encouragement of trade will be recouped within ten years. Roads are the great pioneers of peace, and those who know their north-west frontier best will be the first to admit the almost instant result of their construction even in the most hostile districts. But the matter may safely be left in the hands of Lord Curzon.

# CHAPTER II.

## LAMAISM.

No account of an expedition to Lhasa would be complete without some reference to the technical side of the religion of the country. I have before referred to its application to the people and the effect it produces upon their life, but a certain amount of information as to the ecclesiastical aspect of Lamaism is necessary to a full understanding of the real position which Buddhism occupies in Central Asia. I have no intention of wearying the reader with minute formulæ, but the spirit which underlies this Buddhism is worthy of some study.

The origin of Buddhism in Tibet is explained by the Tibetans themselves in a somewhat amusing way. It is said that in old days Tibet was a country of ravines and mountain tops and torrents, varied by huge lakes. Buddha in person then visited the land, and found that the inhabitants were monkeys. He questioned the monkeys and asked them why they were not men and good Buddhists. They answered, not without reason, that with the country in its existing state there was no opportunity for the development of their own bodies, let alone their religious impulses. To this Buddha replied: "If you will promise to become men and good Buddhists I will give you a good and fertile land to live in." The agreement having been struck, Buddha there and then drained off the waters from the land which

is now known as the plain of Gyantse by an underground channel through the Himalayas into the Ganges near Gaya. The Tibetans on their side kept their promise, and though of course they knew not Darwin, became both men and, as they assert, good Buddhists.

As a matter of fact, the moment at which Buddhism became the established religion of Tibet can be ascertained with some approach to certainty. The Tibetan King Srong-tsan-gambo, to whom reference has been made in the first chapter, must have been a man of considerable foresight. It is not in the least likely that it was the influence of his two wives, one of whom was a Chinese, and the other a Nepalese princess, which decided him to adopt Buddhism as the religion of his country, though both of them may have helped to strengthen him in his intention. The truth is that he recognised the enormous value which would attach to the identification of Buddhism with his new capital. In India, as he saw clearly enough, Buddhism was being driven headlong before the re-encroaching tides of Hinduism. Had Buddhism remained a living force in India, no other place in Asia could have attempted to compete in local religious importance with, say, Gaya. But when Buddhism became an exile from the land of its birth, Srong-tsan-gambo made use of his opportunity. He recognised both the importance of having its central authority located in Lhasa, and the peculiar suitability of that place to his aims. In the seventh century, therefore, the official metropolis of Buddhism was transferred from the plains of Northern India to the mountain fastnesses of Tibet, and here in a couple of centuries the new religion established itself in the mystic and fascinating seclusion which veils it to this day.

This King of Tibet sent to India for learned Buddhist fathers, and, with the unquestioned autocracy of an Oriental tyrant, he imposed the new faith upon his people. There are few relics, except, perhaps, in the cathedral of Lhasa itself, of this primæval state of Lamaism, but that it underlies and was the foundation of all that we now see is beyond doubt. The Buddhism which was first introduced into Tibet was of the ampler form taught by the school of Asanga. It was in its original state the "greater vehicle," without any other accretions than those which Asanga's opportunism compelled him to adopt from the Hindu ritual and mythology. But, as I have said before, the present condition of Lamaism is such that Buddha himself would hardly recognise a phase or a phrase of it. The interesting part of this development is that it has been going on without any outside interference whatever. Secured by their geographical position, securer still by their overweening pride in the sacro-sanctity of their capital and the learning of their doctors, the Tibetans developed Lamaism along lines which betray no foreign influence. But this does not imply that the new religion was not severely tested and tried. There were moulding forces enough in the religious party strife to distribute countless lines of cleavage through the fibres of the parent Buddhist stock. From the first the difficulty of communications in this country and the laxity which necessarily followed when the strong hand of an autocratic monarchy slackened, produced a large number of special and local developments of the Buddhist faith. It would be tedious to do more than note again that the first universal supremacy of any church in Tibet was that created by Kublai Khan in the middle of the

thirteenth century, when he recognised the spiritual autocracy of the Grand Lama of the Sakya Monastery.

Sakya lies well to the south of Tashi-lhunpo, far from the influences of Lhasa, and here the Red Cap faction flourished exceedingly. There is a legend in connection with Kublai Khan's action which is credible enough. In wide sympathy with all forms of religious endeavour, Kublai Khan determined to put the claims of the various creeds to a practical test; none was excluded. A certain miracle—it was the levitation of a wine cup from the table to the Emperor's lips—was to be performed if possible by the representatives of the different creeds. Those championing the Christian faith were perhaps unwise in accepting this challenge to make a public advertisement of supernatural powers. The lamas, on their side, no doubt, took private and material means to secure the success of their own incantations, and the failure of the Christians to achieve the marvel put the coping-stone to the strength of Buddhism in Central Asia.

It is not unlikely that the supernatural powers claimed to this day among certain sections of the lamas had their origin in this curious legend. Madame Blavatsky has drawn attention to these claims, and it may be doubted whether much popular enthusiasm would ever have been displayed for the shadowy tenets of Theosophy if it had not been for these attractive suggestions. Personally, I only once came in contact with a lama who made, or had made for him, a definite claim to supernatural power. Nyen-dé-kyi-buk is from time to time called upon to produce lamas of unusual sanctity. They are always forthcoming. These men have their spiritual capacity proved by their ability to

pass certain tests, of which several were described to me. The first thing to be proved is their capacity to transmit their personality in a visible form to Lhasa, Gyantse and Tashi-lhunpo within the space of a few seconds. Another and probably a more difficult feat upon which to satisfy their examiners consists in their ability to crawl through the keyhole of their locked cell. The Abbot of Nyen-dé-kyi-buk had successfully passed these tests, but one felt that the rules of courtesy forbade one from making any direct request that he should repeat on the spot even the simplest of his miracles. But supernatural powers are of course claimed in a very definite manner by all the wizards and magicians of the country and also by the Dalai Lama and other high officials.

It is perhaps unfair to class the pretence of the magician to keep off hail from the crops by his prayers as an illustration of witchcraft, for a not dissimilar claim is implied even in Christian services; but it would be difficult to find a hard and fast point at which to draw a dividing line between such a pretension as this and that which underlies the claims of the austerer members of the Red Cap faction to the supernatural powers to which I have just referred. The earlier teachers of Lamaism are undoubtedly credited with curious non-human capacities, and the manner in which these mighty men of old encountered and defeated the obstacles devised by their enemies, or put in their path by the conditions of nature, are probably the basis of the Theosophist contention.

I have been at some pains to ascertain the origin of this belief, which Madame Blavatsky has been perhaps chiefly responsible for spreading. The following most learned teachers may be quoted here as having been the source of much of her doctrine:

1. *Nub-chen-nam-kar-ning-po.*—A Red-cap Lama, who transported himself at will through the air.

2. *Nub-chen-sang-gyi-ye-she.*—This man had even dared to see Shin-je himself, the god of Hell. He was also able to split rocks with a stroke of his purbu.

3. *Nal-jor-gyal-wa-chok-yung.*—A mighty teacher of the Red-cap school.

4. *Khan-dro-ye-she-tso-gyal.*—A woman disciple of the Guru Rinpoche. She exercised supernatural powers.

5. *Dog-mi-pal-gi-ye-she.*—He meditated on a snow-field with such success that the welfare and the misery of the world alike were visible to him, and he was obeyed by the goddesses themselves.

6. *Nyak-chen-ye-she-scheun-nu.*—A Lama of the Red-cap sect, who obtained water from a rock in the desert by touching it with his finger.

7. *Tub-chen-pal-gyi-sing-ge.*—A Bhutanese, whom the gods and goddesses were compelled to obey.

8. *Nga-dag-cho-gyal.*—This Lama lived at Samye. He lived without eating and made himself invisible at will.

9. *Nal-jor-wang-chuk-chempo.*—A pupil of the Guru Rinpoche, of great but unspecified supernatural powers.

10. *Na-nam-dor-je-dud-jom.*—A pupil of the Guru Rinpoche, who could project himself through the air.

11. *Ba-mi-ye-she.*—A pupil of the Guru Rinpoche. This man, like Enoch, passed into Nirvana without going through the pains of death.

12. *Sok-po-lha-pal.*—This man, the fourth of the Guru's great disciples, had the power of killing a tiger by touching its neck with his hands.

13. *Na-nang-ye-she.*—This Lama was learned enough to be able to fly through the air like a bird.

14. *Khar-chen-pal-gyi-wong-chuk.*—This great interpreter of Khar-chen wrought wonders with his purbu.

15. *Shu-po-pal-ki-sing-gé.*—A Tibetan "doctor," who controlled the sea.

16. *Ko-wa-pal-tse.*—A Hindu. His supernatural gifts are not specified.

17. *Na-jal-den-ma-tse-mang.*—A Hindu magician of the Red-cap school.

18. *Gyal-wo-lo-den.*—A Hindu pundit (who brought brass images to life?).

19. *Kyu-chung.*—A youthful Hindu interpreter, who spoke the language of birds.

20. *Kun-chok-jang-né.*—A Hindu pundit who controlled the elements.

21. *Nal-jor-pal-gyi-dor-je.*—This man was able to walk as easily over precipices as over the ground.

22. *Lo-che-ma-thog-rin-chen.* — With his magical powers he was able to tear off great boulders from the mountain side and crush them to powder in his hands.

23. *Wo-den-pal-gyi-wang-chuk.*—This teacher could swim through water as quickly and as easily as a fish.

24. *Nal-jor-den-pa-nam-khe.*—This great Lama was so skilled in magic lore that he could catch by the ear even the "flesh-licking" bison. (This is the repeated statement of a Tibetan lama, but if the yak is intended, it neither "licks flesh" nor much minds being held by the ear.)

25. *Dub-chen-gyal-wo-chang-chub.*—While meditating he was levitated into the air and so remained.

I have given these uncouth names in order to place upon a proper footing the supernatural claims of theosophists for Tibetan Lamaism. I have myself no doubt

that in these traditions lies the origin of many of their beliefs, and I am glad to provide such material for acquiescence or argument as these supply.*

The word Mahatma is not known in Tibet, and, though he must know little of the East who will definitely say that any apparent variation therein of the ordinary course of nature, whether due to hypnotism or not, is incredible, I do not think, on the whole, that any particular occult knowledge will come to us from Tibet. Formulæ and details of ritual we did indeed find in overwhelming numbers, and the credulity and superstition of the common people may once have suggested that there really is something in these claims to theurgy, but the success with which a monotoned imprecation impresses a crowd of worshippers in a Tibetan gompa is, we found, due merely to the policy of extinguishing knowledge which the lamas have adopted.

To return to the history of the Church, Buddhism, in its earliest shape, was an agnostic rather than an atheistic form of religion. Buddha's scheme of retribution implies a belief in a First Cause, but when on a certain occasion he was asked to express an opinion upon the validity or otherwise of the traditional deities known to Asia, he declined to admit the necessity of a categorical answer. He may have thought that it was convenient for common people of low intelligence, whose minds could only grasp a truth objectively, to have some external and tangible crystallization of truths, however far they might be from that which he saw.

* This list is, I believe, a complete one of all the "red letter" doctors of the Lamaic Church who wrought miracles. It is included in the full "ong kur-wa" or "power-sending" equipment of a Lamaic wizard.

More than that cannot, I think, be found in the earliest form of Buddhism. There were, however, few even among the earliest Buddhists who were strong enough to drink this pure milk of the Word, and we find that even before Asanga had fused the two creeds, Buddhism was peopled with many semi-deities.

After the 'Buddhas' and the Bodisats—a large class, consisting of those who have, so to speak, qualified themselves to be Buddhas, but whose self-denial has not yet and may never be called upon—there is a class of divinity which is very strikingly prominent in Tibet. These are the tutelary or guardian deities, chiefly of the "Towo" or "terrible" aspect. These were the original gods of the country, and after Buddha, who is always conceived as having made a personal mission tour through the land, had converted these hideous human monsters to his own austerer faith, he permitted them to retain their aspect and even their powers of doing harm, in order, as he said, that they might defend the faith and the chosen people from outside attack. This retention has had a natural result. There is no doubt that the inclusion of these "terrible" guardians in the Lamaic Pantheon has been the chief cause of the people remaining at heart devil-worshippers. We can imagine that at first the apostles of Buddhism found their work considerably smoothed for them by accepting the devil-gods of the aboriginal inhabitants. In this they after all only carried out Asanga's own policy in India, but the result, which they might have foreseen, has been that, except for the external veneer of Buddhism, devil-worship has absorbed its conqueror.

Pictures of some of these terrible deities will be found

among the deities surrounding the central Buddha on plate V. These are the gods of the common people of Tibet. The mild-eyed Buddha is to them only a vague means of escape from the tyranny of these loathsome and misshapen monsters, aureoled with the fire of hell, who with dripping fangs and beastly deformities are far more present and practical than the master. They are placed, naturally enough, at the gates and in the forecourts of temples, either in actual carved shape, or, as is far more common, painted upon the walls. Upon these the eye of the passer-by rests, and it is probable that he rarely asks for any higher sanction for his religious duties than that which they afford. They terrify him into obedience to his lama, and that is all that the lama requires. For an adequate conception of the real effect of Lamaism upon the Tibetans, it is hardly necessary to go higher up in the scale than these tutelary deities.

Vaguely known to the common Tibetans by their coloured figures upon wayside rocks are such semi-deities as Dolma, in her three hues of green, red and white, and in the same class may perhaps be placed the eight ladies in whom Col. Waddell recognises aboriginal deities adopted *en bloc* by the incoming Buddhists. They are of comely complexion, and certainly do not look as if butter would melt in their mouths. This, however, is not the case if the fearsome tales which were told to me by one of our interpreter lamas have any foundation in fact. They are probably merely the spouses of the male tutelary deities, and derive any importance they may possess from the reflection of their consorts' terrors. A very common figure in wall paintings is the god of wealth. He is represented with a red

face, and down his left forearm runs the mongoose by which jewels* are fetched from the centre of the earth. Conventionally there is a rank and degree for every member of this supernatural company; but even the educated Tibetan is quite willing to allow these complications of mythology to be understanded of the priests alone, and it is practically sufficient for the traveller to recognise at sight the four terrible guardian deities of the four quarters of Heaven, Tamdin, so-called because of the horse's head and neck which are always to be found in the flames with which his head is crowned, Shin-je, the god of Hell, and Palden-lhamo.

Besides these are the mischievous gods which the lamas use to subjugate the common folk—gods of lesser and local influence. They are malignant sprites with strictly limited powers. They have a thousand different shapes. Some are gnomes or hobgoblins, creeping and peeping among the rocks. Some are gigantic brutes a mile in height, with tiny mouths which prevent them swallowing even the smallest crumb; naturally they suffer from hunger, and in their agonised writhings they are the immediate cause of earthquakes. Others again confine themselves to peaks and passes—the noi-jins† are of this class. They do not, however, do much harm to mankind except that of course avalanches are their work, and they seem also to be responsible for breathing

* Jewels are conventionally represented in Tibetan art like turnips of different colours. The strange and apparently meaningless coloured circles on the shelf at the foot of the seated Buddha in my own drawing (IV.) in the first volume are jewels, and it may perhaps give some small estimate of the size which this painting was intended to indicate if it is remembered that the two tiny spikes of white beside these jewels are really long elephant tusks.

† The first word in Nichi-kang-sang is really Noi-jin, but it is never so pronounced.

out what the Tibetans call *la-druk*—"the poison of the pass." This, of course, is merely the attenuated air which even in the hardiest Tibetan will bring on mountain sickness and nausea. Then there are imps who hide themselves during the day and come out and hold high revels all the night. They ride over the hills and plains on foxback, and if you hear one of these animals yelping in the distance, you may be sure that it is being overdriven and beaten sorely by one of these "lan-de." However, as the only whip which they are allowed to use is the hemlock stalk, the wounds cannot be very severe.

Every village and every district has its own particular god, and it is part of the duties and the emoluments of the lamas to instruct travellers (for a moderate fee) as to the deity proper to be invoked at the entrance of each commune. Fevers and diseases of all kinds are caused by minute but malignant spirits. Thus, when you see a rainbow, you may know that these infinitely small folk are sliding down it Iris-like to the water at its foot, and then beware of that place, for ague lies thereby. If one wished to put into a fanciful form the last theories at home about malaria, this would be as pretty a way of telling them as any. They amuse themselves (here, perhaps, we have the missing *Anopheles*) by playing on guitars. Some of these elves live solely on odours. They inhabit the air, and flit like fairies to and fro. They feed upon any kind of scent or stench, good or bad, and butchers burn offal round their shops in order that by a more overpowering smell than that of their own wares, these spirits may be attracted away. Finally, there are the *shri*, the commonest and perhaps the most dreaded goblins of them all. It is to be noticed that

they are chiefly dangerous because they attack children.*

These pixies really represent to the common Tibetan peasant all the religious influences that he knows, and for him the elaborate structure of Lamaism is only a shield and defence against a very real terror which waits for him a hundred times a day beside his path and about his bed. For the lamas, on the other hand, there is much in the ritual of their church, and if they do not actually disbelieve in the existence of these malignant spirits, they feel perfectly secure behind the protection afforded by their rites and ceremonies. But for them an entirely different set of emotions and motives comes into play. The attitude of the lamas is in its way not less credulous and untaught than is that of the poorer people, but the spur which drives them to religious observances is not the fear of earthly mischief, by whomsoever caused; it is a very different and a very interesting goad of their own making—a blind horror of the consequences of that reincarnation upon which the whole fabric of Lamaism is built. This is a most interesting question.

It is difficult for a Christian to realise how terrible a weapon this article of faith can become. For him this world, good or bad, is at least the last existence in which things earthly will affect him. Of the next he knows only by the eye of faith, and the terror inspired by

* Children are very well treated in Tibet. Of course they are left unwashed, and if they have any kind of disease they are left to grow out of it if it is so ordained. The result of these two customs is that skin disease among the children is unpleasantly common. But they are well-fed, never ill-treated, and have, on the whole, a very good time. From the very beginning they were never afraid of our troops, and the first word of Hindustani that was learned by the Tibetans as a whole was the "salaam" which the three-year old mites ran beside us and squeaked continually. Afterwards "salaam" was a well-recognised form for exchanging salutations among their seniors.

the most material conception of hell is unquestionably mitigated by the fact that a very earnest Christian believer cannot really know what it is that awaits the wicked after death.* Indeed, if it were not so, if there were no such modifying circumstance attached to the formulæ of Christianity, life for a devout man could hardly fail to be—if not on his own behalf perhaps, certainly on that of his friends—an agony of pain. This, I fancy, it rarely is—at least, on this account. There is another distinction to be remembered. The human mind is notoriously incapable of conceiving the notion of eternity. But the Oriental can throw his conceptions forward in a vastly greater degree than the European. Whether we deny it or not, our conception of time is dominated by our habitual method of measurement. For us a year is not merely a convenient form of expression, it is a hampering unit from which we cannot shake ourselves free. For a Tibetan the life is the unit of repetition, and it must be remembered that a lifetime is an infinitely longer time for a man than are his seventy years. A lama's conception of eternity is, therefore, of a terrible depth compared with ours, and, what is far more, he believes from his earliest days that failure on his part to acquire merit in this world will result not in an instantaneous and irrevocable judgment, after which at least no action of his own can do him good, but in a never-ending repetition in some form of life *in this world* of the very same struggle that he is now enduring. And the ingenuity with which the lamas have conceived the lowest, filthiest and most obscene envelopes in

* I am aware of the Roman article "Ignis Inferni est corporeus et ejusdem speciei cum hoc nostro elementari." But this statement is so much qualified by the many supernatural properties claimed for the flame that even a Roman Catholic cannot clearly fix his conception of the means of punishment.

which the sentient and intelligent human mind and soul may, after death, be re-imprisoned, would do credit to a monkish theologian anticipating cases for the canon law. Herein lies the rub of it all.

The means of punishment is ever under his eye. Here is an example. The ordinary man in the country will slip his outer garment down over his shoulders and spend a lazy hour in the heat of the sun, in detecting and exterminating the almost invisible vermin which inhabit his robe. But to the lama this is forbidden, for there can never be an hour in his skin-tormented life in which he does not remember that his loathsome parasites may have deserved their present fate by carelessness in some point of ritual during their life on earth—nay, that he may even himself be then awaiting the imminent moment in which he shall join their creeping company.

If the reader can seriously understand that this is not a mere theoretical truth, but an actual daily horror to the educated classes in Tibet, he may go some way towards understanding one at least of the myriad terrors which a belief in the theory of reincarnation necessitates. If, then, it is clear that the mental anxieties of the Tibetans, whether they are called by the name of superstition or of religion, have provided for the professing Buddhists, high and low alike, an ample sanction for the due observance of the rules of life, it remains to be seen what general effect these rules have upon the life and morals of the inhabitants.

One thing at least is clear in the case of nearly every religion of importance. The influence of religion has in almost every case been used to inculcate not only such virtues as tended to secure the material and moral good of

the nation, but such also as make for the permanence of society and the sanitary benefit of the members of the faith. As an example, it is sufficient to point to Islam. Mahomet, whatever his spiritual deficiencies, had a keen and certain eye for the necessities of a nation living in the tropics, surrounded by hostile tribes in every direction. The trend of his regulations is obvious enough. Every line of the Koran breathes of sanitation on earth, and, after death on the field of battle, of the hope of an eternity of pleasure. It is easy to understand why the devotees of so straight a creed have never ebbed from their widest flow. But in Tibet, after a sanction had been obtained, which for strength has been surpassed by nothing elsewhere held out for the admiration or the terror of men, we find that the religion thereby enforced is not merely neglectful of the development or even of the continued existence of its professing members, but is even detrimental to it.

Buddhists are, of course, confronted with the same difficulty by which Christians also are faced. Nothing is more characteristic of the two faiths than the repeated injunction to suffer injuries meekly and take no life. I do not propose to discuss so difficult a theological compromise as that at which the Christian nations of the world have arrived in this matter, but it may be pointed out that some Buddhsits must again and again have found it hard to adopt even an approximation to this rule of life, surrounded as they were by races to whom such laws were patent foolishness. Christianity in Europe, strong within itself and its friendly co-religionists, is in a different case. In Tibet the sacrosanct character of the country has saved the inhabitants again and again from hostile attack; and this, combined with the neces-

sity of keeping a serf people in an unarmed condition, has made of the Tibetans a quiet race unused to war. I do not for a moment wish to say that the Tibetan was found by us wanting in individual pluck, but it is a long step from the innate courage of an untutored and misled barbarian to the effective self-confidence of the same man properly officered and buoyed up with all the confidence that religion and discipline can instil. Herein lies a characteristic of Buddhism which, from a political point of view, cannot be classed otherwise than as a serious fault. So long as the earth remains divided into races whose first duty is self-preservation, so long, deplorable as it may be from an ideal point of view, a religion which does not also help to protect the nation as well as defend the family, stands little chance of propagating its own good influences. Now, Lamaism has no such tendencies. It does not make of the man a good fighter, and it certainly does not make of him either an intelligent citizen or a good father of a family. I suppose that under these three heads almost every human virtue can be classed. That it does not help him in his civic life is obvious enough, for absolute servitude, mental and physical, is the political result of Lamaism upon its flock. So far as concerns his domestic relations, it seems clear that the polyandry practised in Tibet is not likely to lead to a high standard of morals. The results of the large proportion of women who, in consequence, have no chance of becoming wives, and the complication in family relationships that is caused by these strange marital customs, might be less harmful if, as happens in Sumatra and on the coasts of Malabar, the women undertook also the management of the district. But they do not; far from it; they have

no voice whatever in the government of the country; they still remain merely the toys or the beasts of burden of their male acquaintances. It need not be said that, in the conventional sense of the word, morals are unknown in Tibet.

But it must not be supposed that Tibetans are therefore devoid of characteristics which, after all, may rank as high as the virtues of sterner moralists. They are courteous and hospitable, and so long as they do not feel that their wits are being challenged, their word may be relied upon and their kindliness taken for granted. They are industrious and, as we have seen, capable of extraordinary physical activity. It is true that this activity finds its vent rather in the muscles of the legs than in those of the fingers, but this is only to be expected. They remain dirty, but dirtiness is a merely relative expression. If you must have your daily tub you will not travel far, except on the high roads of this world—I had almost said of England. But far more than this fact, which must be known to a traveller within even a limited radius, there remains the fact that dirt—so far, I mean, as affects the human being—is far less offensive in high and cold altitudes than it would be in London, and it is hardly too much to say that there was no one in the expedition who did not, after a comparatively short time, come to look upon the dirtiness of those who surrounded him with a mere mental shrug of the shoulders.* It has been before suggested that the cold of Phari was one of the reasons of

* It is not uninteresting to remember that for days at a time on the plain of Phari in January and February it was foolhardiness to attempt to wash one's hands before midday. I remember once reaching out, in the early hours of the morning, for an aluminium cup which had had some water in it over-night and thoughtlessly trying to drink from it. My lips stuck to the aluminium, and the skin came away with it. The water was, of course, a block of ice, and the temperature was −15°.

its supreme filth, and this is borne out by every experience of Tibet.* I do not think that many of even those stalwarts who bathe in the Serpentine on Christmas morning would cut a valiant figure on the Tang la where the thermometer is sometimes fifty-nine degrees lower than the freezing point they defy in Hyde Park.

But in other ways than those of ablution, the religion of Tibet makes no attempt to enforce healthiness. It is beyond question that the ophthalmia of Tibet is due directly and the prevalence of hare-lip† indirectly to the physical inadequacy of the Tibetan race. Pyramidal cataract is another very common disease; this is mainly caused by neglect of ophthalmia, of which the origin is again neglect of cleanliness. These physical deficiencies or deformities might easily be supplemented by a reference to the prevalence of smallpox and similar dirt diseases; but at the moment I wish simply to emphasize the fact that a religion which neither directly nor indirectly encourages cleanliness, is one which requires artificial fostering if it is to remain a power among mankind. That artificial fostering Lamaism has always received. Partly from its inaccessibility, partly from the superstitious veneration with which the country and its god-king has always been regarded, and partly because of the stubborn exclusion of foreign influences, Lamaism has been allowed, if I may use a common phrase, to stew in its own juice until the goodness has entirely departed from it and from the people who are its official ministers. It is difficult at this moment to point to a single recognised and observed ordinance peculiar to Lamaism which is of the slightest use or virtue.

* Andrada politely remarks "e se bene nelle proprie persone non hanno molto riguardo alla delicatura."

† Hare-lip is a symptom of a physically under-developed human being.

It is odd to remember that an early explorer in this country found, as he thought, every sign of Christianity except the essence of it. In the first half of the seventeenth century Father Andrada, in the following words reported what he believed to be the truth in this connection :—

> " L'immagini sono d'oro, & una, che vedemmo in Chaparangue, stana à sedere con le mani alzate e rappresentana una donna, la quale dicono che e Madre di Dio : riconoscono il misterio dell' incarnatione dicendo, che il figlio di Dio si e fatto huomo : tengono di piu il Misterio della Santissima Trinita molto distincto, e dicono, che Dio e trino & uno. Usano di confessarsi, ma solamente in certi casi col suo Lamba Maggiore. Hanno vasi d'acqua benedetta molto politi, da quali pigliano i particolari per tenerla in casa."

There is without doubt a curious resemblance between the ritual of the two great autocratic churches. The arrangements inside the gompa might well be regarded as owing their origin to Christian usages. The sanctuary, especially at night, bears a curious resemblance to that of a Roman Catholic shrine. And the antiphonal chant of the singing men and boys, ranged just as with ourselves in lines, decani and cantoris, the monotoned voice and the rare tinkle of the Sanctus, combined with the genuflexions before the altar, carry on inside the church a merely ritualistic resemblance which adds colour to the fanciful imaginings in deeper matters of Father Andrada of the Society of Jesus. Nor does the similarity stop here. The orders within the Church,

the relative positions of pope and cardinal, abbot and parish priest, all have their equivalent in Lamaism, and the use of the cross gammadion as the badge of the faith, cannot but strike as curious the most careless observer. The practice of blessing small articles distributed among pious pilgrims is, of course, common to all religions in the world. Indulgences also are freely used, though it must be admitted that in Lamaism these approximate more nearly to the erroneous view of their intention taken by Protestant communities than to their real function in the Roman Church. The Dalai Lama on one occasion somewhat overstepped prudence in this matter. To induce the men of Kams to come down and fight us, he offered them plenary indulgences which should not only absolve them from sins past, but safeguard them against the penalties for sins to come for the next six months. The men of Kams, furnished with this spiritual armour, did not fail to make use of it, and on their return from the Karo la, ran riot among the Grand Lama's own temples, looting and sacking everywhere they went.

The spiritual brigandage of the lamas finds its counterpart in many other creeds, for the purse of superstition lies at the mercy of the first comer; but it would be unjust not to record in the strongest terms the great radical difference that exists between Lamaism at its best and Christianity at its worst. There has never been absent from the lowest profession of our faith a full recognition of the half-divine character of self-sacrifice for another. Of this Tibetans know nothing. The exact performance of their duties, the daily practice of conventional offices and continual obedience to their Lamaic superiors is for them a means of escape from per-

sonal damnation in a form which is more terrible perhaps than any monk-conjured Inferno. For others they do not profess to have even a passing thought.

The Eleven-headed Shenrezig.

Now this is a distinction which goes to the very root of the matter. The fact is rarely stated in so many words, but it is the truth that Christianity is daily judged by one standard and by one standard only—its altruism,

and this complete absence of carefulness for others, this insistent and fierce desire to save one's own soul, regardless of a brother's, is in itself something that makes foreign to one the best that Lamaism has to offer. Kim's lama may exist to-day ; that is, there may be and indeed I have no hesitation in saying that there are, in Tibet at the present moment members of this priestly caste of whose sanctity and austere detachness from mundane pleasures there is no doubt, men of kindly heart, unsullied by the world, struggling so far as in them lies to reach back to the great Example beneath the quivering leaves of the pepul tree of Gaya. But apart from the fact that these men are rare indeed, and were they commoner could exert little or no influence upon others, it is to be remembered that there is only one way in which the pious Buddhist can hope to help his fellow-man, and that the very structure of Lamaism decides for him whether or not he is destined to be one of these helpers before a conscious thought moves through his baby brain.

The doctrine of the reincarnation of Bodisats is perhaps a theory which in conception is not unworthy to rank close behind even that great sacrifice upon which Christianity is based. For the Bodisat has earned the right to eternal rest ; for him, and he knows it well, there need be no more " whips and scorns of time " ; everlasting quietude, so peaceful that the soul does not know even that it is at peace, the Paradise to which all Buddhism stretches out and, as it may, creeps from point to point, all this he has most fully and most fairly won. But having reached the goal of all desire, the Bodisat turns again, with deliberate purpose, to descend into the arena of the world and the flesh, there to help onwards along the thorny road some few of his fellow sinners.

And this is not a single choice. He elects so to continue in an eternal cycle, bound down by the cares and pleasures of the flesh, generation after generation, in order that some at least of his companions may have their feet set straighter on the road that leads to the blissful abyss.

But, as I have said, this is no goal for the ordinary man. If he is not born one of the reincarnate saints of Buddhism, he has no further interest in his fellow kind, and even the best of them have no other incentive to action or piety than that of saving themselves, bodily as well as spiritually, from that life which to a Buddhist is the truest eternal punishment. This is the underlying flaw that vitiates the spiritual value of Buddhism, just as it vitiates that of every other religion of the world, except Christianity.*

It cuts at the root of human sympathy. It isolates the individual in his life and in his death, and it says a great deal for the innate beauty of the character we found among the simple Tibetan peasants that they remain kindly, hospitable and courteous in spite of the debasing influences of the only religion they can know.

* If there is one result of this doctrine of reincarnation more unfortunate than another it is the theory that a man who is physically deficient has deserved his punishment by his behaviour in another world. Browning's remark in "Childe Roland,"

"He must be wicked to deserve such pain,"

might have been written—and perhaps should only have been written—by a Buddhist of Tibet.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE RELIEF OF THE MISSION.

THE relief of the Mission at Gyantse was the beginning of the last movement in our operations in Tibet. For seven weeks, day after day, the bombardment of the post had continued. It was an ignominious position for the King's Commissioner to be placed in, and there is no doubt that our prestige suffered considerably during this period; still, our own absolute confidence in the successful termination of our operations was perhaps somewhat reflected in Lhasa, for as soon as news came of the advance of the troops from the Chumbi Valley, representatives were actually deputed by the Tsong-du to negotiate in Gyantse. Colonel Younghusband had been ordered to send in to the Tibetan Government a polite ultimatum, the terms of which were simply that unless negotiations were opened with an accredited representative of high standing at Gyantse before the 25th of June, he would be compelled to proceed to Lhasa and there conduct the necessary *pourparlers*. It was generally felt in the post that the India Office had failed to understand that, from an Oriental point of view, it was a display of weakness even to mention the word "negotiation" before the jong, from which we were daily fired upon, had been completely evacuated and full apologies and reparation

offered for the insults we had suffered so long. But the orders that Colonel Younghusband received were explicit. Even while the lumps of lead were viciously

Younghusband's letter returned unopened.

tearing through the trees of his compound, the British Commissioner despatched the invitation to negotiate which he had been instructed to forward. It was carried into Gyantse, most unwillingly, by a prisoner on the 1st

of June.* The Tibetans merely waited till daylight on the following morning and returned it unopened. This action on the part of the Tibetans cleared the issue considerably. It is true that the Colonel took care that the Amban should be informed of the contents of his letter and of the action of the Tibetans in the matter, but the responsibility for renewed hostilities on our own side was at an end. It is possible that the abrupt discourtesy of the Tibetans saved us from a serious dilemma; for had they been more polite the situation, as it then presented itself, still would have demanded a different and a stronger handling than that which might have been suitable in the early days of our dispute with Tibet. Younghusband, however, as was made abundantly clear by the reiterated assurances of Lord Lansdowne, would not have been allowed to depart one iota from the policy as laid down in November. That policy, in fact, the Government adhered to till the end, and we have not yet fully reaped the consequences.

The real answer to the demands of the Commissioner was given in a redoubled bombardment that afternoon. There was nothing more to be done until the arrival of Brigadier-General Macdonald. Covered ways extending out across the plain to Pala, or zigzagging up towards the Gurkha Post or to the bridge across the river at the end of the plantation, made communication between all parts of our lines easy and secure. Not long afterwards the Tibetans began firing into our position jingal bullets made of pure red-gold copper. The use of this metal seemed an extravagance

* Nothing terrified the prisoners in Chang-lo more effectually or got better work out of them than a threat of release. This man asked that, if he carried out this commission, he might be given a safe conduct to return to captivity in Pala.

and probably indicated that the supply of lead was running low. They were pretty little things about as big as a large Tangerine orange, and possibly present an unique use of this metal for such a purpose.

On the 6th of June, Colonel Younghusband started from Chang-lo with a strong escort of mounted infantry on a return journey to Chumbi, in order to be within easier communication with the Indian Government; he arrived at Kang-ma in the afternoon of the day, and on the following morning, before light, found the post half surrounded by a party of about 1,000 Tibetans, who had come down overnight from Nyeru by the short cut to Ra-lung. They made a bold attack in the mist of the early dawn, and succeeded in killing one Gurkha who refused to take refuge on their approach. They stampeded the yaks and even managed to come to a hand-to-hand struggle with some of their drivers. But after a moment's delay in rousing the garrison, they were easily beaten off and lost over 100 men; their retreat was turned into a rout by the pursuit of the mounted infantry. Most of them made their escape by the mountain nullahs in all directions, but though they remained in the neighbourhood, no further attempt was made to oppose the Commissioner's return journey.

At this time the Tibetans, so far as could be ascertained, had a force of about 10,000 men in or round Gyantse; of these, 6,000 were holding the points of vantage in the immediate neighbourhood of Chang-lo. There were 1,500 on the jong itself, a similar number at Tse-chen monastery, 500 at Dongtse and the remainder were either in the Palkhor choide or in the town and villages hard by. A rumour reached us of a large camp just hidden from us by the curving spur which forms

the amphitheatre, within the sides of which the monastery is built; these men, however, must have abandoned their encampment soon afterwards, certainly before the arrival of our troops. Perhaps another 3,000 men may have been distributed along the road between Gyantse plain and the Tsang-po. There was also a report of an additional 2,000 men from Kamba-jong who had been awaiting our advance near the Kala tso. However, in spite of frequent alarms, these last remained a spectral body to the end. The Tibetans were commanded by a Dépen of the name of Chag-pa; associated with him in supreme political authority was an old friend of Kamba-jong days, the Téling Kusho.

The relieving force arrived on the 26th of June, having had an uneventful march from Chumbi. There was, indeed, a rumour that the Tibetans had concentrated not far from Nyeru and a halt was made at Kang-ma, while a small party went out to test the truth of the story. Evidently, however, the Tibetans had got wind of this reconnaissance, for they abandoned their position overnight; all that the reconnoitring party found was the still warm embers of many fires and a few cooking-pots beside them. The march was continued through Red Idol Gorge without incident, but shortly after leaving Sau-gang on the morning of the 26th, Captain O'Connor brought them the news that Né-nyeng, between them and Gyantse, was strongly held. He and I had come out of Gyantse and passed Né-nyeng by a circuitous course; it had been re-fortified and partially rebuilt where necessary. Colonel Brander had demolished its defences about a month before, as a punishment for an attack upon the mail runners. But he could not, of course, occupy a place so

large and so remote from our small garrison, and with a nation skilled in building like the Tibetans, the amount of harm which we could do by the chary use of our small stock of gun-cotton had easily been made good by them.* The walls of the monastery here are thirty feet sheer, and the Tibetans had strengthened them by the erection of sangars; Né-nyeng would have been a strong little post had it not been commanded by the hills which half encircled the little plain in which it lies. Colonel Brander on this morning co-operated with Macdonald by leading a small force from Chang-lo up the hills in rear of the town; he had with him two guns and a maxim. He reached his destination without being detected, and then awaited the action of the General in the plain below, outside the walls. The latter, after reconnoitring the position, sent up a detachment of the 40th Pathans under Colonel Burne; in the face of a heavy but badly aimed fire, these men, supported by a contingent from the 23rd Pioneers, succeeded in effecting an entrance by scaling an almost perpendicular buttress of adobe and mud. Forcing their way on, they found the monastery inside to be, as usual, a human rabbit warren. The recesses and underground chambers were innumerable, and it was impossible finally to clear the post of its inhabitants. Many, however, were killed, and a lesson was taught the survivors which the people of Né-nyeng respected till the end of the campaign. After the monastery had been taken a few shots were fired from a stubbornly-held house just outside the walls; there were in it about six men,

* It was discovered that for our engineering and military requirements the whole stock of explosives in Calcutta had by this time been exhausted. From Karachi and elsewhere a little could still be obtained.

and they, with indomitable pluck, kept up a steady reply to the volleys of rifle bullets which must have penetrated clean through and through the thin adobe walls. Brigadier-General Macdonald then ordered up the ten-pounders and the improved seven-pounders, and 60 or 70 shells were fired into this house; the men, however, escaped, and were seen making their way through the bushes and enclosures to the north of the village. The column then started again, and about ten o'clock that evening the last stragglers arrived in camp near Chang-lo. There was a day's halt and then the clearing of the Gyantse neighbourhood began.

On the 28th Macdonald sent a strong force down the valley. The 32nd Pioneers were on the right bank of the Nyang chu, the 7th Royal Fusiliers and the 23rd Pioneers were on the left bank, and they moved down the wide open space, clearing it from end to end as they advanced. There was no great resistance, and at last the valley of Gobshi, where the carpet factory is, was taken and occupied. Here there was a long pause, and the battalions forming the left wing of the attacking force found themselves unable to proceed to the capture of the most important position of the day. This was the fort-like monastery of Tse-chen, crowning the sharp knife-edged spur which here runs out from the west, separated from the hills only by the narrow strait in which Gobshi lies. The importance of this operation was obvious, for by securing Tse-chen we cut off the main and, indeed, the only remaining road to Gyantse which the Tibetans had in their possession.

It fell to the lot of the Gurkhas and Pathans to capture, by one of the most picturesque actions that

is possible to imagine, this western barrier which had for so long screened from our sight the movements of the enemy along the Shigatse road. The *mise en scène* of the fight it would be hard to parallel; the key to the position was a squat, strongly-built stone keep, astride the crest between two fortified peaks. Immediately below it, the ascending tiers of white monastery buildings, all well occupied, prevented direct approach. On the other side of the crest, towards Dongtse, the rock descended headlong. By the time the movement began, the sun was low and heavy indigo clouds were coming up from Shigatse. The jagged outline of the spur was clearly silhouetted against the lemon-yellow of the sky, and, after a long wait, one could see very clearly the little figures of the Gurkhas moving along the skyline from the west.

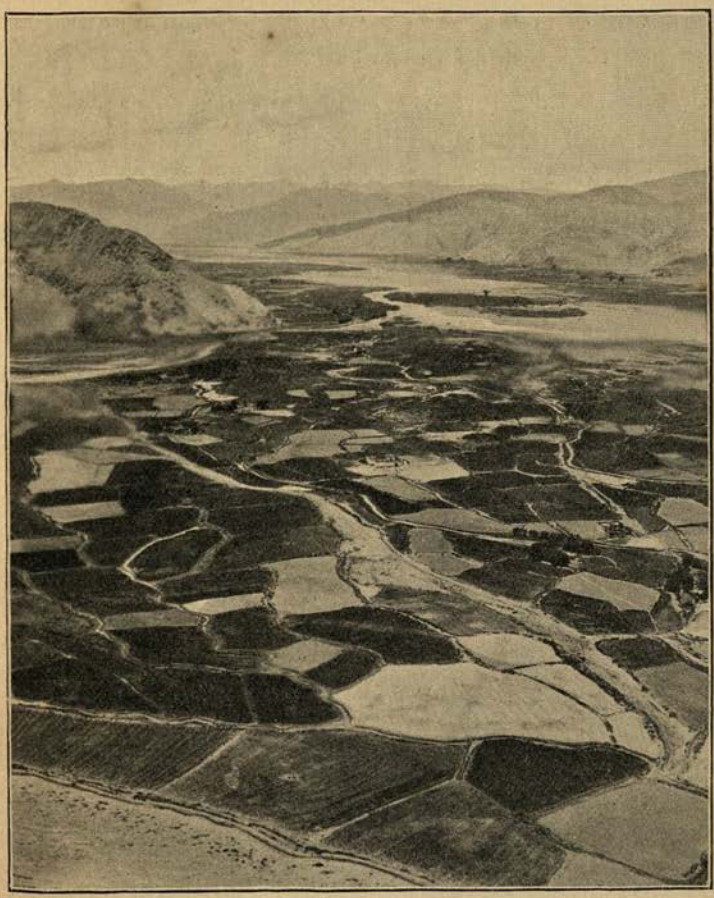
It was a difficult task; they could only advance in single file along the very teeth of this rocky jaw; again and again they halted; once they signalled down to ask for the guns' help to clear a strongly-held sangar across the road; it was instantly given, beautifully timed and thoroughly effective. Then the little dots crawled forward once more over the evacuated wall. At last, just as the leaders reached the left-hand peak overlooking the jong, a stubborn and somewhat unexpected resistance was encountered. The defences of the peak were still held, and the curious vision of men hurling down enormous rocks over the steep sides of the peak was etched sharply against the glow of the western sky. It could not, however, last long, and the Gurkhas forced their way through to the main position only to find it empty. Meanwhile, the Pathans had been sent zigzagging up the slope to the north, passing through

the houses of the monastery almost unscathed. To the great regret of all his colleagues, Captain Cr'aster was here killed by a matchlock ball fired at point-blank range. The Pathans reached the top almost at the same moment that the Gurkhas descended upon the jong, and the mingled figures of the lanky Pathans and the small Gurkhas were clearly distinguishable one from the other against the red glow of the dying sunset. It was a beautifully executed manœuvre, and from first to last it was thrown into prominence in a way which rarely indeed occurs in military operations in these khaki days when gallantry and capacity in the field are rarely to be detected at the distance of a mile.

On the 29th a white flag approached Chang-lo. An armistice was demanded for the purpose of negotiations. Colonel Younghusband consented to a cessation of hostilities until sunset upon the following day, in order to allow time for the arrival of the Tibetan representatives in Gyantse. It was agreed that everything should stand *in statu quo* during this armistice, but Colonel Younghusband made it abundantly clear that no negotiations would be entered upon by the British until the Tibetans had evacuated the jong and had retired from the neighbourhood of Gyantse.

It was obvious that General Macdonald's action in clearing the valley was the immediate cause of these overtures. Subsequent events seem to suggest that the whole scheme was a device to gain time; certainly the evacuation of the jong was never contemplated, and the only practical use which the Tibetans made of the armistice was to increase the strength of their fortifications in direct contravention of the terms under which it had been granted. Just before the expiration

of this armistice a messenger arrived asking for an extension of time, because the Ta Lama, the chief monk official and one of the four members of the Tibetan



View westwards from Tse-chen.

Cabinet, could not press on beyond Dongtse till the following day. The armistice, therefore, was extended by Colonel Younghusband till noon on the following day, the 1st of July.

On that day ceremonial visits were paid to Colonel Younghusband, both by the Ta Lama and by the Tongsa Penlop,* who had now joined us with a large retinue from Bhutan.

The Tongsa Penlop is the actual ruler of his country, and is a man of considerable capacity. At the present moment the position of Deb Raja or King of Bhutan remains unfilled. It would be the easiest thing in the world for the Tongsa Penlop to have himself elected to the vacant post, but he is of that masterful race of men which prefers to have the power rather than seem to have it. He sees no particular advantage in being nominal as well as actual sovereign of his country, especially as there is a certain penalty of exclusion imposed upon the position of Deb Raja. He is obliged to live the life of a recluse, he is separated from his wife and family, and he rarely has the chance of seeing either them or any other of his acquaintances. The Tongsa Penlop is distinctly of a jovial type, and demurs to these penalties, though at the same time he is not entirely willing to sanction the election of any other Bhutanese chief to the kingship. He is a small man with a powerful but plebeian cast of countenance, and his habit of perpetually wearing a gray uncloven Homburg hat pressed down all round his head to his eyebrows, instead of his official crown, does not increase his dignity. That crown is a very handsome ornament. It is composed of a circle of gold, bearing in four places the representation of a skull, and, Cleopatra-wise, it is arched over the top by a peacock's head in gold and enamel. In theory, he came to act as mediator between ourselves and the Tibetans, but his unblushing and

* The "p" is barely sounded in this name.

openly-admitted preference for the English was not entirely satisfactory even to us. It suggested a biassed mind that was likely to interfere with the discharge of his delicate and impartial duties, and it almost became too much when we found that his men, with his full sanction, took advantage of the presence of our troops

The Tongsa Penlop.

to harry the land far and wide, and do what looting they could on their own account. On the whole, he was a cheerful, but not a particularly dignified adjunct to the Mission.*

* Looting by his attendants in the Nagartse district caused such widespread distress that the inhabitants came in to us for food. We had been careful to leave enough food in the houses to supply their needs through the winter, and to pay for all we took. The Bhutanese came after and deprived the wretched peasants of grain and money alike.

He appeared soon after two o'clock, and in the course of a long conversation, explained to Colonel Younghusband that the Dalai Lama agreed that further war and bloodshed must be stopped, and had, in a letter written to himself, nominated the delegates for the purpose of negotiating with the invaders. These delegates were the Ta Lama and the Yutok Sha-pé, both "Kalons" or members of the Cabinet, the Tungyig Chempo, one of the Dalai Lama's personal secretaries, and, with them, representatives of the three great monasteries outside Lhasa. Of these, however, we saw the full number only after a long interval, during which the advance to Lhasa was in progress. In the middle of the discussion the news arrived that the Ta Lama was actually approaching under a flag of truce. He was given a formal reception, and the following day was appointed for the first audience for the purpose of negotiating.

The proceedings of the 2nd of July were picturesque enough, but on our side Colonel Younghusband, Mr. White and Mr. Wilton, in their official dark-blue and gold and silver made a barely respectable show beside the dazzling brocades of the Tibetan visitors. The room in which the Durbar was held is decorated from end to end, and the rich oil paintings which cover the walls formed a splendid background for the vivid silks of the delegates, chrome, copper and scarlet. The Ta Lama himself was arrayed entirely in figured gold silk, except that he wore a golden Chinese silk hat turned up with black velvet. The Tungyig Chempo was similarly dressed; the Tongsa Penlop's attire was a closely-woven Bhutanese stripe, gay enough in itself, but sober beside his splendid companions'. He had bare

legs and the Homburg hat. He was deferred to by the Tibetans with the utmost respect, and, though the Tungyig Chempo, probably the bitterest hater of England that lives in the world, did most of the talking, the Tongsa Penlop was always consulted before the Ta Lama assented to his young companion's eloquence, or answered a direct question of the Colonel's. Very little was done in the way of business; official compliments were exchanged, a formal re-statement of the Tibetan case was once again elaborately made, and then Colonel Younghusband announced the conditions under which alone negotiations could proceed. The only feature of any importance was that the Tibetans appeared anxious to settle the affair with the English themselves, and no reference of any kind whatever was made to the Chinese.

The visitors went away, and the question immediately became acute, whether or not the first and primary condition laid down by Colonel Younghusband would be conceded. Was the jong going to be evacuated or not? On the 3rd of July, the Durbar arranged for twelve o'clock fell through, because of the non-appearance of the Ta Lama. He appeared later on in the day and with old-fashioned courtesy apologised for his lateness, urging as his excuse the infirmities of his advanced age. The Tungyig Chempo made no comments or apologies. This Durbar also ended without any definite assurances on the part of the Tibetans as to the evacuation. They made every attempt to gain time and to postpone the moment when they would have to decide this all-important question. Colonel Younghusband finally gave them till the 5th of July, at twelve o'clock, to come to a decision; if they had not surren-

dered the fort by that hour, he assured them that the bombardment would instantly be begun, and a state of war would again be declared.

Thus deprived of any chance of further delay, the delegates adopted the fatally easy course of abstention altogether. The time, of course, lapsed, and on the 5th of July, at twelve o'clock, no sign whatever had been made. General Macdonald was slow to begin the work of assault, and, in spite of Colonel Younghusband's warning to the Tibetans, it was not till two o'clock that the first gun was actually fired. Little was done that day, and the Tibetans were allowed ample opportunity to get the women and non-combatants away from the jong. A small party of Pioneers reconnoitred to the west of Gyantse town and came in contact with the enemy who were defending the encircling wall of the monastery, but only a few shots were exchanged. The day passed almost quietly, but there was the bustle of preparation overnight.

There had been rain for some days before, but the night of the 5th was clear and cloudless. The moon did not rise till between two and three in the morning, and as the three columns advanced eastwards across the plain to Pala, they had her light low in their eyes, over the jagged outline of the distant hills. They started from the encampment, about two miles west of Chang-lo, at about one o'clock, and making a wide detour, concentrated at the village about three o'clock in the morning. By this time the moon was in strength, and as the men turned again westwards to their objective, the masonry of the high, steep rock showed up clearly in its light. The dark masses of gardens and

trees at the foot of the jong were to be occupied first by our men.

No time was lost, and twenty minutes' silent march brought the first attacking parties to their positions a few minutes before four. The alarm was given, and a few shots were fired, but it was a wild and badly-aimed salvo, and no casualties resulted. Two gardens are thrust forward on either side of the eastern or Lhasan road as it curves round the rock and strikes out into the plain. In the darkness there was some confusion, and an unfortunate incident occurred which resulted in the re-organisation of the storming column into two parties instead of three, as had been originally intended. That under Colonel Campbell and Captain Sheppard occupied the garden to the right, where they were for some time held in check by a spirited fusillade from the housetops before them. At the earliest streak of dawn use was made of "Bubble," who had been brought along with the column and was now used with terrific effect at point-blank range. On the left, Lieutenants Gurdon and Burney, of Major Murray's party, gallantly and successfully carried out their storming-work, and four or five explosions cleared the way for a general assault, which rapidly gave us possession of all the houses along the southern foot of the rock. While carrying out this all-important duty, Lieutenant Gurdon, to the deep sorrow of all, met his death. The loss of a man of his calibre was, in itself, a severe blow to the force, and the regret was doubled by the friendly intimacy which acquaintance during two months of investment had necessarily strengthened. He was struck on the head by a piece of stone dislodged by his own charge of gun-cotton, and death was instantaneous.

By this time the entire jong was alarmed, and the defenders joined, as well as they could, in the fray that was raging at the base of the hill, but the steep sides of the rock, and the sangars with which they were crowned, made it difficult for them to bring their full armament to bear. From a distance our guns and maxims kept a keen look-out for any parties of Tibetans who exposed themselves along the upper slopes or defences of the rock, and their fire, though persistent, was almost unaimed.

When the sun was fully up, the earlier part of the day's work was done. Resistance had been crushed out along the eastern and southern bases of the rock, and the Gurkhas had succeeded in establishing themselves at a point some fifty feet above the houses just where the direct approach to the main gateway, now barricaded heavily, turns the last corner. They there came in full sight of the Tibetans swarming upon it, and found the *cul de sac* in front of them to be an almost impossible barrier even if undefended.

At this point the day's operations languished; indeed, as much had already been done as the General had intended for the first day. He had effected a lodgment in the houses which commanded the south and east of the rock, and on the west the 32nd Pioneers had pushed forward and were holding two or three of the houses to the west of the main street of Gyantse. The jong itself remained untouched, and that it was strongly held, a continued fusillade from the upper works still proved clearly enough. These shots were fired chiefly at the two ten-pounders and the new seven-pounder guns, under Easton and Marindin, fifty yards in front of the Gurkha post. Except for these, all

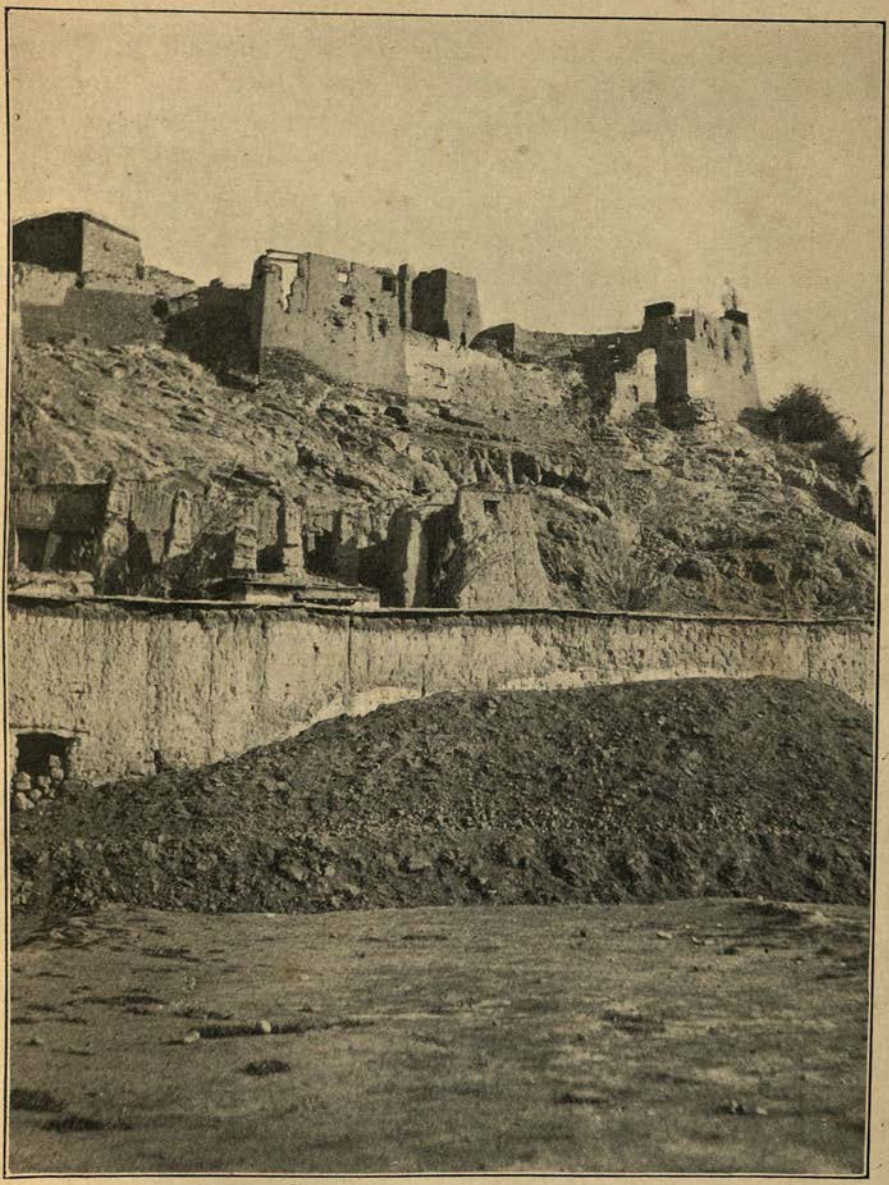
sounds of fighting ceased, and the sun blazed down with oppressive heat. The men had been now at work since one in the morning, and were tired out. After a while, the enemy themselves realised that they were only wasting their ammunition, and silence reigned over the entire position. The Tibetans, just before this lull began, concentrated the fire of two small jingals upon our right, where the ten-pounders were placed, on the north of the Pala—between that village and the spur of the hills girdling the plain.

About two o'clock Colonel Campbell, to whom had been committed the command of the attacking force, sent across to Pala village, where the General was watching operations with his staff, urgently recommending that an attack should be made at once upon the extreme east of the upper works of the jong. The rock of Gyantse is so steep that it seemed accessible nowhere except along the main approach which, as has been said, was well defended. Any direct attack here would have been made not only in the teeth of the gun-fire of the Tibetans holding the gate, but also at great danger from the stones rolled down by the enemy from the high bastion which flanked the road. The postern gate descending to the town on the northern side we were not in a position to attack, and we had not, at the moment, sufficient men to press round on that side and hold the houses which commanded this avenue.

But at the point which Colonel Campbell chose there was just a bare possibility of scaling the rock. It was a fearful climb, and the top of it was crowned by a well-made wall flanked by two projecting bastions. At first the General was unwilling to press forward any farther that day, and was in some doubt whether

to accede to this request. He determined, however, to be guided by the advice of Colonel Campbell on the spot. At a little past three, a concentrated fire from all points was ordered to be directed upon the wall at the head of this steep climb. The common shell used by the ten-pounders was now employed with terrific effect, and one could see, second by second, a larger ragged hole being torn open in the wall at this point. Clouds of dust rose and slowly drifted away to the west in the slight breeze, and whenever a lull in the cannonade allowed a clear sight, the breach was wider by a yard or two. A constant cataract of dislodged masses of stone and brick fell down the face of the rock below, which here was almost sheer for forty feet. It was not shell only that did this work. Magazine fire was concentrated at the same point, and under this whistling canopy of ball and shell, the Gurkhas were soon seen moving upwards and onwards from the houses at the base of the rock. It was a moment tense with excitement. Lieutenant Grant was in charge of the storming-party, and soon the first figures appeared over the belt of houses and trees which hem in the rock on this side. Instantly the fire redoubled, and from three points a converging fire hammered and bit upon the wall above their heads.

Absolutely confident in the skill of the gunners, the Gurkhas climbed on. Not a Tibetan was seen on the wall above, but through the loopholes of the bastions a few shots were fired which, at what was becoming almost point-blank range, caused one or two casualties among the little figures clambering upwards on their hands and knees. To those who watched from a distance, it seemed as if more loss was being inflicted when again and again



The breach in the walls of Gyantse jong by which it was stormed. As is usually the case, this photograph diminishes the apparent steepness and height of the rock.

one of the escalading force was knocked backwards by the masses of stone and brick dislodged by our shells. The steepness was so great that a man who slipped almost necessarily carried away the man below him also. But little by little the advance was made, and conspicuous in front of the small company, was Grant, with one Sepoy, who was clearly determined to rival his officer in one of the pluckiest pieces of work ever known on the Indian frontier. The men had now reached a point fifteen or twenty feet below the level of the breach, and it was no longer safe to allow the cannonade to continue. The guns had been tested with a success which almost surpasses belief. The chief danger lay in striking too low and exploding the shells on the outside, but not a single missile had struck the rock at the base of the wall. The marksmanship displayed was astonishing; inferiority in the gun itself was the only real danger to be feared, but these new screw ten-pounders seem to have reached mechanical perfection for all practical purposes.

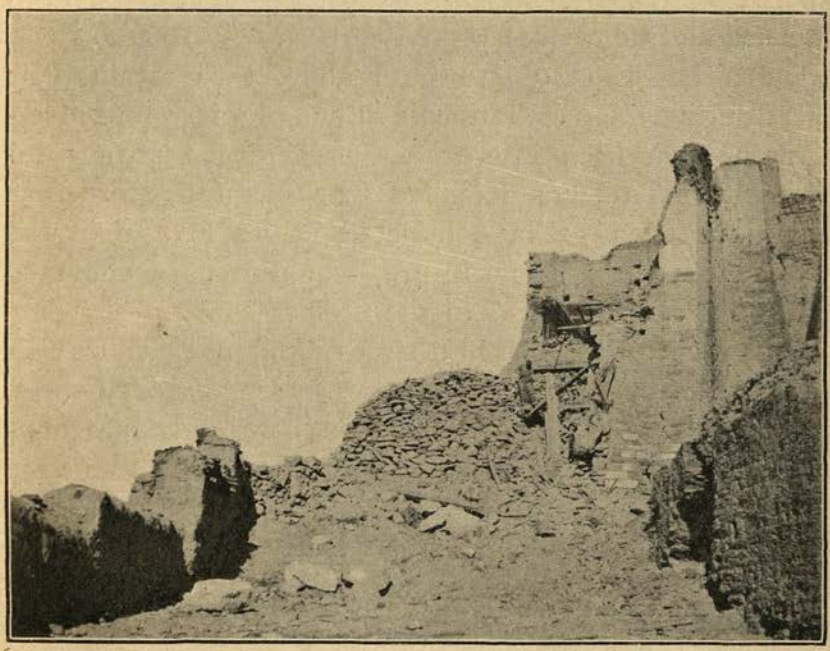
Just at this moment, when the General himself was issuing orders that the fire should cease, the thin, high pipe of the Gurkha bugler cried again and again from the distant rocks in the four shrill consecutive notes which call for silence, and silence reigned. Then uncovered by our guns, the last desperate climb was made, and up the higher ridges of an ascent so sheer that it was almost impossible for our men to protect themselves, one or two of these little figures scrambled. They reached at last the crumbling wreckage of the Tibetan wall. Lieutenant Grant and his faithful follower were the first two men over, and the great semi-circle of the watching British force held their breath for a second

to see it they would be at once shot down. For the moment it was two men against all the enemy that were in the jong—for the third man slipped and carried away in his fall his immediate successor—and it was patent enough to all of us that if the Tibetans had but reserved their fire and waited in the bastions, they might well have picked off, one by one, each man as his head appeared above the breach.

But hardly a shot was fired. The Tibetans had apparently seen in the cessation of the cannonade only a lucky opportunity for their own escape, and forty or fifty of them were seen crawling and clambering back up and across the rock face to the sangars near the barrack and the postern gate. Here, for a moment, they did indeed turn and use their matchlocks, but these were their last shots. Dividing in a panic into two streams, part made for the postern gate, part for the extreme western cliff of the rock where a way had been beaten through the wall of the citadel, and two long ropes were hanging down over the precipice below, their ends resting on the shelf a hundred feet beneath. From this coign the Tibetans could, with danger and difficulty, scramble down to the shelter of the houses at the foot of the rock.

Meanwhile, Gurkhas, to the number of some twenty or thirty, had collected at the breach on the east, and slowly moved forward, carefully testing the absence of the enemy from each building and sangar as they went. Some of the Tibetans fled into hiding among the cellars of the rock. The jong, like most other Tibetan buildings, is, underground, a labyrinth of dark rooms, tortuous passages and low storehouses. Into them the remnant of the enemy fled, hidden in the impenetrable obscurity

or concealed beneath stacks of dry grass or heaps of rubbish. It was dangerous work getting them out, as most of them still retained their arms. One small party pushed on straight ahead into the citadel, and at last, after meeting with a few spasmodic attempts at resistance, climbed from storey to storey up the



The last of the main gateway of Gyantse jong, finally blown up by us on July 10th.

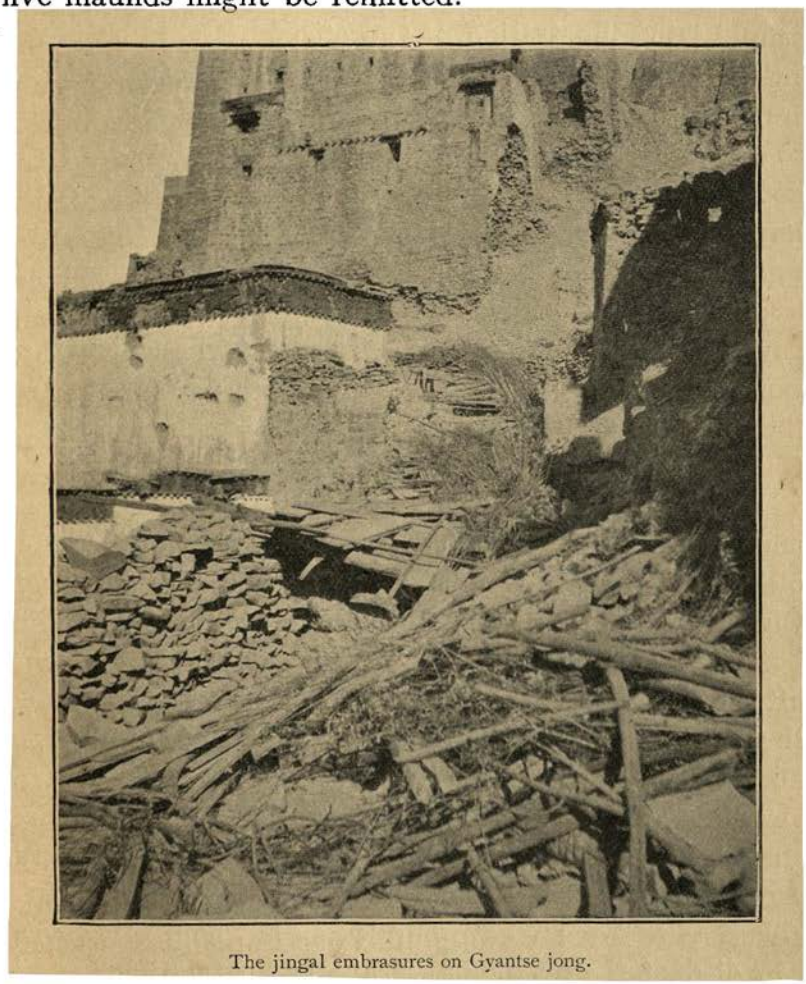
ricketty, slippery ladders, to the topmost roof of all, where, attached to a prayer-pole which the Tibetans had but recently put up, the Union Jack was again seen rippling in the strengthening breeze.

It was a gallant and successful finale. The climax was a dramatic scene which those who saw it will never forget. And though it may be invidious to mention them, the names of Lieutenant Grant, Colonel Campbell

and Captain Sheppard should not be forgotten in connection with the exploit. The recapture of the jong in this absolute and final manner had a practical importance which was even greater in a political than in a military sense. The confidence of the Tibetans in the impregnability of their newly-strengthened position was perhaps the prime cause of their obstinate refusal to negotiate on equal terms with us. And there is no doubt that if they had been allowed to retain their fort during the negotiations at Chang-lo, it would afterwards have been interpreted as evidence of our inferiority. To have defended it successfully for some days, or even to have inflicted heavy loss upon the expedition during its capture, would have encouraged the Tibetans to defend to the utmost every other post of vantage along the route to Lhasa, but, as it was, a lesson of the first importance was taught the Tibetans, and the absence of all opposition henceforward is unquestionably due to the exploits of the gunners and the Gurkhas on this day.

This recapture closed the Gyantse episode of the expedition. It was now imperative that an advance should be made to Lhasa. Mr. Brodrick cabled from home to that effect, and after twelve days' preparation the General was able to continue the advance. During that time reconnoitring parties were sent out in all directions, Dongtse was occupied, and a small force pushed on down the valley till Pénam jong was reached. This is an imposing structure, but, from a modern point of view, is open to every objection to which the apparent impregnability of Gyantse had been proved to be liable. Enormous stores of grain and tsampa were found in Dongtse. Pénam, too, was found to contain

about twelve thousand pounds of butter*—a fact which cast some doubt upon the *bona fides* of the monks of the Palkhor choide in having asked that the fine of twenty-five maunds might be remitted.



The jingal embrasures on Gyantse jong.

Contradictory reports about the Karo la, about the willingness of the monks to fight, about the attitude

* This Tibetan butter is kept in tight cornered leather sacks firmly stitched down. It is strengthened with fat and lard and seems to keep indefinitely, though from the first the smell of it is somewhat rancid.

of the Dalai Lama, and, indeed, about everything connected with the Tibetans and their policy, were now rife. In the course of these days I made a careful inspection of the jong. The scene of the breach itself is a striking illustration of the effect of rapid sustained fire. Hardly a square yard was left untorn by bullet or fragment of shell. The jong itself had not been greatly altered, except by the low sangars and the other improvements introduced by the Tibetans during the days of armistice. Very few of the bigger jingals were found in place, and an explosion which took place during our assault had set fire to, and destroyed, some part of the timbering of the casements in which they were placed. Two or three of the larger ones were afterwards found where the Tibetans had buried them. One of the most extraordinary features of the fight was the amount of casualties suffered by the enemy on the postern descent of the jong. This was regarded by us as almost completely protected by the walls which had been built during the investment of Chang-lo, but I counted nearly forty dead men down this descent, fifteen of them lying together in such a way as suggested that one exploding shrapnel shell had accounted for all of them. Our casualties during this week were low indeed. Cr'aster and Gurdon had been killed and, in all, six officers had been wounded slightly, one more seriously. Of the men, we had lost but three killed and twenty-six wounded, of whom, however, two died of their wounds within twenty-four hours.

A rapid interchange of communications ensued between Younghusband and the authorities at Simla and in London, and at last, on the morning of the 14th, the advance to Lhasa was definitely begun.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ADVANCE TO LHASA.

THE force moved out from Gyantse for the march to Lhasa on the morning of the 14th of July; rain had fallen for two or three days, and the road, especially where it crossed the fertile valley of the Nyang chu, was bad; later on the sharp cut trang by the side of the Nyeru chu afforded a good enough passage. In spite of the drizzling rain, which delayed the march for one hour, and lasted well on into the later hours of the morning, the outlook of the great Gyantse plain was changed for the better indeed since we had seen it last. For more than two months we had been shut up at Chang-lo, and during that time the vegetation and the cultivation of the valley had advanced by leaps and bounds.

Nothing is more vivid in Tibet than the glaring patches of chrome yellow mustard flower at this period. Square cut, and always level, they light up the dark gorges and the river flats, in a way of which it is difficult to give any idea. For the rest, clematis and lark-spur are the most noticeable varieties of plants. The rain which had kept off during the middle of the day, fell again during the evening, and tents were pitched at Ma-lang, in a dull and depressing downpour. The exact position of the camp could be ascertained by a traveller who noticed a curious series of horizontal

flaws of vivid pink-stained limestone, crossing through the cliffs on the northern side of the valley, just where the valley flats open out in a sandy, stone-strewn stretch. There are a few ragged and neglected adobe walls here, evidences of a long-abandoned village, and across the stream there is a small group of houses, perhaps four in number. Nothing of any importance occurred, except that the rain, which held off during the night, descended again at six o'clock on the following morning.

To some readers, rain may seem a small matter in these altitudes, and so long at any rate as the march is conducted over hard rock floors, there does not seem much danger of its causing either ill-health or delay. But where speed is of the utmost possible importance, and where the transport has therefore been cut down to its utmost necessary compass, rain is one of the most dangerous accidents which can befall a flying column. Sleeping in wet clothes, night after night, is not after all as dangerous an occupation as dwellers in cities are apt to think. But the real crux is, that where tents must of necessity be used by troops on the march, the difference in sheer weight caused by the saturation of canvas is almost incredible, and where every beast of burden is already loaded with the last additional pound which common sense permits, a steady rain storm daily will of itself ruin an expedition's mobility, and almost its chances of success. Still there was a sufficient margin, for Bretherton and Macdonald had allowed in their calculations for the extra strain of a long forced march, and therefore had seen to it that comparatively light loads were originally distributed among the beasts. They had also carefully

weeded out the weaker animals from the various corps, and had, in consequence, a thoroughly well-equipped transport service for this 150-mile dash. Thus it was that the rain proved no worse than an inconvenience, though only those who have experienced it can know the intolerable dreariness of sitting down on wet earth in pouring rain, waiting hour after hour for the arrival and the pitching of the already soaked tents. My own servants were perhaps, for this particular work, the best in the Mission camp, and though in all human probability neither of them will ever read this book, I should like to render them a moment's tribute for the constant cheerfulness and alacrity with which they generally managed to set up my tent among the first.* After tents had been pitched, and beds screwed together, or valises unrolled, the native servants set to work to prepare the evening meal. This is a business in which the Indian servant stands unrivalled; at a time when there was absolutely no dry thing within a quarter of a mile, except the interior of one's boxes and one's bed—and not always those—these servants will somehow manage to obtain a fire from wood that is demonstrably wet, and when an Indian cook has been given a fire and a couple of stew-pans, there is very little that he cannot perform, within the conventional limits of camp cookery.

* Really good servants are rare indeed on the Eastern Himalayan frontier. One of mine, the syce Tsering, whose muffled figure occurs on p. 125, Vol. I., has been taken into the service at the Residency of Sikkim. The other, my bearer, is, I believe, still attached to the Rockville Hotel at Darjeeling. His name is Singh Bir, and if this slight mention of his services to me during this expedition may recommend him to others who wish to obtain a thoroughly capable personal and camp servant, I shall be glad. At a time when other servants were deserting daily in sheer terror, Singh Bir remained steady, though when pressed he admitted his conviction that we were as good as dead men already if we tried to reach Lhasa.

There is not very much to report about this second passage by the side of the river to Ra-lung. On the next day, we passed Gobshi, and encamped a quarter of a mile west of Long-ma in a pitiless downpour. On the third day from Gyantse, we reached Ra-lung, and encamped a little way farther along the same plateau upon which Colonel Brander had pitched his tents in the first week in May. The short vegetation was rank, and surprisingly bright, but no trees, of course, were to be seen after we had left behind the willows of Kamo and Long-ma. The mounted infantry, of course, preceded us day after day, and by their reports the length of the next day's journey was decided. On the evening of the 16th, news was brought in that the wall on the Karo la had been lengthened and reinforced by a parallel wall 200 yards behind it. Great activity on the enemy's part was reported, and the small column prepared for a sharp engagement on the 18th. The composition of the little force may as well be set down here; it consisted of six guns of the 7th Mountain Battery (ten pounders), and two guns of the 30th Mountain Battery (seven pounders) with the maxim of the Norfolk Regiment. There were also half a company of the 3rd Sappers, and the first and second companies of mounted infantry—200 men in all. Of infantry, there were the headquarters and four companies of the Royal Fusiliers; one company of the 23rd Pioneers; headquarters and four companies of the 32nd Pioneers, headquarters and six companies of the 40th Pathans and headquarters and six companies of the 8th Gurkhas. There was one section of a British Field Hospital and two and a half sections of a Native Field Hospital, while about 3,000 mules drawn from the 7th,

9th, 10th and 12th Mule Corps acted as transport. Besides these beasts, there were also about 250 yaks, and two Coolie Corps.

This was a well-equipped and self-contained little force, and there was no doubt whatever, that what Colonel Brander had been able to do with less than

The Karo la, 18th July, 1904; eastern side. The wall was built across the end of this opening in the gorge.

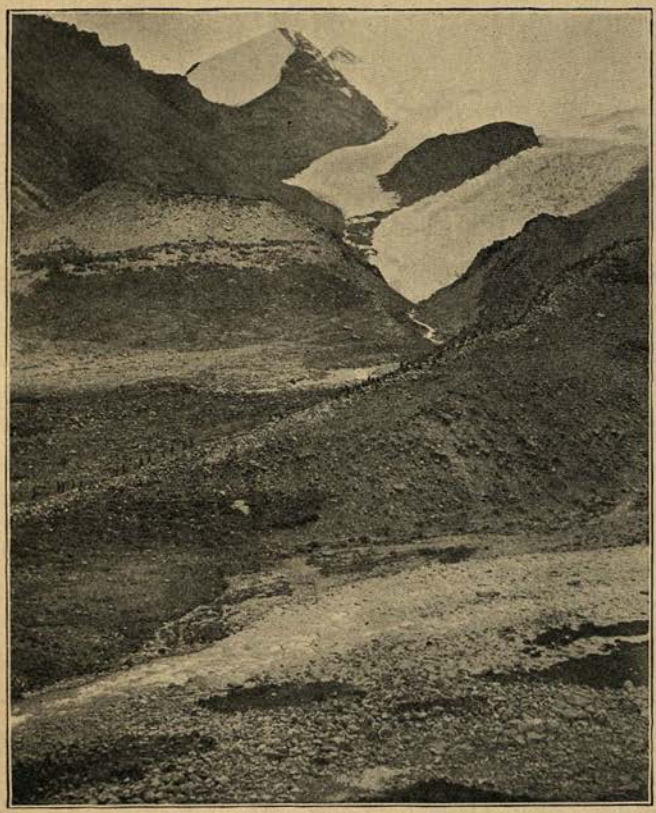
350 men in May, this column could easily achieve in the middle of July. But the peculiar difficulty of forcing the Karo la lies, it will be remembered, in the fact that the wall built by the Tibetans crossed the gorge just where two ice-fields 2,000 feet above the floor of the valley render a turning movement impossible on either side. The wall itself was, as we know, of magni-

ficent proportions, and as we were, from the reason mentioned, almost committed to a direct attack, if full use had been made by the Tibetans of their unique position, we naturally expected that some severe loss on our side was inevitable. We moved on from Ralung, on the 17th, to the Plain of Milk.

Over the Gom-tang plain foxes and gazelle moved away as we approached. Fine grass covered the quagmires with which the plain is carpeted, and in between the tussocks, where the clear brown water straggled, tiny pink primulas lay out in the sun; through the gorge below the glaciers of Nichi-kang-sang, we passed young tender nettles and purple flowers, which looked like drooping cowslips; saxifrage was there, with white blossoms, and vetches, both purple and blue. Almost on the same spot as that on which Colonel Brander's force encamped a halt was made for the night. Macdonald himself went out, and from a distance reconnoitred the position. He found that the reports were true, and that a second wall had been built almost across the valley, but this was not all, for the Tibetans had learned the use, for the purpose of defence, of advanced sangars, and these had been built on both sides of the gorge, right up to the crowning cornice from which the Pioneers two months before had, after a terrible climb, dislodged the defenders of the single sangar down below.

But the Tibetans' courage was oozing away. They have since admitted that the fame of our guns was widely spread in all parts of the country, and the fact that the cornice above referred to was held may, perhaps, have been the reason why our opponents did not stay to defend the position they had chosen with

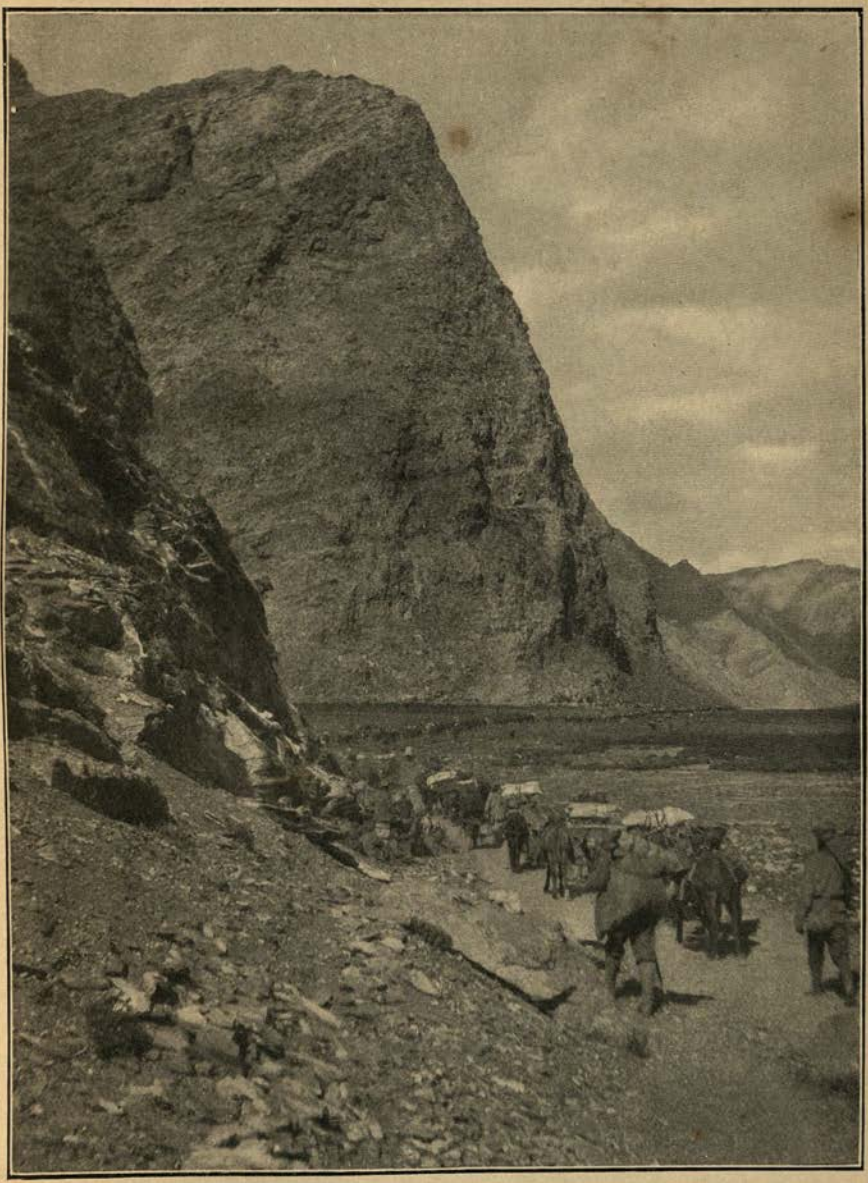
such care. For from that cornice they could see over the Karo la itself on to the Plain of Milk, and there they could see with unpleasant plainness the slow accumulations of men, munitions, beasts and tents



The Tibetan wall at the Karo la being thrown down by our troops. The glacier lake feeds the little stream, and is itself hidden by the mound to the left.

which accompanied our march. It is difficult to say when the bulk of the enemy deserted their defences, but on the following morning, when the first line, composed of four companies of the Fusiliers, flanked on

either side by Gurkhas, moved out of camp to the attack, the only position that was still found held by the enemy in any way was the high cliff to which we have repeatedly drawn attention. They indeed fired but one or two shots, but they could no longer be allowed to remain in their position to threaten our advance or our communications, and the Gurkhas were sent up to clear them out. On this occasion, actual fighting took place at a height of nearly 19,000 feet above sea-level. One of the officers engaged on this day told me that the physical strain thereby involved was almost intolerable. On one occasion he had succeeded in hauling himself up to a small plateau, defended at its farther end by a Tibetan sangar; he had with him five men: there was no cover available, so he at once gave the word to charge. The space was not more than thirty yards long, but before they had gone fifteen, the little force of six men, careless of the Tibetan fire, had flung themselves on the ground almost fainting, and in some cases positively sick. But in spite of these obstacles the work was done, and very well done, and slowly the remaining Tibetans, who were for the most part men from Kams, were driven out from their rocky eyries, from which they had kept up an ineffectual fire upon our men, to seek refuge across the bitter white slopes, or in the aquamarine crevasses of the snow-fields behind them. After a long delay the General moved on down the valley, beyond the wall, which was totally undefended, only to find that some of the enemy were still escaping by the steep shale slope, immediately to the east of it The Pathans were sent up this height, which overlooks the ice-bound tarn to which I have before referred; here also, many of the Tibetans



The expedition moving down the Karo chu gorge near Dzara.

escaped by plunging boldly across the ice-fields of the glaciers to the south, where none of our men were able to follow them. But the position they had held was cleared, and the column moved on in safety, two miles down the valley beyond Dzara, to the night's halting ground.

Below the Karo la, the aspect of the valley undergoes a marked change; of trees there are still none, and only the appearance of the vivid sky-blue Tibetan poppy distinguishes the flora of this pass. This is beyond question the most striking flower that we saw throughout the entire journey. It was found expanding its crinkling *crêpe-de-chine* silk petals in the sand among the rocks at the Karo la, and it remained with us until we descended to the valley of the Tsang-po. The height varies from five inches to fifteen, the leaves and stalks are covered with sharp, stiff spines, and the colour is the most vivid blue I have seen in a plant, far exceeding in strength and purity the forget-me-not, or the germander speedwell.* Aconite or, as we know it in England, monkshood, is unfortunately common, and the utmost care was needed to prevent the beasts of the transport from cropping the tall pyramids of grey-purple and grey-green flowers which spring beside the roads and dot the damper levels of the plain. Blue five-inch gentians grow in profusion here, and stout patches of the little sunflower gardeners know as Gerbera Jamesonii.

But the Alpine flora was not yet fully out; the rocks which hem in the valley of the Karo chu dominated the scene. They deserve special mention, for the high bastions and curtains of these thousand-feet preci-

* I sent roots home to Madresfield, but I am afraid nothing has survived.

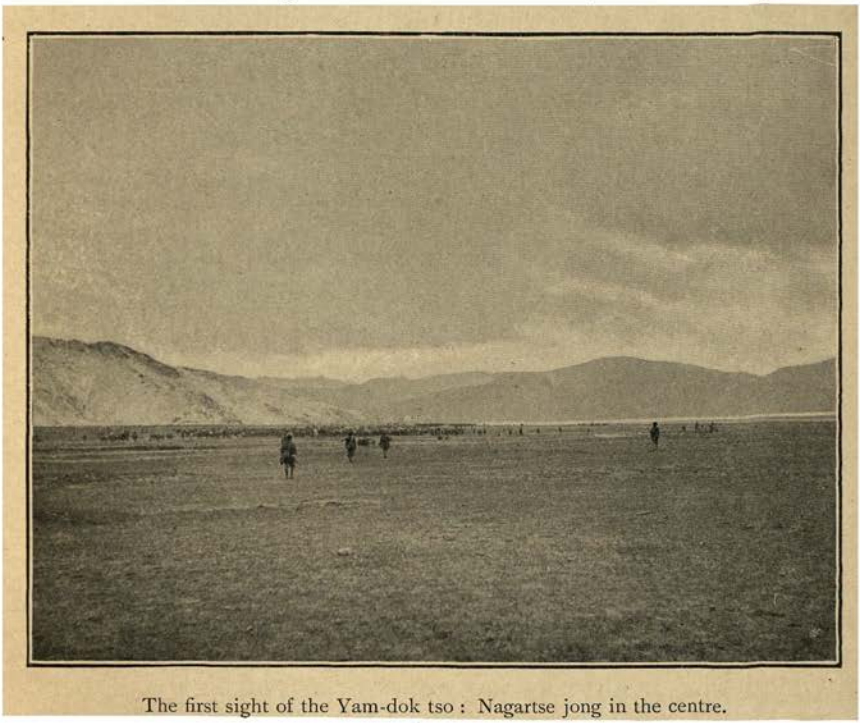
pices run for miles. The little cones of rufous débris which reach upwards from the ground to every chimney and channel of the cliff do not detract from the extraordinary abruptness with which these red barriers leap upwards to the sky, towering aloft sheer from the stream on either side. The river, too, is worth a note. All morning, after the bitter frost has bound up the leaks of the encircling but invisible glaciers overhead, the stream runs clearly enough, but towards evening the main flow from the eastern side of the ice-fields of Nichi-kang-sang hurls itself into the river like a flood of antimony, so black and leaden are the waters.

In these scenes we pitched our camp for the night, and considered the advance we had made.

The official estimate of the importance of this operation seems misleading; it is probable that not more than 200 Tibetans were holding the southern cornice west of the wall, and about the same number tried to escape by the slope of shale to the east.* On the next day, the 19th of July, I went down the stream on the right bank with Mr. Claude White, who was taking a series of photographs. The long line of the column crept along under the high scarp to the north. As we rode beside it all day long we saw partridges, foxes, hares and marmots of a larger kind than those which honeycomb the Phari plain. The flora of the valley itself remains inconspicuous here, for the high cliffs which bind it in prevent the growth of plants; only jagged slate edges and grasses moving in the wind decorated the trang along which the column moved. On the other

* This latter number alone was, however, reckoned as 800 by the headquarters-staff. I have throughout this book given numbers and facts that seem to me to accord with observations taken during the day, and generally accepted by impartial eye-witnesses.

side of the river we found much dwarf edelweiss and some stumpy reeds. But the rocky formation of the ground was still the most important feature of the scene. At last the Yam-dok tso appeared in the far distance, a blue, quivering line, which one could swear was but a mirage. Soon after that, on turning the



The first sight of the Yam-dok tso : Nagartse jong in the centre.

corner, Nagartse jong was seen, three miles away across the plain. We moved slowly upon it, and thereupon heard that the Tibetan delegates, who had fled from Gyantse, were ready to meet us, and requested an audience. We went on, and camped a quarter of a mile from the jong on a rising patch of dried ground. The Yam-dok tso and its little sister, the Dumu tso, were glittering in the sun below the unfolding hills.

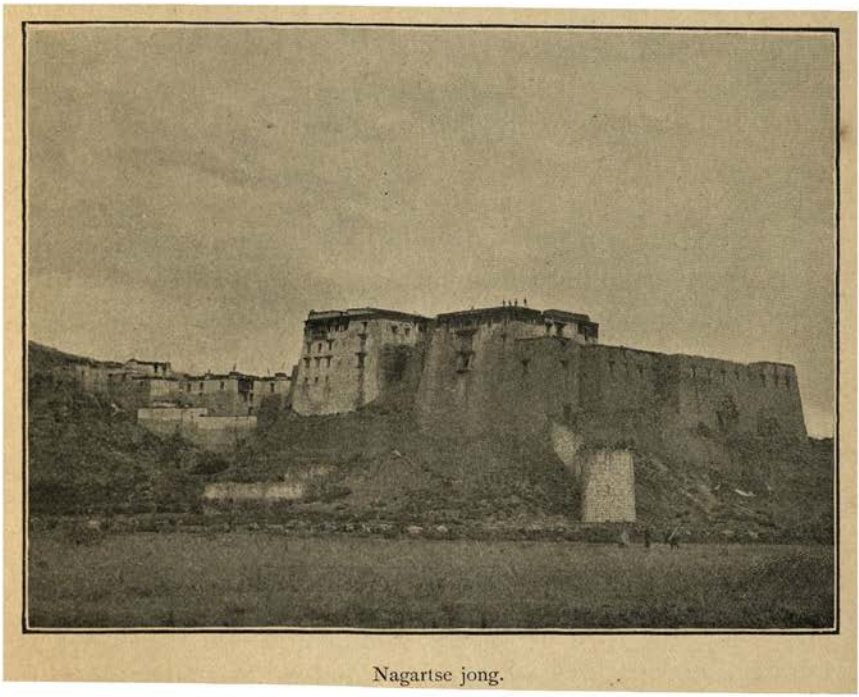
Twenty years have passed since Ugyen Gyatso, one of the best of our native explorers, corrected, inadequately enough, but to the best of his ability, the traditional delusion as to the shape of the Sacred Lake of Tibet. Travelling in disguise and almost by stealth, his opportunities were limited, but his map of the Yam-dok tso was the first improvement upon D'Anville's 1735 design, and it is probable that to this day the common conception of this strange sheet of water is that originated by the Jesuit-taught Lamas of 1717, and repeated without any great variation by every atlas down to 1884. But the Yam-dok tso is by no means a symmetrical ring of water surrounding a similar ring of land. Lieutenant-Colonel Waddell uses the happy expression "scorpionoid" to describe its real shape.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that our ignorance of what is undoubtedly the most interesting inland sea of Asia should have been so profound. Its claim to sacred isolation has been respected far more than that of Lhasa itself. For every one who has ever set eyes on the Yam-dok tso, four or five foreigners have seen Lhasa. Indeed, we do not certainly know that before this expedition any Europeans except Manning and della Penna's company had ever passed along the margin of the long, narrow waters which mean so much to the superstitious Tibetan peasant, and from Manning, the incurious, we learn little indeed, except that the water is bad—a wholly misleading statement, for though the taste is somewhat alkaline, neither salt nor entirely fresh, it is wholesome and clean.*

The Tibetans themselves, besides the name Yam-

* Lakes with no outlet inevitably become salt in the lapse of centuries. The Yam-dok tso must have had some point of escape—probably the Rong chu—at a comparatively recent period.

dok tso, or "high grazing lake," use another, "Yu-tso," or the "Turquoise Lake," and it is impossible to describe more exactly the exquisite shade of blue-green which colours the waters under even the most brilliant azure skies. Near inshore the innumerable ripples are, indeed, blown in over the white-sanded



Nagartse jong.

floor as colourlessly as wavelets on a South Pacific strand of white coral, but twenty yards out the bottom drops suddenly, and the lake glows deeply with the colour from which it takes its name.

On shore, dotted severally over the wide, clean shelf of sand and grit and pebble, a white drift into which one sinks to the ankles, great nettles grow rudely, only yielding place to the waving hoof-track—there are no

wheels in Tibet—which follows the curve of the beach. Above it, feathery green plants of wormwood, transfixed by the dead brown bents of last year, crowd downwards from the steep banks, on which sturdy bushes of barberry and wholesome English dog-rose flourish as well as the crowding weight of "Traveller's joy" allows. Over that again, in the clefts of the flawed rocks or between the tussocks of the grassy hill slopes, where the yaks and goats graze, spring prickly poppies, sky-blue and purple, spikes of lemon-yellow foxgloves, and primulas and oxlips of half a dozen shades. Here and there is cultivation, and wherever the stunted barley crop is sown, comes, too, a sweeping carpet of forget-me-not, eighteen inches in height, and blue with a virility and strength unknown to the pale myosotis of English ditches. In the grass flats of fine closely-cropped turf, which here and there join the foreshore to the hills, is a jetsam of green, low-growing lilies, as yet only starring the ground with their flat leaves, but bearing aloft on their stalks a promise of sturdy flowers to come. Opposite, across the mile-wide strip of water, the steep, green-velveted hills of the "island" rise out of their own reflections, chequered here and there by the vivider green of cultivation or the dull moving contrast of cloud shadows.

There is, perhaps, much excuse for the old belief that the Yam-dok tso is indeed a ring of water, for in the two wide places where the great circle is broken the shaking stretch of black mud is even now more kin to water than to land. It is fair enough to see, with its wastes of green reeds and hummocks of primula-strewn grass, but it is but a quagmire, across which it is dangerous to walk, and impossible to lead a horse. A

hundred years ago it must have been shallows—a thousand years ago, perhaps, the old level betrayed on the hillsides to this day was awash. Forty feet added to the present height of the water would change the shape of the lake curiously indeed.

As it is, perhaps to Tibetan eyes the quagmires

The southern shores of the Yam-dok tso—from the Ta la : never before seen by a white man.

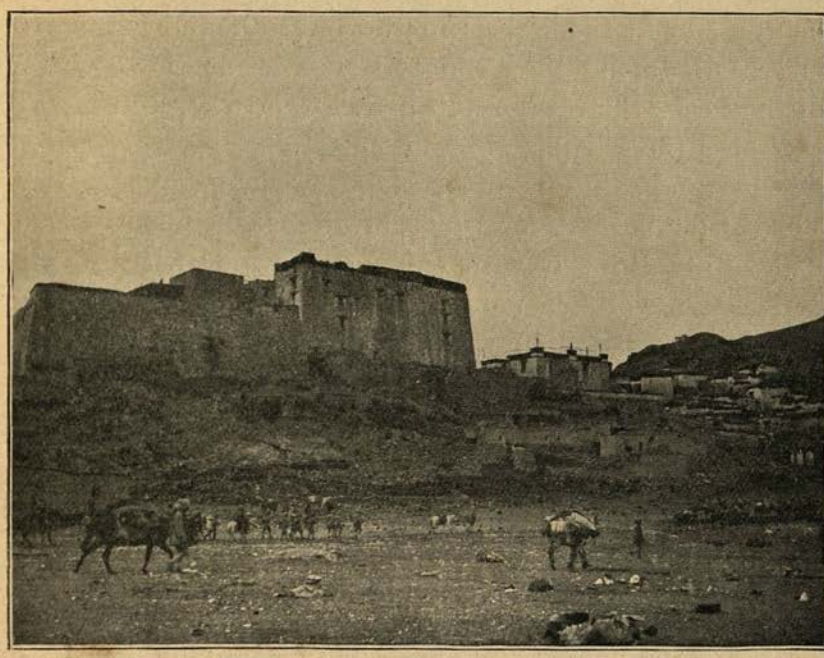
that represent the retreating lake have their special value too, for three miles of bog separated the orderly tents of our camp at Nagartse from the thrice-holy buildings of Samding convent, where the reincarnated Dorje Phagmo, or pig-goddess, bears rule over one of the most venerated foundations in the land. While we were in the neighbourhood the buildings were de-

serted, but the occupants will return to find them untouched. Not a turquoise has been taken from their shrines, not a dainty little brass image will be found missing from their inventories; hardly a foot has been allowed to cross the threshold, because unconsciously the lady abbess once nursed in sickness a subject of Queen Victoria. They will never know the reason, and beyond doubt a special miracle will soon be credited to account for the stern prohibition which saved the monastery from violation of any kind.

It may be a vain piece of advice, for there is no doubt that even now as I write Tibet has again been trebly barred against the foreigner; but if by force or fraud another traveller shall find himself at Nagartse, let him go ten miles to the south-east and climb the saddle of the Ta la.

There are few sights in the world like that which is seen from the peak in which the saddle ends to the east. Below lie both the outer and the inner lakes, this following with counter-indentations the in-and-out windings of the other's shore-line. The mass and colour of the purple distance is Scotland at her best—Scotland, too, in the slow drift of a slant-woofed raincloud in among the hills. At one's feet the water is like that of the Lake of Geneva. But the tattered outline of the beach, with its projecting lines of needle-rocks, its wide white, curving sandpits, its jagged islets, its precipitous spurs, and, above all, the mysterious tarns strung one beyond another into the heart of the hills, all these are the Yam-dok's own, and not another's. If you are lucky, you may see the snowy slopes of To-nang gartered by the waters, and always on the horizon are the everlasting ice-fields of the Himalayas, bitterly

ringing with argent the sun and colour of the still blue lake. You will not ask for the added glories of a Tibetan sunset; the grey spin and scatter of a rain-threaded after-glow, or the tangled sweep of a thunder-cloud's edge against the blue, will give you all you wish,



Nagartse jong and town.

and you will have seen the finest view in all this strange land.

Here and there along the shore to north and south rise half-ruined castles as harmonious, as inevitable, as everything else in this high enchanted valley. There they stand, four square, reddish-brown bulks of native quarrying, crumbling everywhere and sometimes fallen, now laying bare the long abandoned economy of an

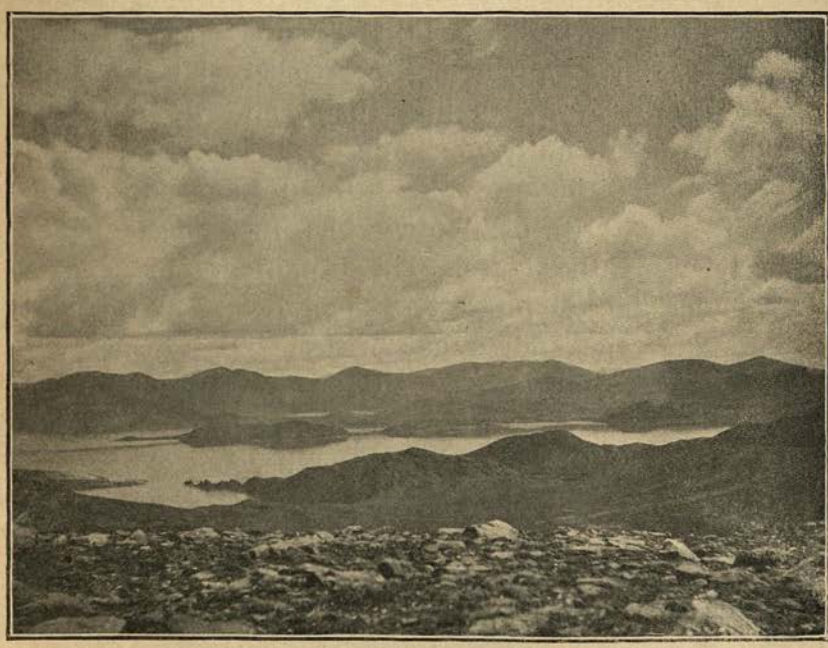
upper storey through a shattered corner, now, lower down, betraying the emptiness of a bastioned court-yard at the base of the tower. The rock-cresses and the saxifrages have long established themselves between the crevices of the stones, and on their old, worn surfaces the sombre mosses and vivid orange and black lichens spread themselves in the pure air and sunlight. Overhead, among the beflagged sheaves at the corners of the keep, the ravens hop heavily and cry, and along the shore the seagulls dip and squeal.

Hidden behind Pe-di or Nagartse jong, against the slope of a hill, are a few white, straitened hovels in tiers, banded mysteriously with red and crowned with brown cornices and broken parapets. On the door of each is a kicking swastika in white, and over it a rude daub of ball and crescent.

At the street corners the women stand, one behind another, peeping and curious. Men, too, are there, who stare with eyes that cannot understand. Nowhere in Tibet has our incursion meant less to the people than here, up at the Yam-dok tso, and one feels that in years to come the passing and repassing beside the holy waters of the unending line of our quick-stepping, even-loaded mules and tramping, dust-laden men with light-catching rifle barrels, will only take its proper place among the myriad other and equally mysterious legends that wrap with sanctity the waters of this loveliest of all lakes.

Nagartse is the best-known town between Gyantse and Lhasa; it is placed upon a neck of land, which joins the jong to the hills behind. The rock on which the jong stands must at one time have been lapped by the waters of the lake, but at the present time the

Yam-dok tso has retreated so far, that a quashy stretch of vivid green quagmire spreads between the road and the shore. The jong itself is of no great interest. It is the usual ramshackle congeries of unsteady walls and uneven floors and, except the rooms which were at this time occupied by the Ta Lama,



The Dumu tso from the Ta la.

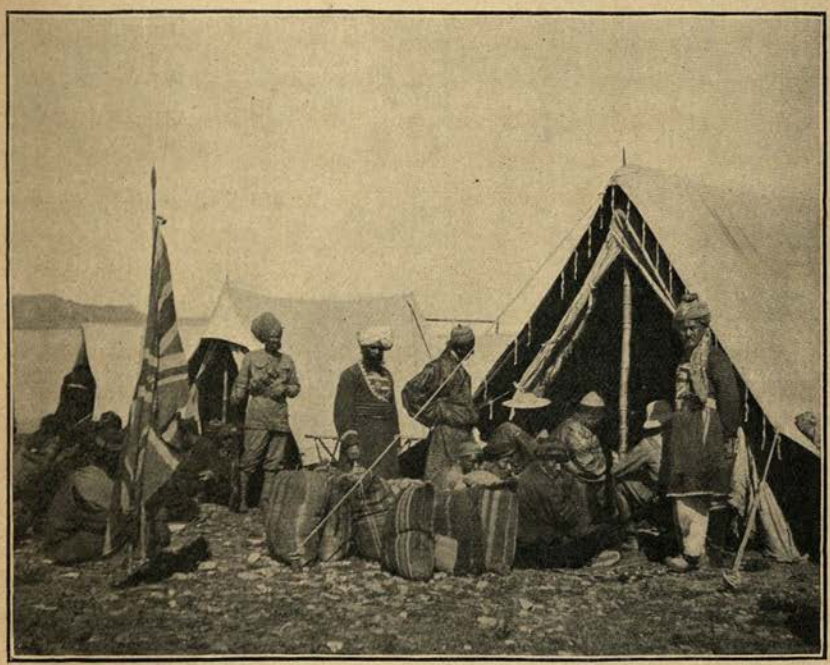
and afterwards tenanted by Lieut. Moody, who was left in command of the post, two small chapels are the only rooms which are still rain-tight. As I have said Samding lies five miles across the plain—five miles of quaking bog, intersected by the deep-cut channel, whereby part of the waters of the Karo chu are led into the lake. As an illustration of the mistake made by other surveyors in asserting that the lake in the centre

of the so-called "island," is 500 feet higher than that of the Yam-dok tso itself, it may be mentioned that the Karo chu divides itself just where it debouches into the plain, and one section glides placidly into the waters of each lake. There is, as a matter of fact, not a difference of six feet in the level of the two waters.

One has to go some way to convince oneself that the Dumu tso and the Yam-dok tso are indeed distinct pieces of water. Only a narrow neck of land, a hundred yards in width, divides them, and this obstacle cannot be seen until you approach very near. On the top of a promontory hard by, Mr. Claude White and I took a series of photographs, including a panoramic view of the lakes. These photographic excursions had a special interest of their own. At the wise discretion of the Indian authorities, the transport of the column was burdened to the extent of three mules' loads, with the large 13 by 10 camera and innumerable plates. Mr. White's servants have become experts in the art of carrying and setting up this cumbersome instrument, and Mr. White himself is a first-rate photographer. Sending the plates back to India was a tedious and uncertain process, but I am glad to hear that from this cause very few plates were broken or lost.

As I have said, the Ta Lama again met us at Nagartse jong, and with him were the Tungyig Chempo and the Chi-kyap Kenpo. Their position had now become desperate; their instructions had been from the beginning to stop our advance to Lhasa. They were given no powers to carry on final negotiations. The views of the Dalai Lama were repeated to them in one unvarying order: "Get these English out of my country again at once." How this was to be done they neither

knew nor cared in Lhasa ; the unhappy delegates were given no authority to make a concession of any kind, and they knew better than to act in this matter on their own initiative. One would have thought that a man like the Dalai Lama would at last have realised that he was dealing with an opponent who was not in the least



A conference with the Tibetans at Nagartse.

impressed by his religious pretensions. He should have realised that at last we were in earnest, and whether he was willing or not to come to any definite arrangement with us at the time, he should at least have sent men armed with sufficient authority for them to open up a discussion, which would soon have shown whether it was wiser or not for the Lamaic hierachy to make a

partial surrender of their claims. As it was, these unhappy men, the Ta Lama, the Chi-kyap Kenpo—and here the Yu-tok Shápe also—were reduced to the useless expedient of repeating a parrot-cry without arguments or authority of any kind. It is significant that at one moment during these negotiations of the 19th of July the Ta Lama, poor old man, burst out with an unveiled threat. He said, "If you will make an agreement elsewhere we will observe it; if you will go to Lhasa, and make an agreement there, you may get it signed, but we will not observe it."

During one of these meetings a skirmish took place between Captain Souter and his mounted infantry and the armed retinue of the delegates who, in defiance of an agreement, were attempting to escape and give information of our numbers and composition. The Tibetan officials were much mortified at the detection of this scheme.

It was increasingly apparent that Nature had come to the assistance of the Tibetans' determination to keep their country isolated, in more ways than by mere physical obstacles. How could one carry on negotiations with such men as these, and in the circumstances in which we found ourselves, how could we ensure that relations, even of the friendliest sort, would continue for even a year after our departure. General Macdonald made no secret of his personal opinion that the political ends of the expedition could be better arrived at by instant negotiation, than by carrying out the letter of the orders which had been received by Colonel Younghusband. To this the Colonel could only reply, again and again, that even were he of Macdonald's opinion, which he most emphatically was not, he was still com-

pelled to carry out the definite orders of the Government; he was to go to Lhasa, and make a treaty there. Simla was somewhat amused at this spectacle. As a

Mahommed Isa and a Tibetan official. The latter thought that Mahommed's scarlet and gold lace indicated some important person whose influence was worth securing. He was, as a matter of fact, one of the chuprassis of the Commissioner.

rule, it is with the utmost difficulty that a political Commissioner can restrain the military aspirations of his escort, and generally has to fall back upon the distinct

orders of the Government, to compel his acquiescence in a non-military solution of the difficulties. Here the rôles were reversed with a vengeance.

At Nagartse jong, we stayed one day, and on the 21st we moved on by the side of the lake, past the little fishing villages of Gya, Tu and Badi,* to the Bridge of Good Luck, or Kal-sang Sampa. This bridge has been referred to by Chandras Das, but his description of it as an embankment more than 100 yards long is wholly inaccurate. There is here a small pond of a level somewhat higher than the lake, and divided from it by a neck of land, with one sluice gate cut through it, over which a roughly piled stone causeway, twenty yards long, is carried. The photograph will make this clear. It is often believed that the Rong chu runs through from the lake into the Tsang-po. This is not true, for there is a rising fold of ground, about three miles above this pond, which makes a watershed between the two. Yarsig lies a mile west-north-west of the Kal-sang Sampa, but it was not visited except by a few mounted infantry. It is a squalid collection of huts and houses. At the Bridge of Good Luck we encamped after a march of twelve miles from Nagartse. On the next day, the 22nd, a short march of five miles brought us to Pe-di jong, which stands prominently on the very edge of the lake, just where the mountainous "island" † approaches most nearly to the northern shore. Pe-di jong is not one of the official fortresses belonging to the Tibetan Government, but

* The names of these villages as they appear on maps are entirely inaccurate. On my return journey at Nargartse I took pains to find out the real names from Lieut. Moody (in whose district they all lie), as he had made it his business to obtain them from their headmen.

† The native name for this peninsula is "Do-nang," or "stony house."

we did not discover the name of its private owner. Like so many other Tibetan buildings, this one is fast falling to pieces, and one or two small demolitions, necessitated by our subsequent use of the place as a fortified post, will probably hurry on the inevitable ruin of the whole. One threads one's way past

Kal-sang Sampa—the Bridge of Good Luck near Yarsig.

slippery stones, through which the nettles rise rankly, skirting a pool of liquid filth by getting close under the wall, then up some slimy, broken steps into the darkness of a passage, wherein you stumble along till a greyish square of light at the farther end shows you where the stairs are placed. Tibetan staircases are no ordinary things. The angle at which the stairs are placed is somewhat steeper than that at which an English ladder

is ordinarily used; the treads are long and very narrow pieces of poplar wood, either worn into a slant, at which no foothold is possible, or tipped with iron, upon which the nails in one's boots slide mercilessly. The only handrail is a highly polished wooden willow-pole, which slants from the lowest step at an angle more perpendicular than that of the steps. They are more difficult to come down than to go up, and this is saying a good deal. On the third storey of Pe-di jong are the living rooms, the only really habitable ones in the place; the rest of the building keeps the rain out, and that is about all. Here, however, Lieutenant Dalmahoy, with a company of Pathans, was left in charge, while on the 23rd the force moved to their camping-ground, a mile short of the little village of Trama-lung. From this point the road over the Kamba la rises abruptly to the north; the road beside the lake presents no very interesting features, and two things alone arrested our attention. The first was a curious example of the cup marks which indented an artificially smoothed surface at shoulder height above the road, just where it doubled a rocky spur. These cup marks are referred to later as a characteristic of Lhasa also. A mile and half further on we found that the Tibetans had built a wall across the road, choosing its position with some skill. The sharp cut fresh turves with which they had crowned the wall and a little house, just where it terminated over the lake, proved that it had not been built for long. We arrived at our camping-ground before twelve o'clock, and I went up to the summit of the hills which divide the Yam-dok tso from the basin of the Tsang-po, in order that I might, if possible, catch the first glimpse of the Potala.

Kawa-guchi, the Japanese traveller, reported that from the Kamba la he had seen the palace, and the villagers of Trama-lung proudly claim for this spot the first sight of the Forbidden City. There can be no question of the direction in which, if at all, this first glimpse of Lhasa is to be obtained. Looking carefully through glasses, I saw a minute, symmetrically-shaped dot of grey, just visible over one of the intervening spurs. I do not know to this day whether that were really Lhasa or not. It was certainly in the exact position, but it was entirely impossible from that distance for a stranger to be sure, even had the day remained clear. Afterwards, nothing was certainly distinguishable. There were so many subsequent misstatements made as to the identity of Potala, that I would not do more than suggest to another traveller following upon our track upon a clearer day, that it may be worth while to substantiate or refute the claims of the villagers of Trama-lung.

The remainder of the day was spent by a good many officers in fishing. At Yarsig, on the evening of the 21st, the waters of the lake were found to be full of fish, which had rashly crowded into the shallows by the shore, and were easily captured by the hand. Major Iggulden and Mr. Vernon Magniac were the most industrious fishermen of the force, and it may be news to some of the disciples of Izaak Walton that in Lhasa these two men habitually caught from 60 to 70 fish in an afternoon. These fish were generally called trout, but this was merely a convenient misnomer. The essential feature of a member of the family of Salmonidæ, is the presence of a snub dorsal fin, which was wanting in these trout-like fish. The presence of minute barbels also

disproved their claim to belong to the salmon tribe. In colour they varied. Some were of glittering silver, heavily mottled with splashes of rich, blue-black; others were of a quieter pattern of greenish and yellowish grey. Their bones are bifurcated and innumerable, and the flesh was consequently hardly worth the trouble of eating.

On the 24th, we crossed the Kamba la, and descended 3,000 feet into the valley of the Tsang-po. There are two passes over this cup edge of the Yam-dok tso. The other, the Nabso la, was used by the troops on their return journey. There is not much to choose between them, but the ascent of the Kamba la from the Tsang-po is terribly severe, the entire rise of 3,000 feet being accomplished in about five miles. From a halting place about 200 feet before the pass is reached from the Yam-dok tso, a wide view can be had of the lake from east to west, and I suppose that few travellers, even the most unobservant, have ever reached this last point without halting to look at the magnificent scene at their feet. Trama-lung lies below one in a deep, short valley of which the head rests against the barrier of the Kamba la itself. It is a plainly built little cluster of flat roofs, bearing every sign of poverty and insignificance. To right and left of it sweeps the blue of the lake, which had deepened in intensity with every step upwards that we took. Once on the other side of the pass, the cultivated fields of the Tsang-po valley stretch out beneath the traveller on either side of the sandy river-bed, intersected with its innumerable channels. The ferry by which we had to cross at Chak-sam was not now visible, but we could see a hide boat being slowly manœuvred across the

yellow waters of the great river. The road to Shigatse branches off at the very level of the pass, and curves by a very slight gradient to the west; its course is invisible in a quarter of a mile behind a projecting spur.

The track to the Tsang-po descends abruptly to the little village of Kamba-partsi, where, compared with

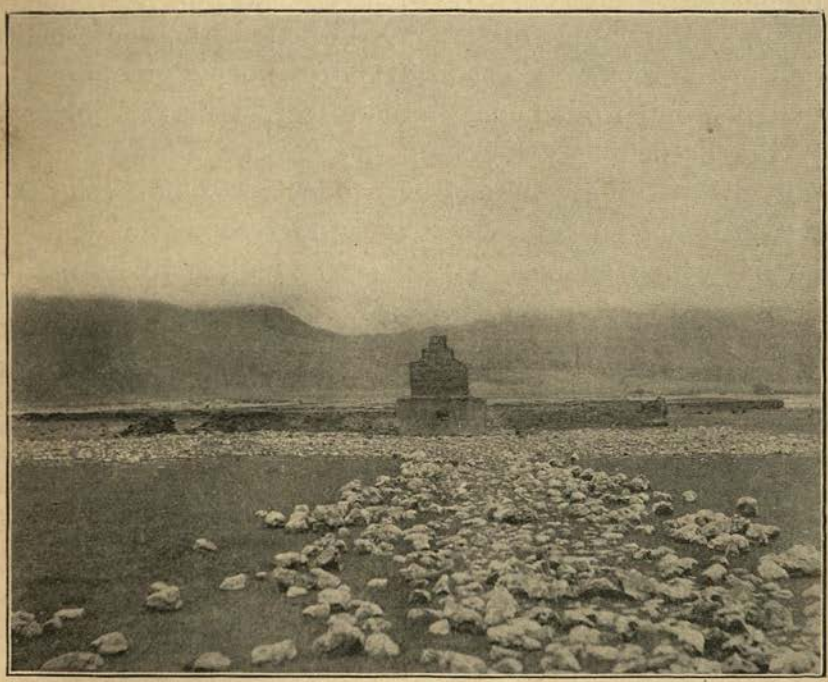
Westward from below the Kamba la. The road up to the pass begins the ascent to the right. There are two or three tents pitched on the shore of the lake. Pe-di jong is just visible across the centre of the distant water.

those we had left behind, the greater prosperity and comfort of the buildings on the shores of the Tsang-po and its tributaries were at once apparent. Poplars, willows and large thorn trees dotted the lower slopes of the valley, and there were several cultivated fields, lying immediately round the hamlet.

As we came down the slope of the valley we could see more closely the body of the great river which barred our passage. It was a fast-running yellow stream, swirling even then with deep-toned irritation round the jutting rocky promontories of the shore, and tearing away at the crumbling cliffs of sand within which it was confined. The volume of water, even at this date, was considerable, for though narrow the main channel is very deep. But it was not so much the existing state of the river that gave us some prospect of anxiety, as its obvious liability to an enormous expansion; the sand islets and eyots, that parcelled out the waters of the Tsang-po, were bare of vegetation and it was easy to see that in a few weeks' time they would be swept a foot deep by the swollen waters, which even then were gathering strength, far to the west, beside Lake Mansarowar.

Kamba-partsi is a prettily placed little village under trees of considerable age; the sentinel is a double-willow of great antiquity, writhen into the shape of an 8, keeping guard at the entrance of the hamlet. Lower down, divided from the water's edge by a level strip of sand, was a rectangular plantation of willow-trees with a low wall running round it. Here the camps of the Mission and of the headquarters of the escort were pitched; outside there is a more than usually elaborate camping-ground for their Holinesses when travelling, and the photograph opposite will show the still standing altar and reredos of adobe, set up facing the ravine down which the Kamba la descent drops, with its sanctuary in front, carpeted with a neat cobble of white quartzite, edged with raw splinters of basalt. Inside the enclosure the most

striking things were the cockchafers; I have never seen so many cockchafers in my life; they lay in thousands, either dying on the ground beneath the trees, or clinging, like diseased growths of pink and grey, to the branches of the pollarded willows above. When they flew there was a flash of pink underwing, and the



The altar at the Grand Lamas' halting place, Kamba-partsi.

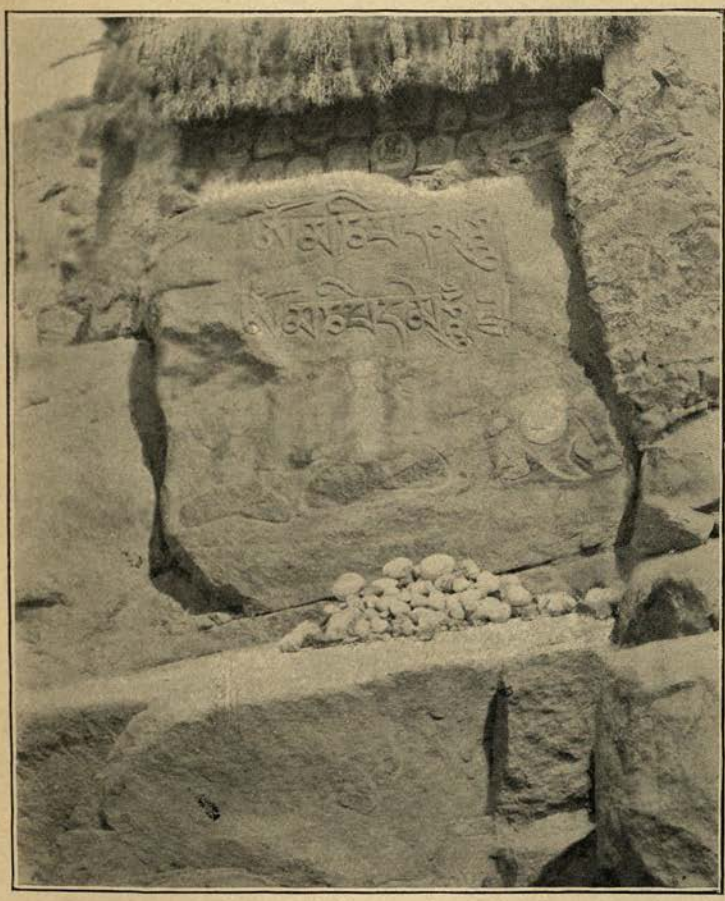
sudden extinction of the colour when they alighted on the self-tinted ground, made their disappearance almost uncanny. They buzzed round and round the trees during the sunset, with the note of a thrashing machine and made a clumsy little holocaust of themselves in the cooking fires and, alas! in the cooking-pots as well. Here General Macdonald, who had been

sick for a long time, was taken seriously ill during the afternoon, but he pulled himself together for an advance on the following day.

Sunset over the Tsang-po from Kamba-partsi was a magnificent sight. The valley was closed in to the west by two snow-capped mountains, the last northern promontories of the Nichi-kang-sang range. Below them, as the orange of the sky deepened, the conformation of the rock was lost in a veil of purple gloom, and the river ran from beneath their feet, a perfect mirror of the deepening colours of the west. Muddy water will always give you a truer reflected colour than a clear running stream, for the same reason, no doubt, as that which enables a black-backed glass to be used as a mirror. Anyhow, it is so, and the brilliancy of the Tsang-po might almost have been taken for a gash clean through the earth, meeting the sunset again beneath the distant barriers of rock, for this vivid light on the face of the water ceased with a sharp line at a sudden rapid half a mile away, and became just a swirling river. Here the water became indistinguishable from the land until it was almost at our feet, and then it had lost almost all the charm of water, except its sound and motion. The snow on the hills turned complementary colours in contrast to the deepening carmine behind them. Clouds, touched with orange-fire, ranked themselves a mile above the earth, forming a glowing canopy all the way to where the sun was setting. In England the effect of a sunset is generally of two dimensions only; at its best it does but rear itself up against the sky, a blazing curtain of dissolving colour. But in these intensely clear altitudes, the fact can be well perceived, that the sunset effect is really created by

Chak-sam Monastery. The iron chains swing out of the picture to a rock, at that time in midstream.

serried ranks of the lower edges of illuminated clouds, each hanging motionless by an immutable barometric law, at the same appointed height. They are, in fact,



A wayside shrine beside the Lhasa road.

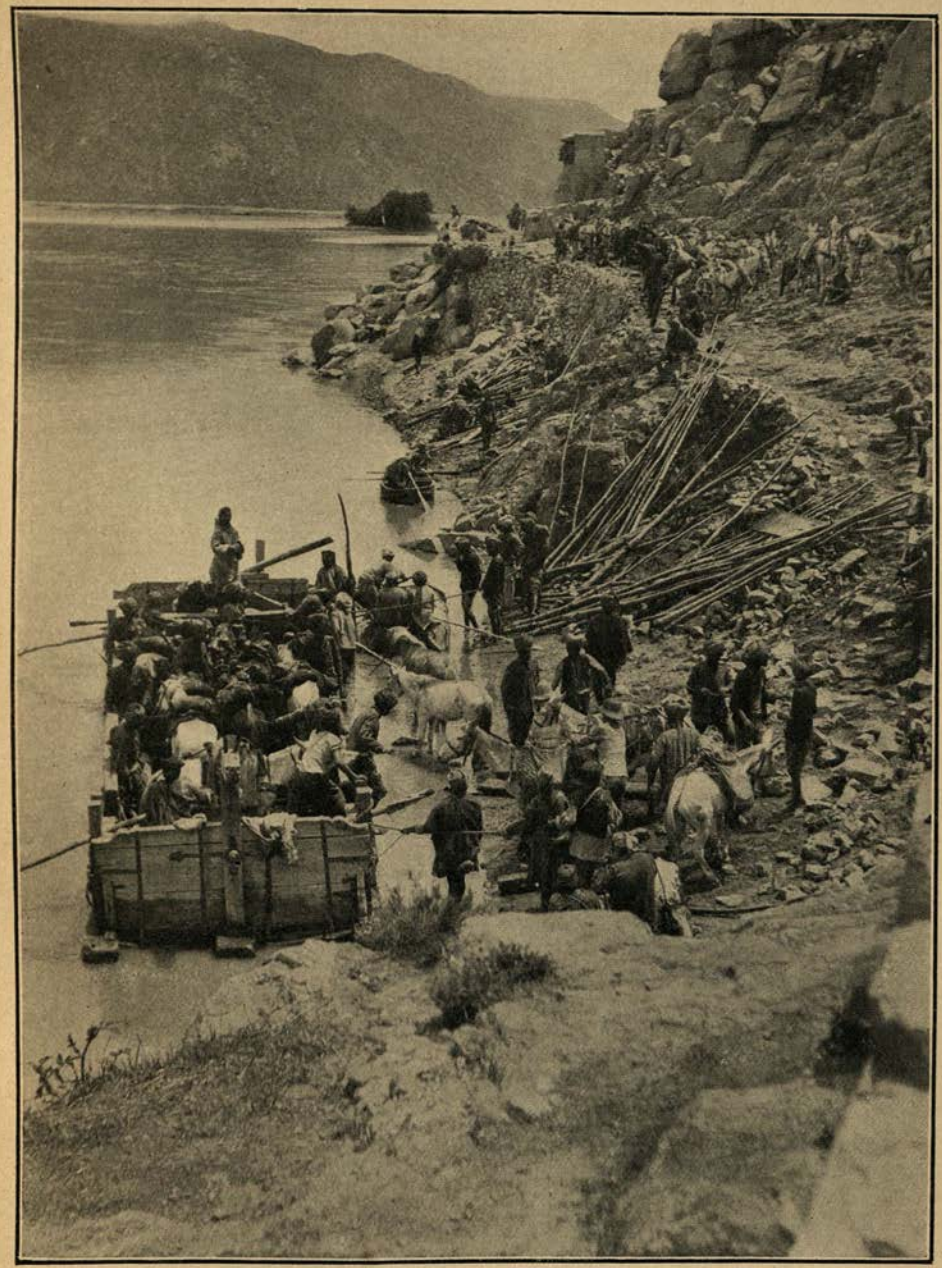
like the flies and floats of a theatre sky. J. W. M. Turner, probably as a result of his travels, was the first painter to recognise this atmospheric truth. At last, as one watched, the crimson footlights of the west were

turned down, and one found that half a hundred stars were already blinking whitely in the grey-blue depths.

On the next day we went on to Chak-sam ferry, a distance of about six miles. The valley of the Tsang-po is different indeed from what one had been given to expect. Instead of a full and racing sweep of water, cutting its way, like the southern Himalayan streams, through a densely forested gorge, the yellow volume, almost without a ripple, swerves and divides itself across and between a mile-wide stretch of sand, bordered on either side by a broad strip of well-cultivated fields of barley, wheat and peas. Here and there are openings between the hills dotted with the white and blue of the surrounding houses, and encroached upon by the wastes of billowy sand, which the tide at first, and the wind afterwards, have banked and shelved against the base of the hills.* Beside the cool lush greenery of the road, the whitening barley fields were edged with rank growths of thistles and burdock, and "black-veined whites" and "orange-tips" fluttered over the opened dog-roses. Where the vegetation ceased, the arid waste of triturated granite running up to the mountain buttresses is dotted with a kind of mimosa which seems rarely to obtain a height of more than two or three feet, but is useful in binding together the shifting sands of the river bank.

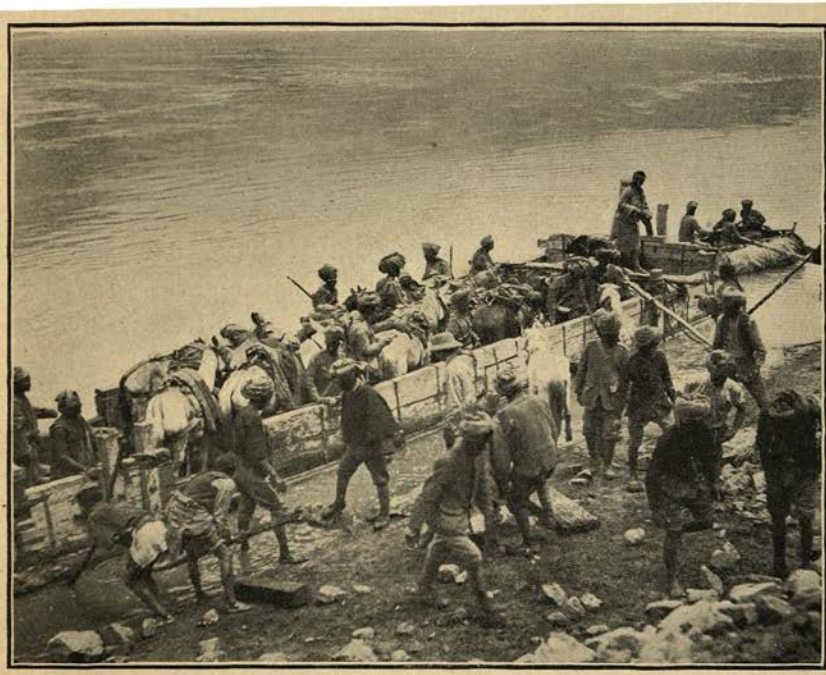
Chak-sam is so called because of the iron bridge which was made many years ago to span the deepest and narrowest channel of the river; the chains are all that now remain, but these are magnificent enough

* Mr. Hayden, the geologist of the Mission, is of opinion that these enormous blankets of sand are due to the local disintegration of the hillsides, and that they remain *in situ* till they fall or are blown away.



Embarking mules at Chak-sam Ferry. The wooded island to which the iron chains are attached is to be seen in midstream in the distance.

to deserve a moment's notice. Prince Tang-tong * put up this bridge in the fifteenth century. It consists of four heavy chains of links, which at a guess, I should say, were each eight inches in length; the span of the bridge is, approximately, 200 feet, and in midstream it descends upon an island rock, covered with



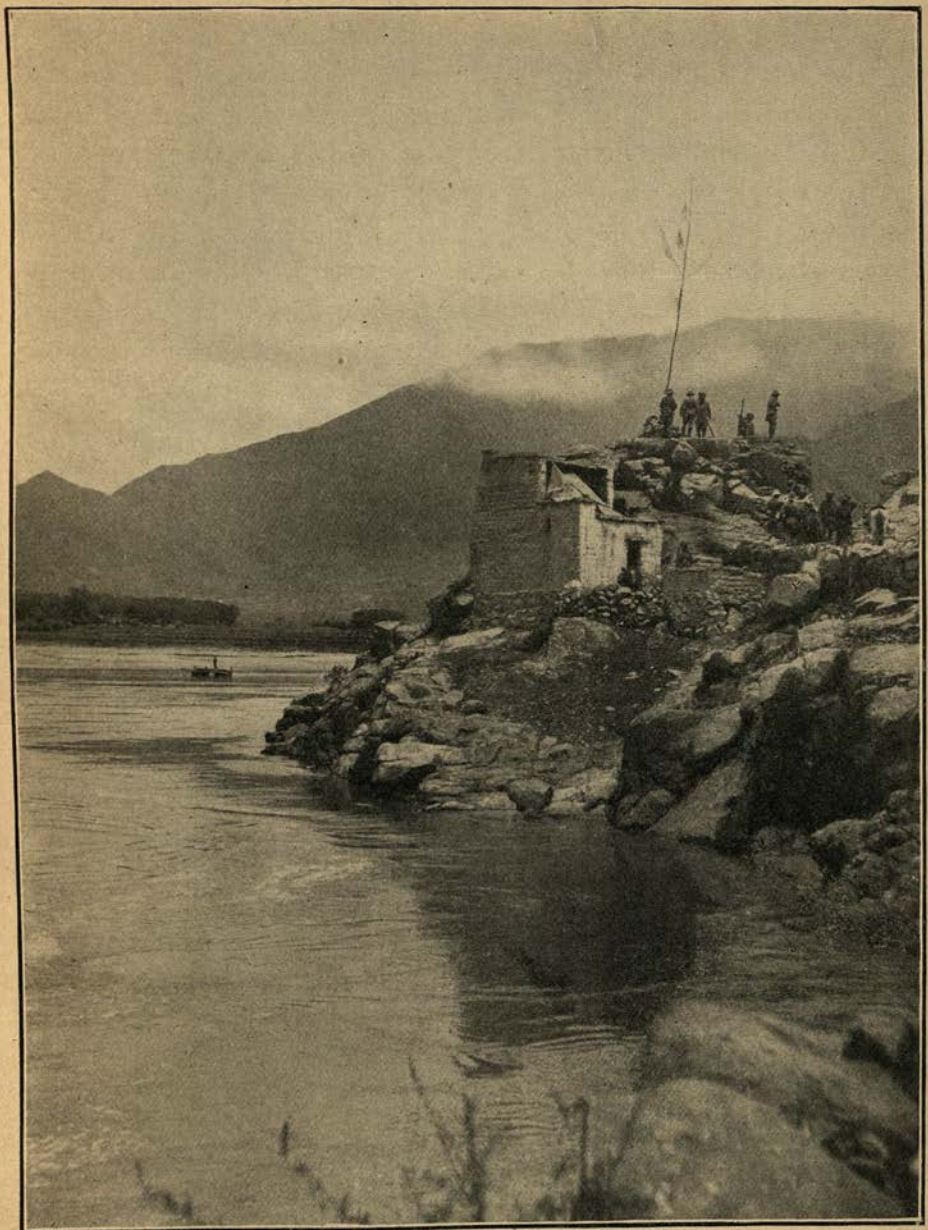
Despatching a loaded ferry-boat.

thick willows, which in the dry season stands on the edge of the permanent river-bed; from this rock to the northern shore a stone causeway runs slant-wise, which for more than half the year is free of water, but

* This learned pillar of the Church was long averse to encountering the pitfalls and delusions of the flesh. He therefore remained for sixty years *in gremio matris* cogitating upon the vanity of worldly things. Eventually it occurred to him that his inaction was causing serious inconvenience to another, and he consented to be born. The whole story is a bitter but unconscious satire upon the selfishness of Lamaism.

now the river made a weir of it, pouring over it in a dirty, clouded stream, and you might hear the roar of it at the ferry half a mile up the river. At the shore end the abutments and anchorages rise at the foot of a tidy-looking monastery, set among the steep rocks of the basalt hill, here cut and painted with raw images in white and blue, daubed with raddle, crested with chortens and flagged sheaves of carving innumerable with the inevitable *om mani padme hum*. The bridge itself is gone, only the chains remain; slings and footway alike have disappeared, but there is scarcely a sign of rust or clogging to be seen on the iron.

The Tibetans themselves have long been accustomed to rely upon the ferry. In their retreat from their southern and western positions, they had neglected to destroy the two ferry-boats, to our great advantage. It is difficult to imagine what we should have done without them. Each of these great arks is an oblong lighter, forty feet by twelve, with a four-foot freeboard, and a quaintly carved horse's head at the bows. The transport of the troops across the river was enormously hastened by the device used by Captain Sheppard. He turned these two boats into swinging bridges, by the aid of stout ropes running on a carrier backwards and forwards along a steel wire hawser, which he here threw across the 120 yards of whirling and swollen brown water. In this way the interminable waste of time, caused by the necessary drift down stream of the big boats in their passages across, was prevented, and what had previously taken an hour—with occasional intervals of three hours, during which the boat had lumbered two miles down stream, and had to be painfully retrieved and towed back—now took but twenty



The promontory at Chak-sam Ferry, behind which the ferry boats come to shore. Immediately beyond the point there is always a string of whirlpools. Here Major Bretherton lost his life.

minutes for the return journey. The mules were swum across under Captain Moore's charge, half a mile higher up stream.

On the second day the force suffered the greatest loss which overtook them throughout the entire expedition. General Macdonald, remembering his Central

Native yak-skin boats on the Tsang-po. To the right is one of the Berthon rafts discarded after the drowning of Major Bretherton from one of them.

African experiences, had provided rafts, supported at either end by Berthon boats; these carried ten men and their kits at a time, but owing to the velocity of the current, which caused a series of whirlpools, gyrating in a curve from the corner of the bluff under cover of which the ferry-boats came to rest, more free-board was here needed than in still water, and after the

sixth or seventh passage had been hazardously but safely performed, the nose of one of the boats was caught in the stream, and before one could have believed it possible, the whole raft, water-logged, with its occupants clinging to it, was floating helplessly down stream. All except two men caught hold of the raft and were ultimately saved; but one of these two was no less important an officer than Major Bretherton; he was a good swimmer, and made one or two desperate efforts to keep from going under: he was seen to go down twice, and from that moment he was never seen again. It is a difficult thing adequately to assess the loss caused by his death. The department of which he was the brilliant chief was that upon which the success of this expedition almost wholly depended, for supply and transport were as necessary to the force as the very air they breathed. Cool, capable and untiring, a thorough believer in the necessity for personal superintendence of the smallest detail, Major Bretherton's complete grasp of every department of supply, and his unfailing willingness to help the individual, had long before earned for him the admiration of everyone and the personal gratitude of most men. Only a few minutes before I had met him walking up to the landing-stage. I asked him where he was going, and he told me that he was going to make a search for food stuffs in the little house which could be seen a mile away on the other side of the river. His men were there already. It seemed to me, under the circumstances, a needless exertion for the chief of so large and so well-managed a department, and I said so. He only answered, with that curious half-stammer with which he often began a sentence, "They always miss a few maunds if one

is not there oneself; I had better go over." This was the last I saw of him, and I should like to record here my deep personal regret at the death of one whom I had come to admire and like most unfeignedly. In him was lost the most brilliant of the younger service-corps chiefs in the Indian army.

Encampment at Chak-sam Ferry.

## CHAPTER V.

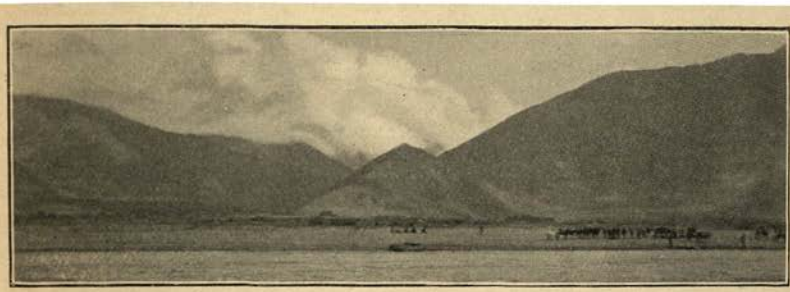
### THE LAST STAGE.

On the third day after our arrival at Chak-sam Colonel Younghusband and the Mission crossed the river, and took up their abode in the garden of a little house of which the local name is Pome-tse. The work of transporting the entire force across the river occupied a week, and during that time I made one or two expeditions to interesting points beside the river. On the 28th of July, O'Connor and I rode out to Ta-ka-re, about two and a half miles along the north bank of the river to the west; the road ran through barley fields dotted with forget-me-nots and plantations of willows and poplars until we came in sight of the large pyramidal chorten which stands just outside the village of Tse-gang-tse. This is a curious structure built up of receding tiers and crowned with a large drum. No one was able to tell us anything about its origin, but it is interesting because of a slight resemblance to the Pyramid of Saqqara.* It is called a Pum-ba locally, and I noticed that in the innumerable reiterations of *om mani padme hum* round the structure the conventional order of colours was varied in one particular,

* One of the interesting things in Tibet is the frequency with which one may see in almost, if not entirely, contemporary history the existence and development of processes and ideas which in other parts of the world are almost prehistoric.

the second syllable being a dull apricot instead of green. Otherwise it was normal.

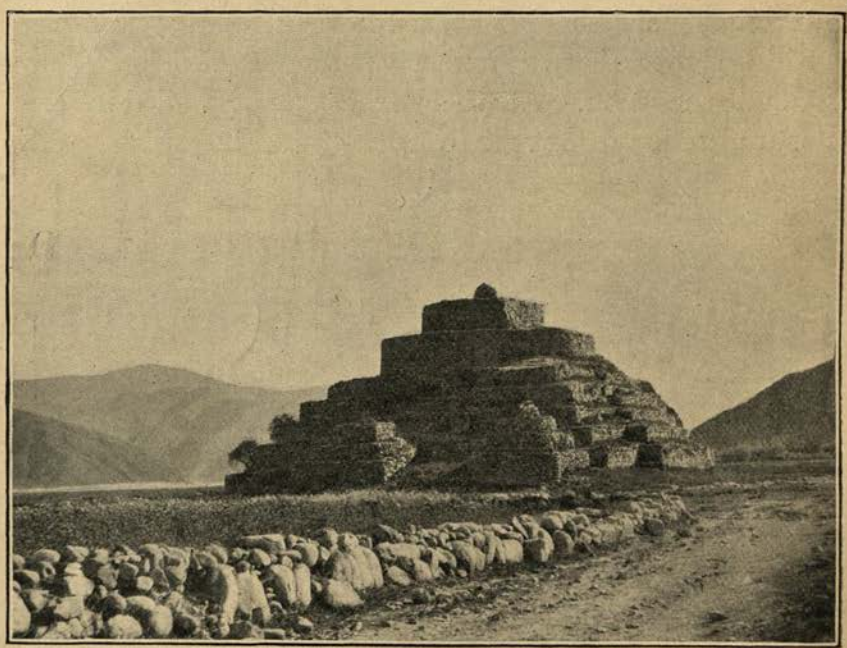
We rode on under the white wall of the village, passing a splendid walnut-tree standing just where a ravine flawed with slowly trickling water afforded shelter to a rich profusion of flowers and ferns. A mile on we mounted a short-cut over a little spar of quartzite, which here deflects the road, and came down within sight of two extensive monasteries built up against the rock. At their feet was a walled-in enclosure, half-swampy, half-firm grass, in which were



The north shore of the Tsang-po.

growing some of the most enormous willow trunks I have ever seen. These trees must be of immense age, and the photograph which is here reproduced will give some idea of the unusual size which these writhing and gnarled monsters attain. We visited the Ta-ka-re gompa, the entrance of which immediately faces the willow grove, and were well received by the little company of monks. It is the smaller of the two monasteries, and does not perhaps differ very much in construction or in ornamentation from the usual Tibetan lamasery. The Umzi, or manager, took us over the buildings. They are not of very great interest, the place being

somewhat overshadowed by the reincarnate divinity of Jang-kor-yang-tse next door, but there was one particularly interesting room, in which were collected some of the older or disused objects of ritual in the monastery. These they were perfectly willing to sell, and we both secured two or three objects. In front of



The Pum-ba on the north bank of the Tsang-po near Ta-ka-re.

the seat of the Kenpo or Abbot was a very handsome skull bowl set in turquoise-ornamented silver, the finest, I think, that I ever saw in Tibet; near by was a European looking-glass which the Tibetans regarded with especial pride; and there was also one of the cinerary chortens in which the mortal remains of only reincarnate lamas are allowed to be preserved. This

Giant willows at Ta-ka-re.

was of silver, and I thought that, as typical of its class, it was worth while to photograph it.

It is never entirely satisfactory, as no doubt the reader will have discovered by this time, to ask a Tibetan too closely as to the meaning of some of the stranger sights in a gompa. Here our own lama confessed himself beaten when he was asked what was the meaning of some objects arranged in the innermost sanctuary behind a pane of glass of considerable size. In this, the most sacred position in the temple, it was certainly surprising to find, after pulling aside the dirty and greasy katags which hung over the front of the shrine, three irregularly shaped pieces of common rock and a wasps' nest. All four were crowned with gold and turquoise, and from the interior of each crown rose a torma, a marvel of dexterity and patience. We had tea with the Umzi, the Abbot being absent in Lhasa, and came back in the company of two cheerful lamas, who were carrying our purchases. We arrived back at Pome-tse, or North Camp as it is called on the military maps, in time to join the Mission mess at dinner out in the open air under the trees. I doubt whether very many people have ever before deliberately chosen to dine out of doors at an altitude of 12,600 feet.

On the 30th of July, as the passage of the river was still delaying us, O'Connor and I went out again on the same road to pay a visit to the larger monastery next door, Jang-kor-yang-tse. This is a far more pretentious establishment than its neighbour; as I have said, it boasts the proud distinction of having an incarnation of its own, and we were lucky enough to find his Saintship at home. We went up to an open courtyard in front of the main entrance of the gompa.

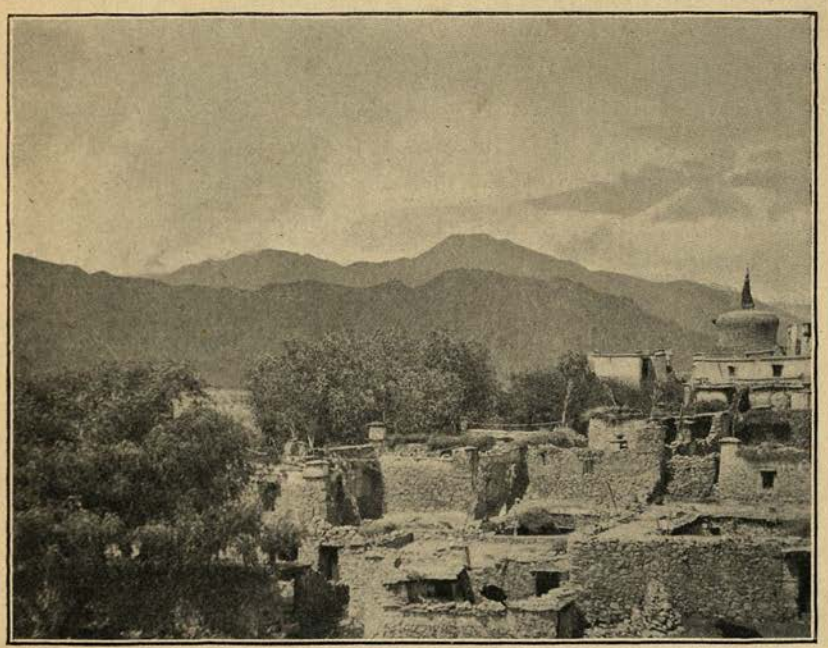
Immediately facing this was the usual frescoed arcade and overhead a great siris tree, a species of acacia, which the Tibetans call *yom-bor*.* Inlaid in the court-yard in front of the temple was a boldly designed swastika. The bosses and ring-plates of the doors of the gompa were of the finest filagree work, and the design and finish of the great key of iron and inlaid silver was remarkably good; it was about 18 inches in length. Inside the temple one noticed particularly the profusion of hanging ka tags and gyan-tsen. The place resembled an alley in a Chinese market, so obscured was it with hanging cloths. Among them I noticed a singularly fine tang-ka, the finest in workmanship that I had seen.† In a wide and high dark court behind it, divided in two by a half-floor, was sitting a gigantic Buddha. He was probably made of clay, but the surface was finely finished and gilded as successfully as if it had been made of copper. Over the huge shoulders costly silks were thrown, and it was singularly effective to encounter the impassive gaze of those inscrutable eyes gleaming out in sharp relief against the surrounding darkness; the entire image was, perhaps, thirty feet in height; in some respects it resembled the enclosed Buddhas of Japan, and, perhaps, by sheer contrast, reminded one of that

* The last syllable of this name contains an unusual sound in Tibetan speech; it is a deep and prolonged note, and is found again in such words as Jo, the great golden idol of Lhasa, and in Towo, meaning "terrible." I have, perhaps, been inconsistent in rendering the sound in the former word by a single letter and doubling it in the latter, but "towo" is so constantly used by writers upon Tibetan ecclesiology that I have preferred not to alter it.

† The size of these tang-kas varies greatly, but few are more than eight feet in length; they are generally protected by one, two, or even three curtains of thin tussore silk, the outer one being of curious but characteristic colouring. In rainbow tints, merging imperceptibly one into another, some of the "eight sacred emblems" are mistily indicated.

In the treasure room at Ta-ka-re. In the centre is the silver chorten containing the body of the dead Lama.

most effective image in the world, the great bronze Buddha in the sun among the pine trees of Kama-kura. After making a thorough inspection of all the buildings, we leaned over the parapet of the flat roof beneath a gilded cupola and let our eyes run up and down the



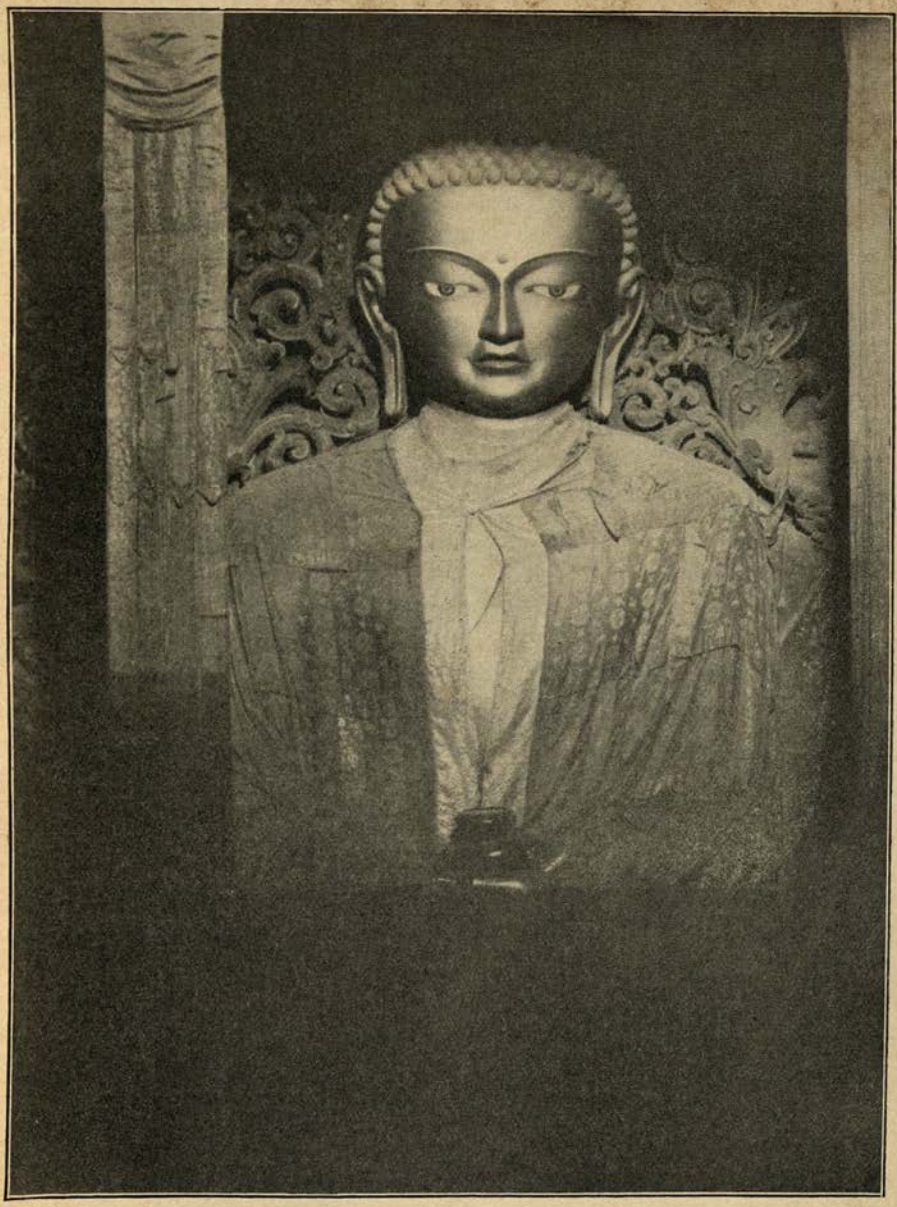
View towards the Kamba la from Jang-kor-yang-tse monastery across the Tsang-po.

river, which here is seen more splendidly than from any other place.

We had tea with the Lama. He told us the story of his life, and it is not without interest. He said that it was a long time before his sanctity was recognised. He spoke in a low, sweet voice, and I am not certain that there was not a tinkle of humour to be detected now and then. His earliest remembrances were un-

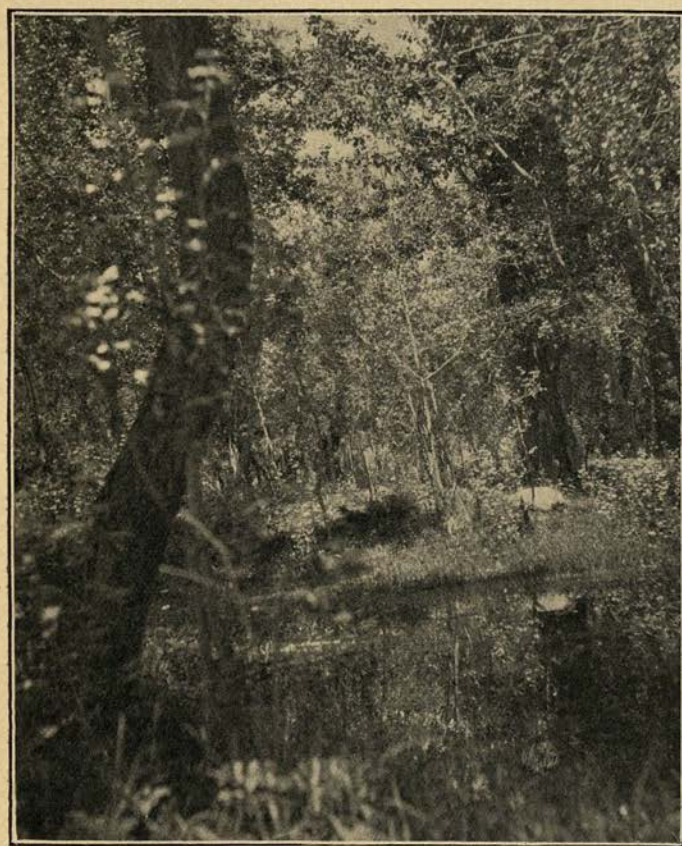
fortunate; he was then as a child attached to Pénam monastery, twenty miles west of Gyantse, and his life was made so miserable there by the brutality of the lamas that, while still a boy, he ran away and went to Lhasa. He must have been a boy of character and audacity, for such insubordination as that is almost inconceivable in a lamaic acolyte. Arrived in Lhasa, he attached himself to a doctor, and after some years of apprenticeship he came to practise in this village of Jang-kor-yang-tse. Three years ago, tired of the small scope which this little village afforded him in his profession, he had intended to return to Lhasa. The lamas, with whom he was on the friendliest terms, were in despair at the thought of losing his services. In Tibet there are ways and means unknown to western nations, and as the succession of incarnations in this gompa happened then to be in abeyance, a hurried despatch was sent to Lhasa, with the result that our friend was, to his own intense amazement, hailed, in his twenty-fourth year, as the long-lost successor of the Bodisats of Jang-kor-yang-tse. Sitting cross-legged on his little daïs in front of the square latticed windows which kept the bright heads of hollyhocks from falling into the room, he told us his story, and I confess I wondered at the time whether he were not, even then, yearning for his old life of less sanctity and greater freedom. He explained that he had intended to pay a visit of courtesy to Colonel Younghusband, but had been restrained through fear of the Lhasan Government. Turning to O'Connor, he asked, with unaffected simplicity. "Tell me, under which government am I? Are the English or the Tibetans lords of this valley?"

During the interview a dozen of the senior lamas



Great Buddha at Jang-kor-yang-tse.

crowded the end of the room, and two of the younger ones busied themselves hospitably by filling our tea-cups after every draught. O'Connor assured them they had nothing to fear from our troops so long as they



In the wood near North Camp.

attended to their religious duties; he explained to them exactly what we needed and were ready to pay for in the matter of provisions, and to each succeeding sentence the listening crowd of monks bent forward

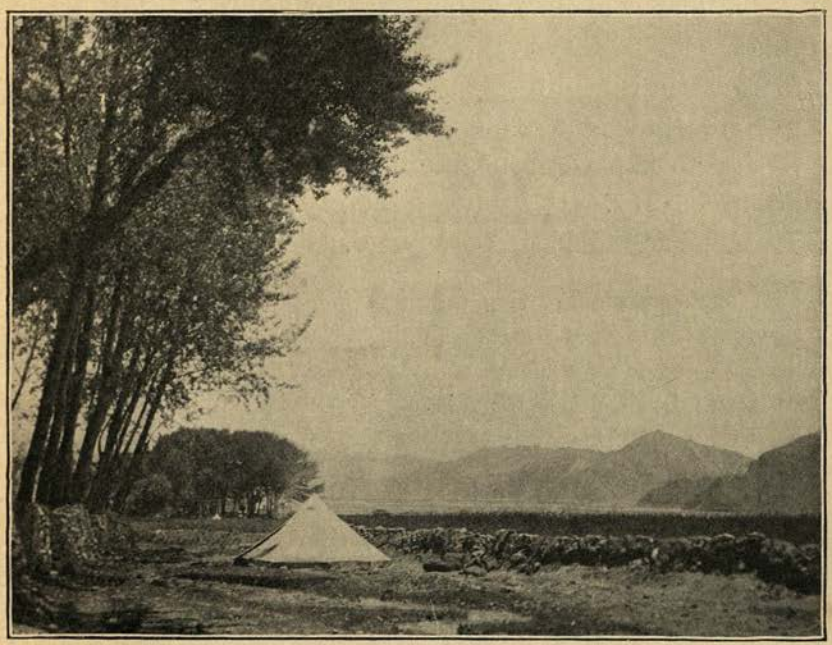
with hands upon their knees, and chorused the one cry of obedience and respect in Tibet, "La-lis, la-lis."

We returned to Pome-tse watching the blue smoke drifting across the river from the now dwindling encampment by Chak-sam. There was but one more day of waiting, and that I spent in reading lazily under the shadow of the trees in a plantation two hundred yards up the river-flat from the house. The place was like an English wood, except that big water-worn boulders emerged here and there through the grass. Forget-me-not and hemlock bloomed carelessly under the tall poplars, and homely "meadow-browns" spread their wings upon the dark-blue dead nettles; all round, outside the walls containing this little wood, the wheat fields rustled silkily in the breeze, and the hum of bees murmured drowsily in the pauses of the ringdoves' urgent suggestions that two cows might as well be taken as one. It was strangely English, and from that time till I once more regained the high grazing grounds of the Lake, I became more and more used to finding the least expected sights and sounds of England among these lonely uplands. Wild carrots grew in rank profusion, looking up to the white undersides of the leaves of the poplars, and round a raw country altar—Pan's very own, all sods and turf—Michaelmas daisies starred the grass. The roofs of a white farm-house a quarter of a mile away rose *en échelon* through the foliage. The house was made of the usual sun-dried brick, for it is not possible to use the round alluvial pebbles of the spot for more responsible work than a field boundary; their shape denies them stability and cement is unknown. Patches of golden light chequered the turf under the willows, and here and there a tiny five-starred blue passion-flower

The plantation at Pome-tse.

climbed the stouter plants, and a common "blue" chased his dowdy spouse, zigzagging a foot above the grass.

This quiet little elysium was owned by the Jong-pen of Nagartse, a man of great importance and brutality. Upon our arrival all his servants and serfs implored us as one man to take this opportunity of cutting off his head.



Looking towards the Kyi chu Valley from North Camp.

We set off again on the 31st, and welcome indeed were the cheery war-cries of the Sikhs and Gurkhas as they set their feet upon the road again.* We moved

* The Sikhs' war-cry, raised in chorus by the entire company as the first foot is advanced, is as follows :—Wa guru ji ka khalsa ! Seri wa guru ji ki futti ! Sut seri akhal ! (*Hail God of the liberated ! Victory to the holy ones ! My body is to thee O God !*)

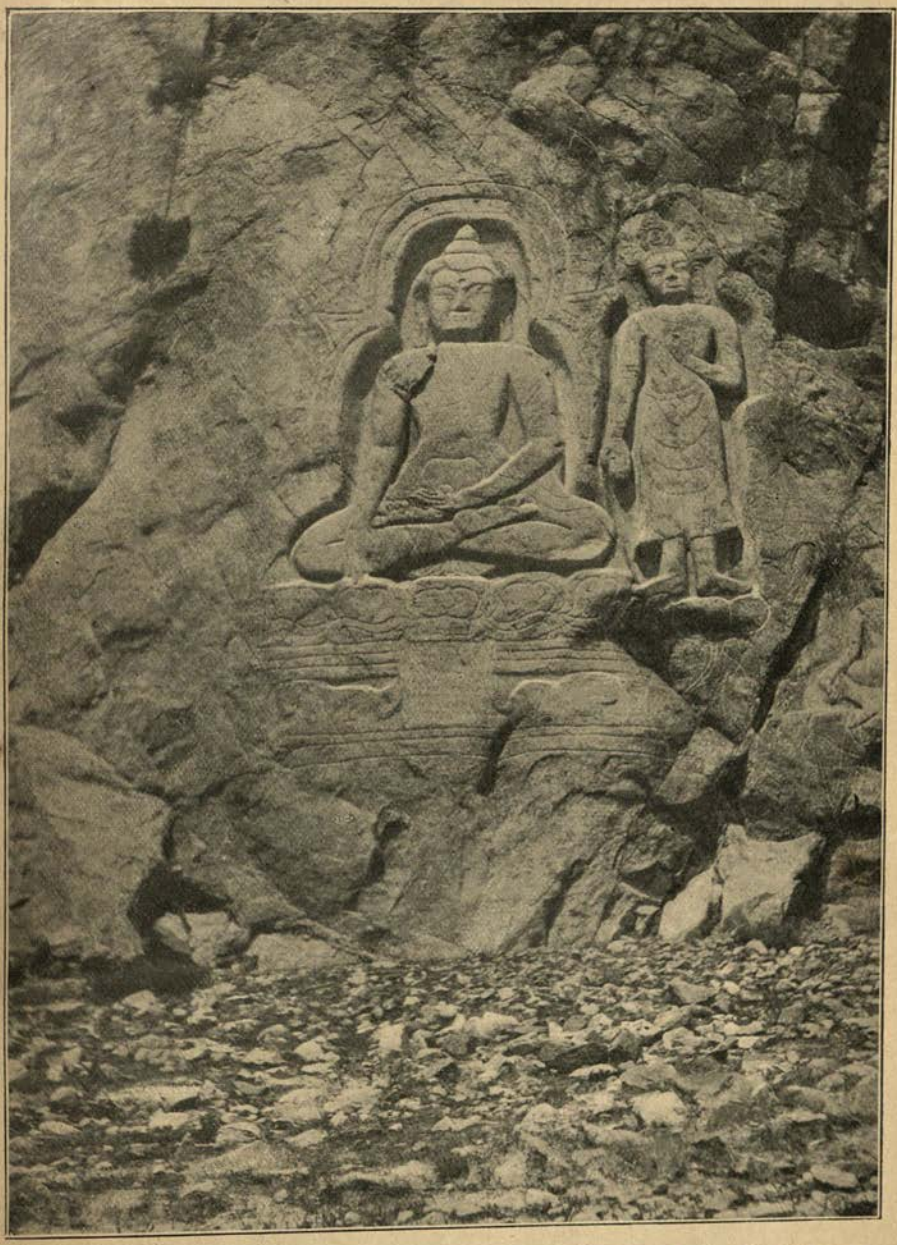
The Gurkhas' adjuration is :—Seri Ghurkh' Nath baba ki jai. (*In the name of our holy father Ghurkh' Nath victory !*)

on to the east along the northern bank of the Tsang-po, threading through fields of grain and sometimes through villages nestling among trees. Far across the river in the long distances there were heaped up sand-drifts, nine hundred feet high, against the mountain precipices, and now and then a slow dust rose from them towards a white silver slant of threaded rain, caught like a skein of spun silk in front of the heavy indigo clouds. Ten minutes later the storm would come to us also, but passed as suddenly as it came.

Here the signs which befit the last stages of a pilgrim's road were beginning to increase in number and in beauty. It was not merely that, as always in Tibet, one found beside a village, at a cleft in the rock-side, at the crossing of a stream, on every place which looks a likely home of devils, a rain-washed string of flags, or a gaily-decked brush of ten-foot willow sprigs, but from here until its end, besides the great Buddhas cut deep into the point of each spur, round or over which it drives its stony course, innumerable mantras are cut in light relief upon every offering stone along the road. "*Om mani padme hum*;" the monotonous ejaculation seemed to cry out from rock to rock—"This is the way of salvation; by this alone shall you escape from earth." *

Before we reached the point which hides Chusul, Gonkar jong, where the Sinchen Lama was done to death, was conspicuous on a little bluff five or six miles down stream, and the sight of it brought tears to the

* An occasional sequence of colours for the six syllables of this mantra at Chusul, and later on also at Ne-tang, is white, blue, yellow, green, red and black; but from continuous notes I am able to say that white, green, yellow, blue, red and indigo (rarely black or purplish blue) is beyond comparison the commonest sequence of colour throughout the country.



A rock-cut Buddha near Lhasa. To give the size, a man leaning over a rock to the left may be pointed out.

eyes of the Shebdung Lama. However, we came no nearer to it. Our course turned off to the left here, and we soon passed through the little green-clad village of Chusul. Here the Ta Lama awaited the arrival of Colonel Younghusband, who, with ever-ready patience, granted him another, but, of course, a fruitless interview.

Chusul is dominated by two peaks on which the ruins of two strong forts may be still seen. In a cavern of the mountain-side beyond the inner peak it is said that the Tibetans condemned to death were walled in until such time as the scorpions which infest the spot had done their deadly work. This is probably wholly untrue, though we did, indeed, notice scorpions more than once in this part of our route. Thence we moved on up the valley of the Kyi chu, leaving behind us the Tsang-po sliding heavily to the south towards the defile where its waters vanished from our sight. The point of land which runs out between the two rivers was explored by Mr. Magniac, and found to be an impassable morass. The road keeps on at the foot of the hills, but before these are reached a wide plain is crossed through which a deeply-cut canal carries off the snow waters from the mountains on the left. A monastery stands near the mouth of a dry and unfertile valley. At Tashi-tse, a mile or two short of Tse-pe-nang, we halted for the night, just underneath a detached fort-crowned pinnacle of rock thrust out from the mountain side. The ground swarmed with little black beetles, spotted with white and red like a Tibetan domino. On the 1st of August, the eight-miles-long line set out betimes for the last stretch of the journey which was to be still uncheered by the sight of Potala's golden roofs; the

distance to be marched was about eleven miles. The road lies at first over flat and marshy ground, but in view of the subsequent narrow and difficult trang, it was impossible to make use of this advantage by advancing otherwise than in Indian file all day.

The expeditionary force upon the march must have been an impressive thing for the natives who peeped towards it from the distant rocks. One is so apt to think of an army from one's remembrance of a parade ground or a review, that it is difficult to convey an impression of the enormous length to which even so small a force as that with which we were now advancing stretches out upon the road. The first result of this is that the greatest danger to be guarded against, apart, of course, from hostile demonstrations from the enemy, is that of irregularity on the march; for a second's delay, caused, say, by a deep water-cut, multiplied, as it must be, by the number of files in an eight-miles column becomes, at the end of the line, a delay of twenty minutes. It was a striking sight, this long filament of men and beasts stretching and shrinking themselves forward—for all the world like a worm upon a path—as the gaps were lengthened and made up, between the high cliff and the tumbling water below. You would, in the morning, find the Pioneers striding with long legs until the Gurkhas' officers had to protest against the pace; but later on, in the same day, you might find a Pioneer or two sitting exhausted beside the road, but rarely would you find a Gurkha in distress. The dust crawls out slowly from under the changing feet, hanging in the air for a mile behind the last files of the rearguard. In front will go the mounted infantry, inquisitive and at wary intervals, and then a detachment

Chusul.

of Sikhs, long drawn out—interminably one thinks, as one waits beside the path to let the men go by. Then with a brisk clank of new trappings, up steps nearly a mile of mountain battery, composed of great upstanding mules specially chosen for their work. Some, those carrying the heavier pieces, are necessarily "top-loaded." This is the most trying of all ways of porterage, because there is no natural balance of the loads, and the breastplate and breechings press heavily indeed against the animal's steadiness unless the road be flat. Still, to those good beasts, this was but a little matter. One mule carries one half of the gun and the breechpiece follows behind, racketting backwards and forwards with the jerky mule step, but secured inexorably ; then comes the trail, and then the wheels, two and two, all separated by a man or two on foot. After these, the endless ammunition train, each train of leather shell-boxes close up beside its own gun, and you would think that there were twenty guns instead of six in the battery by the time you had waited for a quarter of an hour only to find the *disjecta membra* of these all-important weapons still slowly trailing by. Behind them, the Commissioner might be found. Of him one could never say positively his position or his pace, for he would sometimes remain in camp working with a dak orderly in attendance until the rearguard were on the point of starting, and then he would manage somehow to climb up the slow-moving force of which the vanguard was as he started within sight of their evening's camping-ground. Not far away from the battery you would always find the General, jogging along with bent shoulders—a mile away you could

tell that he was a sick man.* Bignell you would find near him, mounted on a horse that looked fitter for a circus than a campaign, but was useful enough at a rough-and-tumble skurry up and down rocks, down the face of any nullah of any angle, through brakes of sallow thorn or across the stony bottom of a tumbling river. "Hippo" and his rider did yeoman service, and though, by his own confession, Bignell is not a Ritz, before the campaign ended the Headquarters' mess had been brought to a state of almost unnatural excellence—so at least Bignell claimed, and he should know. Major Iggulden might be there too, but more probably he would be found well in front watching the road. Lieut.-Col. Waddell, with his strangely laden attendants, would be hard by, and not far away O'Connor on his strawberry and cream mount. After the latter's exploits at Pala, Colonel Younghusband set a grim foot down on the aspirations to any further military glory of the most irreplaceable man in all that force. Here you are to imagine a well, but somewhat slightly, built man of more than the average height with an offhand courtesy which masks an attractively unselfish nature and a quick and observant eye. I think, like everyone else who is worth knowing, he needs to be known, for it is truer of few people in the world than of O'Connor, that he attends strictly and exclusively to his own business; a touch of the recluse—shown in a disinclination to attend meals—he is still a man with whom no other man, except by his own fault, could fail to be on the best of terms. A steady judge of most things

* For three or four days Macdonald, during his advance from Chumbi to the relief of Gyantse, was so ill with gastritis that he had to be carried in a dandy, and repeatedly afterwards he was compelled to take to his bed by attack after attack of this weakening and lowering sickness.

## By the Kyi chu.

WE WERE APPROACHING CHUSUL ON THE TSANG-PO. THE KYI CHU IS THE STREAM IN THE DISTANCE WHICH HERE FALLS INTO THE TSANG-PO FROM BEHIND THE PROMONTORY UPON WHICH CHUSUL IS BUILT. I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF POINTING OUT THAT NOT ONE OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS HAS BEEN TOUCHED IN THE PROCESS OF REPRODUCTION. THEY HAVE BEEN MADE STRAIGHT FROM THE ORIGINAL NEGATIVES. *Sienna, umber, Vandyke brown, ash-grey, sky amber and Payne's grey.*

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EVENING BY THE KYI CHU.

is this young gunner, and I know that the Commissioner rated his opinion very highly. I must have written badly indeed in these pages if they do not already confess the great and continued debt which they owe to O'Connor for any interest they may possess.

Still the column stretches on; after the fighting men come the interminable trains of laden mules, linked together four by four, tail to nose, and swerving aside for no man and no thing. I have had my pony swept off a bridge into a river because I foolishly attempted to make one of these mule-trains see that there was ample room for both of us; their instinct, which, no doubt, has been developed by generations of pack-carrying along dangerous trangs, is not to give way when they meet an obstacle; they seem then to put their heads down and make a determined rush inwards in order to put an extra foot or two between themselves and the edge of the path. There is no greater fallacy than that of supposing that a mule prefers to walk on the edge of a precipice. He is no fool, and if he gets his load entangled with a passing rider he will simply shove straight through the obstacle. The only occasion on which he becomes reasonable and docile is when his pack slips, when he will stand perfectly still and refuse to be hauled forward however much his companions in front pull at him; it need not be said that this they immediately do with all their strength.

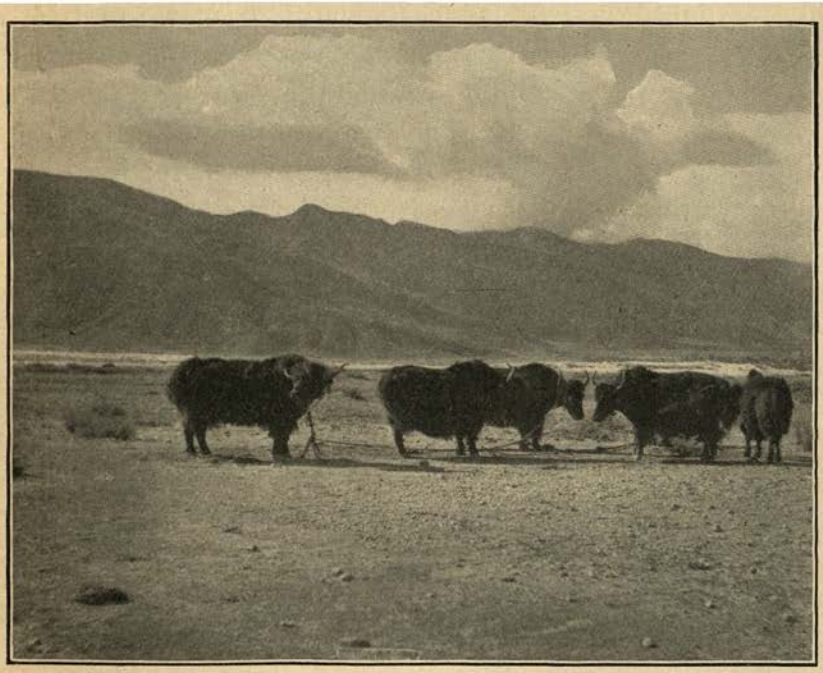
One conceives a very genuine liking for these uncomplaining half-breeds; the work they do is something which no other beast could attempt, and they remain well and fit for work long after every other animal known to man as a baggage-carrier has given way.

We tried on this expedition most of the world's beasts of burden; the ponies were, perhaps, hardly given a fair chance because the larger part of their drivers bolted the night before we crossed into the Chumbi Valley. Of the rest, the story of the yaks is one of the dreariest histories of a waste of animal life in military records; but it is difficult to apportion the blame for this.*

We had in the column two curious beasts—zebrules. They were not a success; pleasant and docile animals, a cross between a zebra and a Clydesdale mare, they were physically unable to stand the pack work because they were longer in the back than any horse, or any zebra, or any mule has ever been before, so, as a rule, they were allowed to accompany the battery more as curiosities than as workers. Camels were

* The original corps of yaks were three in number, under Wigram, Tillard and Twiss respectively; they came from the Nepalese frontier, where they were taken over to Chumbi by the highest possible route that could be found across Sikkim. About 3,500 started in November, but as their numbers melted away under stress of every disease known to the veterinary surgeon, the scanty remnants of these herds were united into one under Wigram. I do not think that any record of the expedition would be complete without at least some reference to the work done by this officer. Exiled from speech with his own kin for many months on end, with only the half-savage yak-drivers of Nepal to talk to, he tended his miserable beasts with a care that deserves recognition. He was not allowed by the exigencies of the case to draw upon the commissariat for any fodder, and when it was eventually necessary to find some other sustenance for his charges than that which bare snow and rock provided, he paid for it out of his own pocket. In spite of all he could do himself, his beasts dwindled away, dying in tens and twenties at a time, and I well remember seeing the last remnants, 150 in number, of these 3,500 yaks slowly wending their way into Chumbi, with the drivers themselves actually carrying the little loads which the yaks were no longer able to support. Subsequently another corps was made up of 600 beasts from Phari, 150 from Tuna, and 500 from other places. At the end of June, of this new corps of 1,250, 209 alone were alive in Gyantse; about 170 were picked up afterwards, and with greater success than had ever been achieved before, they were divided into two corps, one of about 240 at the ferry, the remainder being stabled at Pe-di jong. This, in bald outline, is the fate of the yak corps, and the S. and T. Department has learned never again to place their reliance upon these burly and delicate beasts.

even at one time proposed, and, I believe, actually used, but their immediate failure was predestined. Donkey corps were used successfully; but in these cases the contracts were given out locally to Tibetans in the habit of transporting goods on these tiny little animals. The Supply and Transport Department, in-



The Mission yaks. Almost the only survivors at Chak-sam of 3,500.

defatigable in their researches, offered 100 rupees for any kyang which could be brought in. This can hardly have been seriously meant, though it certainly was seriously taken by the native troops. A kyang is a tortoiseshell-coloured wild ass confined to this part of the world's surface; it has never been tamed, and the Tibetans, who should know, say that it is untamable; herds of them are found on the Tuna plateau; and again,

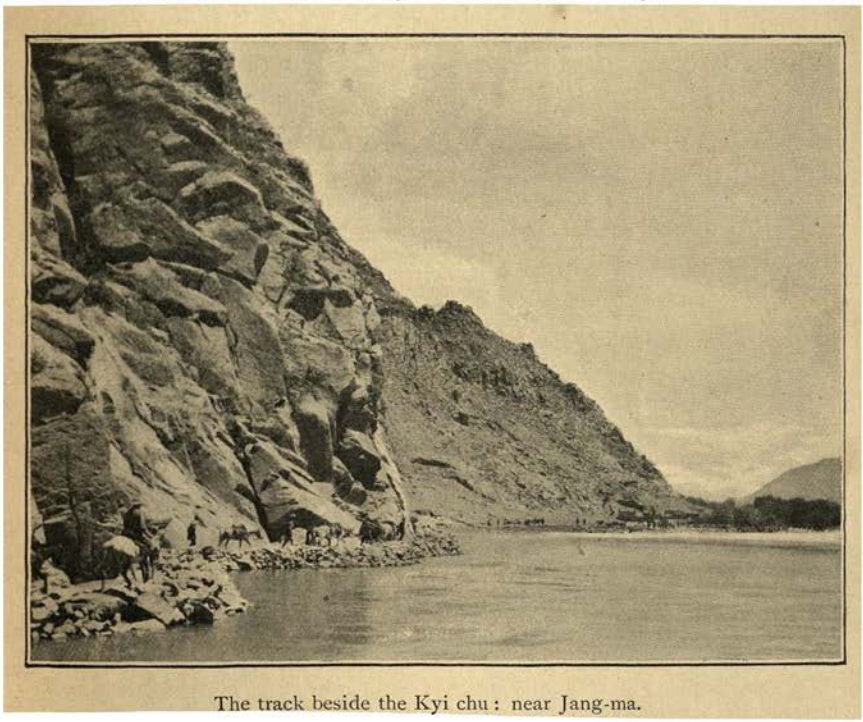
outside Lhasa, there are some which are regarded as the peculiar and semi-sacred property of the Dalai Lama.

Excepting of course coolies, the only other means of transport employed during the expedition was the ekka, a brilliant inspiration of Major Bretherton's. These light two-wheeled carts, a mere platform upon wheels, were laboriously hoisted up over the Natu la in detached pieces and towards the end of the time were running regularly and without undue mishaps on the level plain between Kamparab and Kang-ma, a distance of 90 miles. There was some difficulty at first in harnessing the ponies of Tibet to a thing they had never seen before; the yaks, on the other hand, took to it at once, and four or five of these beasts could be seen any day solemnly trudging along with the weary persecuted look on their face which entirely belies the innate contentment that a yak feels when he has succeeded in inducing his master to believe that he cannot go more than a mile and a half an hour.*

So the far-stretching column creeps along, leaving behind it a trampled highway and a low hanging canopy of dust.

* The language of the yaks is a thing in itself: it must be heard to be believed. These yak drivers, almost as well qualified for stuffing as curiosities of natural history as their charges, carry on a conversation with their beasts which astounds an outsider. I here append two or three of these sounds. The command to quicken their pace is indicated to the yaks by the same sound as that produced by a small boy in London whistling through his teeth with the fullest power of his lungs; the signal to stop is a triple "ugh" thrust from the lowest recesses of the chest. More interesting are two other commands. If you are approaching a yak from behind, and you do not wish him either to get alarmed or quicken his pace, all you have to do (and he will recognise it at once) is three or four times to make that sound with the tongue and teeth with which a nicely brought up lady will express the tiresomeness of a trifle. I do not know much more about the language, but I doubt if in their vocabulary they have a more surprising word than "yea-milly." At this order the yaks will actually return again to the path if they have strayed too far from it up the mountain side.

Three times in the march to Nam the road creeps painfully between the rock and the river, three times it stretches across a wide and cultivated plain; one passes Jang-ma, where a stagnant and picturesque reed-swamp separates the village from the mantra-adorned rock. The village is pretty enough in its fields



The track beside the Kyi chu: near Jang-ma.

of deep barley. At last we turned the steepest spur of all, to double which the road runs 100 feet up the high projecting shoulder of granite. Here there was to be seen a gleam of gold in the far distance, and we thought that Lhasa was at last in sight; but it was in reality only the gilded roof of the Chief Magician's temple, two miles distant from the Ling-kor. Descending to a plain we made our encampment for the night just where

the curving river, here a mile wide, was eating into the alluvial flats so fast that, as we watched, another and yet another piece of fresh green turf fell helplessly into the muddy stream. The view from Nam to the north-east —and no one would look in any other direction—is shut in by two converging spurs from north and south, in the middle of which an islet of rock rises, nearly joining the two. Between this and the southern spur the river ran; our road was to take us on the northern side of the islet. These barriers shut off all sight of the plain

On the road to Lhasa.

of Lhasa, and in spite of the repeated claims of those who went forward with the mounted infantry, the fact remains that Captain Peterson or Captain Souter must have been actually the first man to see the Potala, long after the force had been persuaded that the credit belonged to Captain Ottley, who had a race up a height with Major Iggulden, and beat him by a head in obtaining the first glimpse of—Sera Monastery! They returned to camp vowing they had seen Lhasa, in spite of the steady assurances of a Tibetan interpreter.*

* If it is of any interest to record these details, the town of Lhasa itself was first seen by Captain Ottley from the spur joining Potala and Chagpo-ri.

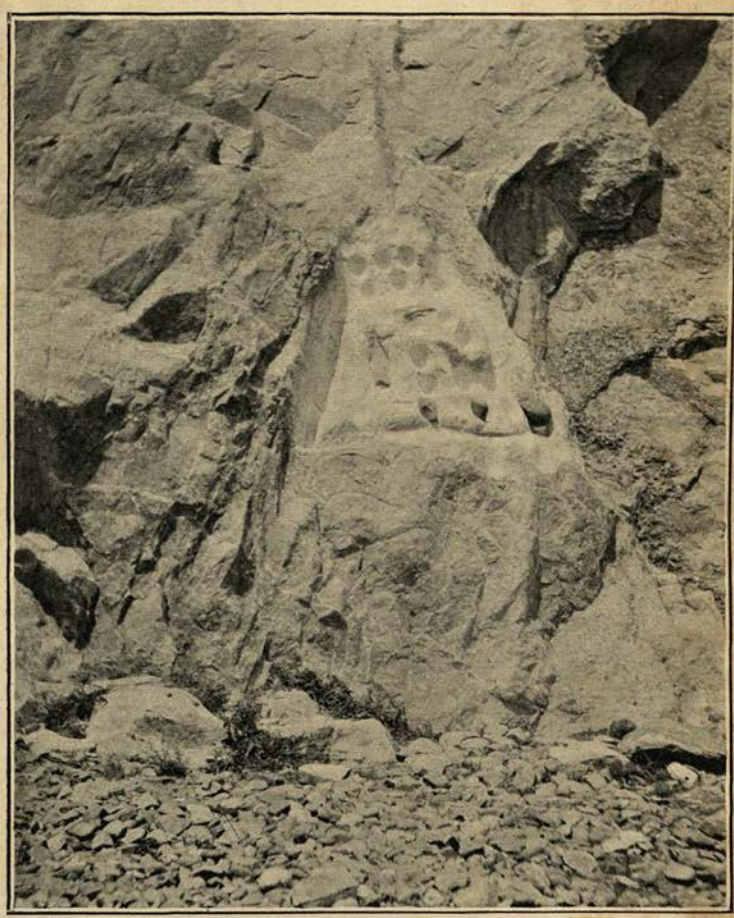
Jang-ma in the Kyi chu Valley.

On the next day, the 2nd of August, we still followed the difficult track along the indentations of the hills and emerged at last into a wide, well-cultivated plain. There, moving along a sunken road between wide fields of peas and wheat, we soon reached the well-wooded village of Nethang, which boasts the distinction of having been the residence of the great reformer, Atisha. The road runs straight through the town, making two sharp turns at right angles as it does so; a few lamas gathered at the door or on the roof-tops to watch us, a few children stood in the doorways with their fingers in their mouths and their eyes wide open. There was no other sign of life.

We made a short halt beyond the village to enable the proper intervals to be made up, but it was with impatience that we waited the order to continue our march. Before us the two spurs of intervening rock still closed the view of the Plain of Milk completely, and there was a mile to be traversed before we could make our way between these forbidding barriers. Once set moving again, the column crawled forward under the rocky sides of the northern spur and at last threaded through the defile.

Another disappointment was in store for us. Once inside the gate of the plain, even from that point of view not a stone nor a pinnacle of Lhasa is to be seen. We had to possess our souls in patience still. But that we were near our journey's end was clear enough. Here at our left elbows, hacked out on the inner surface of the rock, was the famous Buddha of which we had so often heard; this great monster, thirty feet in height, and cut in thirty-six inch relief in the natural flattened surface of the raw rock, gazed over our heads towards

the Holy City. It has had built over it a roof supported on two jutting walls of granite, and it is undoubtedly of a very early, even possibly of a pre-historic, type;



"Cup marks" outside Lhasa.

it marks the entrance to the plain in which Lhasa lies, though, as I have said, a projecting spur from the south still conceals the Potala from one's eyes. It is for this reason of great religious interest and veneration,

and in front of it stands a twenty-foot heap of pebbles raised by pious pilgrims in thanksgiving for the nearness of their long-expected goal. It is bedaubed coarsely with yellow and blue and red, and, it must be confessed, is one of the ugliest things we saw in the country.

Close as we thought ourselves to be, it was nearly two miles yet, two long miles impatiently covered—past strange strata of gneiss jutting out perpendicularly from the hill sides like huge armour plates—past an interesting example of the strange "cup marks" which are found all the world over in the Eastern and Western hemispheres alike, which no living man can even attempt to explain, and at which no one just then even wished to look—past treacherous swamps of vivid green grass growing on soil more water than earth—two miles that seem like ten, before that interminable southern spur is outridden, before the place of our desire was reached.

You may see from afar the spot at which the first glance of the Potala may be obtained. Beside a barley field is a low mud-coloured chorten, and beside the chorten is a heap of stones larger even than that before the great Buddha behind us. There is not much else to mark the place, but assuredly nothing more was needed on that day.

It was about half-past one in the afternoon, and a light blue haze was settling down in between the ravines of the far-distant mountains that to the east ringed in the plain, and nearer to hand on either side threw their spurs forward like giant buttresses from north to south. There was a smell of fresh spring earth and the little rustle of a faint wind in the heads of barley; the sun was merciless in a whitened sky wherein from horizon

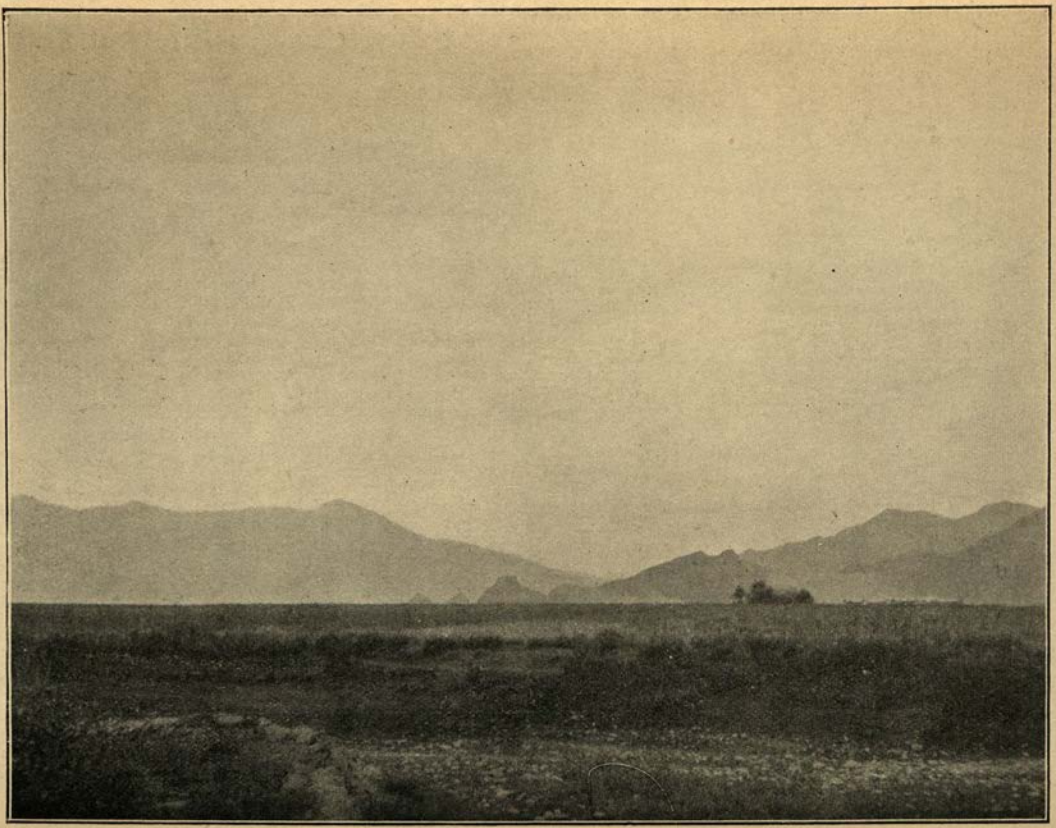
to horizon there was never a flush of blue. It was all common, and yet the hour teemed with a fierce interest of a kind that no man will perhaps ever feel again. I took off my smoked glass spectacles to see the clearer, and it was bright indeed.

Then, as we rode on, it came. In the far, far distance, across and beyond those flat fields of barley, marked here and there by the darker line of low-wooded plantations, a grey pyramid painfully disengaged itself from behind the outer point of the grey concealing spur —Lhasa.

There at last it was, the never-reached goal of so many weary wanderers, the home of all the occult mysticism that still remains on earth. The light waves of mirage dissolving impalpably just shook the far outlines of the golden roofs and dimly seen white terraces. I do not think anyone of us said much. Life seemed very full: but the fact of achievement seemed remote and impossible. Still, there it was. There was Lhasa.

We had outridden the main column by some distance, and we stood a moment on the road just where a sudden flight of dragon-flies pierced the air with lines of quick blue; then we rode on.

There at last it was, and for the next half mile O'Connor and I allowed our beasts to find their own way over the pebble-strewn road while little by little we devoured with our eyes the outlines of the twin hills which stand as sentinels to hide from the traveller the sight of the Cathedral which lies low on the plain to the east. For the city of Lhasa is not visible until you shall have climbed up the neck of land which almost joins Chagpo-ri to Potala. But there the great palace of the



The first sight of Lhasa. The left-hand one of the two small detached pyramids in the plain is the Potala.

god-king was, and a shaft or two of light from the golden canopies burned whitely upon us for a few yards as we went.

Even if we had found Lhasa to be a handful of hovels scattered on a dusty plain with just such distinction of palace and temple as one had time after time seen in Tibet before, one side of our fierce curiosity would, no doubt, have been slaked sufficiently, but here was a different thing indeed. Here, in these uttermost parts of the earth, uplifted high above humanity, guarded by impenetrable passes of rock and ice, by cliffs of sheer granite, by the hostility of man and by the want of food and fuel, here was no poor Oriental town arrogating to itself the dignity which mystery can in itself confer. From the first moment, the splendour of the Potala cannot be hidden, though, like all great monuments, further acquaintance does but increase one's amazement and admiration. But this first far-distant view was but the earnest of the real city. Judged by the standards of the East and West alike, Lhasa is a city which can hold its own with most; we were to find it unique, dowered with a mingled magnificence and green luxuriance for which no step of our long journey had given us warning.

The remainder of that day's march was simple enough; we made our way past whitened houses lurking here and there under the shade of Lombardy poplars and begirt with the green and rustling ranks of barley, until at last Tö-lung was reached.

Tö-lung is but a house or two by the western approach to the bridge over the Tö-lung chu. This bridge is one of the most creditable pieces of Tibetan labour,

for not only is the bridge itself well constructed of granite with its piers protected by long sterlings up stream, but for more than a mile on either side the very course of that stream is guided beneath it from the hills where its springs are. Two well-built containing walls ten feet in height curb the snow waters coming from the long valley to the north.

It is, perhaps, as well to describe at once the unusual conformation and consistency of the plain in the middle of which Lhasa lies. The Tibetans themselves will assure you that there is an underground lake, and that unless these waters are annually propitiated, not only by services and obeisances rendered to the serpent who lives in the island sanctuary of Lu-kang, but also by ceremonies calculated to mollify the vague personality who dwells beneath the very shrine of the Jo itself, Lhasa would be inundated by its unseen waters. There is this much to be said in justification of this theory, that, from end to end, the plain round the capital is almost without exception a water-sodden morass on which it is nearly impossible to travel for a hundred yards without encountering a quagmire. The road by which one approaches the capital is a causeway built four or five feet up from the surface of the marsh and pierced a dozen times by culverts through which brown peaty water flows apace. Only in two places are these waters confined within their proper channels. The Tö-lung revetments make it possible on the west to build a bridge across the collected waters that would otherwise undermine the firm earth for half a mile on either side, and farther on, under the western gate of Lhasa itself, another great work of sand binds in the spasmodic floods which oppress the Kaling chu. These two works

drain the Plain of Milk, so far at least as Tö-lung and Lhasa are concerned; for the rest, the waving rushes of the plain conceal a treacherous depth of slime.

In length the Plain of Milk is about 15 miles, in width it varies from two to five, and in upon it from all sides strike the spurs of vast mountains which even then, in July, were snow-capped in the morning hours. In the recesses between these spurs lurk the villages and the monasteries of which we had heard so much. Lhasa itself lies out in mid-plain under the eastern lee of the two hills I have described. Through the plain, immediately to the south of the capital, the Kyi chu meanders vaguely through its wide and sandy course, and, thanks to this luxuriance of water and to the shelter which is provided by the mountains round from every wind that blows, the unpollarded vegetation of the plain grows rank and free. A little road creeps along the northern mountain side, following the ins and outs of the mountain contours from Tö-lung to Sera, but this is only a side track—the main road strikes fairly and straightly across the centre of the marsh from Shing don kar to the Pargo Kaling, or western gate of the Sacred City.

At Tö-lung we halted for the night, but long before the camp was settled a great deputation arrived from out of the capital. An audience was granted, and for two hours and a half the Mission camp was thronged with the bright silken habits and hats of the more important dignitaries. There were the usual arguments, the usual prayers; in their recommendations that the force should advance no further towards the city of which the guardian hills were now clearly visible to the east, the Tibetan envoys enjoyed what must

have been to them unexpected support from the General. But it was the same old game on the part of the Tibetans, and I do not think that anything throughout the campaign reflected so much credit upon the Secretary of State for India as that when he at last realised at all the necessity of this advance he recognised also its imperative nature. Accepting the representations of Colonel Younghusband, he did not hesitate a moment; the treaty, he ordered, was to be signed in Lhasa itself, and signed not even one mile short of it. As the afternoon wore on, the fruitless durbar slowly dissolved, but not until the leading men had thoroughly satisfied the curiosity which almost every article of dress or mechanism excited. Personally, I amused myself by showing to them several illustrated weekly papers; it was curious to notice that they thoroughly understood the course which the Russo-Japanese war was taking, and they looked with great eagerness at the plates in which the incidents of the struggle were depicted. But other things in the papers puzzled them extremely. They did not seem at all impressed by the large portraits of well-known beautiful and partially unclad ladies which constituted no small part of the attractions of most of the periodicals we had with us, but a representation of Dan Leno, seated, if I remember rightly, on a pillar with a guitar in his hands, a crown of flowers round his head and a skirt round his legs, was something they would not allow me to pass by. I confess I found it difficult to explain to them exactly all that Dan Leno but three months ago represented to the Londoner. Another picture about which they wished to know the whole truth was that of His Majesty the King

walking down a quay-side in Germany. I explained to them that the figure to the right was that of the "Pi-ling Gyal-po Chempo," and in a moment the attention of twenty of them was called from all sides to it; they crowded round with their chins on one another's shoulders. After they had sated their curiosity about the Emperor of India—that unknown majesty in whose omnipotence they were slowly coming to believe—I was abruptly asked who his companion might be. It was the Kaiser. I tried to explain the family and the political relationship between the two Emperors, but found that I was not entirely understood, so I summoned an interpreter and told him to explain to the Tibetans that the German Emperor was a very great sovereign in Europe and that he was the King's nephew.*

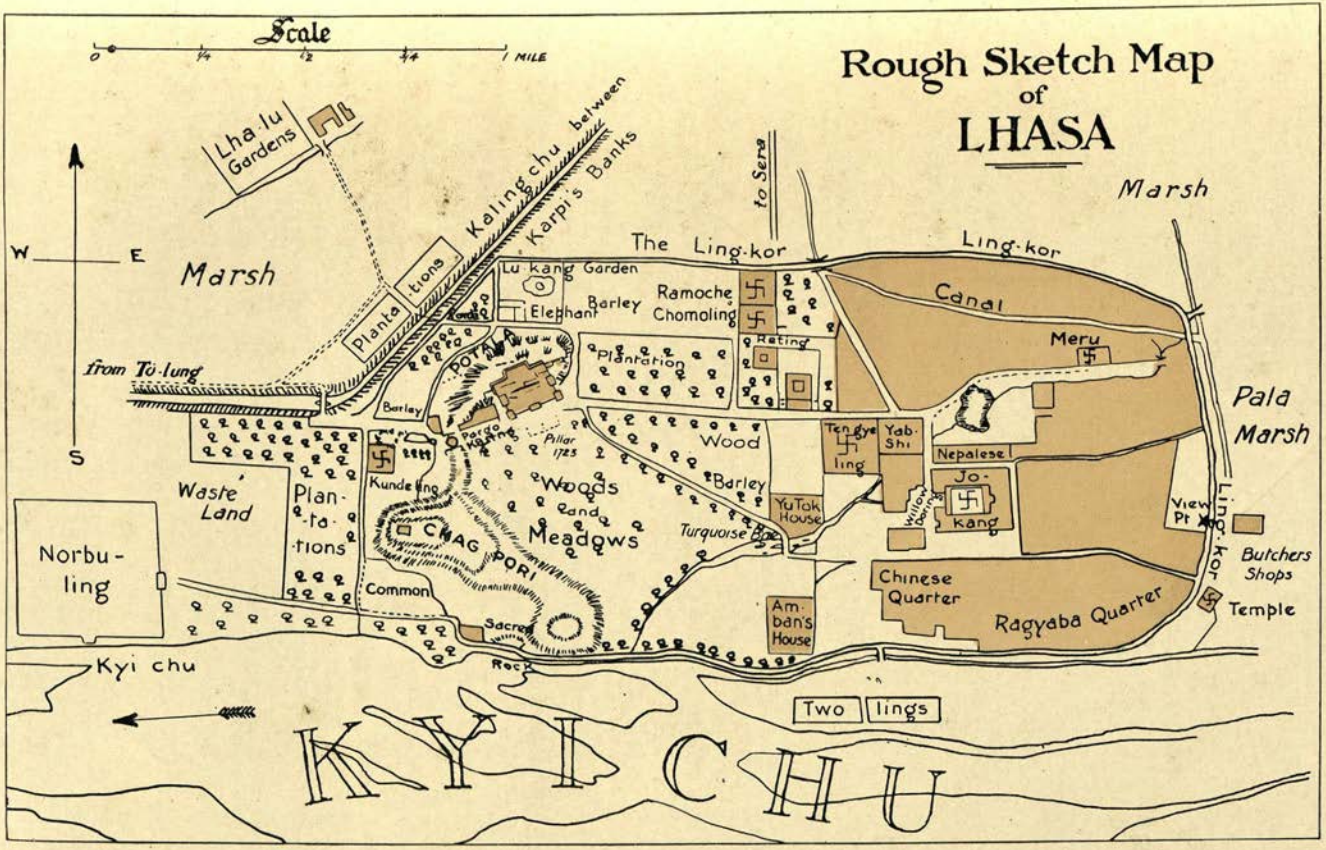
So, in a drizzling rain ended the last day of our weary march from India, for there remained but seven miles to cross and every yard of them was lightened by the distant view of the palace and roofs of our long-sought goal.

* My intentions were, however, somewhat misunderstood, for some time afterwards when I asked the interpreter what he had actually said, his answer was to this effect:—"Sir, I told them that this was a nephew of the Emperor, and a great and mighty monarch possessing wide territories. And I said that because of the especial love with which our Emperor regarded him, he had of his goodness granted unto his nephew all the wide territories which he possessed." This was not exactly what I had meant, but it was too late to correct the impression.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LHASA:
### THE CITY AND THE LING-KOR.

THERE was a light rain in the early hours of the morning of the 3rd of August. All round the amphitheatre of hills a light-grey Scotch mist was draining itself imperceptibly into the plain, and it was not until just before the start that the rain stopped, and the lower edge of these clouds became a clean-cut white line slowly receding up the mountain-side as the morning passed. Our course was almost due east. We crossed the bridge and made our way by the well-defined though somewhat weed-grown road between high fields of peas and barley to the spur which ran out from the north and hid from our sight the monastery of De-bung. It was to be in all a march of about seven miles, and after the first three had been passed without incident a halt was called just on the western side of the town and ruined fort of Shing-donkar. This is a picturesque little place nestling at the foot of a high precipitous spur, of which the almost horizontal and razor-like summit is supported on a roughly columnar edge of granite. Even from Lhasa itself it stands out boldly against the sunset, and its jagged edge is a small feature in the scenery of which I am somewhat sorry to have taken no photograph. The road passes between Shing-donkar and the first of the many "lings," or thickly-planted enclosures,




*It has been thought best to publish this book without waiting for the official survey of Lhasa to reach London. A finished map will, as soon as possible, be issued gratis to subscribers, through their booksellers.*

The last stage. Lhasa from Shing-donkar : Potala and Chagpo-ri are to be seen in the distance across the Kyi chu.

which are characteristic of the plain in which Lhasa lies. Immediately afterwards the road ascends the stony spur, and dropping quickly on the other side follows the contour of a recess in the hills before the last point is reached and De-bung Monastery is clearly seen.

De-bung, the home of all the misplaced political intrigue of Tibet, lies in tightly-packed tiers of houses far up into the stony amphitheatre made by a recess in the hills. From a distance it is a somewhat imposing object; the very compactness with which it has gathered into itself, without a straggler far or near, the dormitories and chapels needed for nearly 8,000 monks is, in itself, a striking thing. In the middle the golden Chinese roofs of the great gompa shine above the friezes of maroon and brown yak hair curtains, whereby the golden badges hang. For the rest De-bung presents but few features of interest. It is like every other monastery in Tibet. Once inside it there is nothing to see which differentiates it from the Palkhor choide, from the Potala, from Tse-chen, from Dong-tse, from a dozen more. But all the same, in this monastery of De-bung there has been for some years, and there still is, hatched all the trouble which the present Dalai Lama has brought upon his country and his faith.

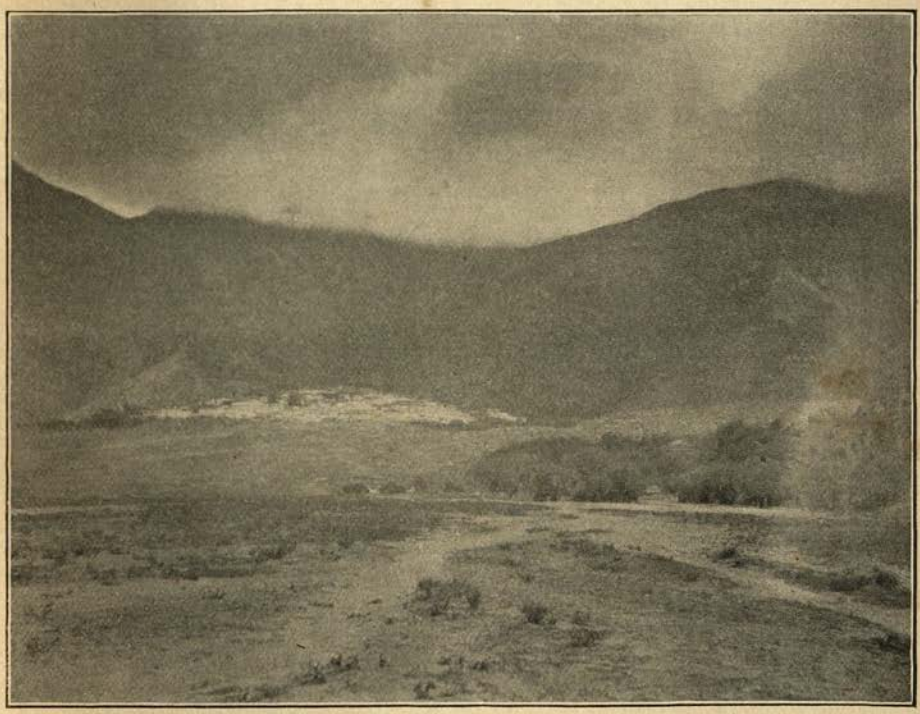
Not far from it on the eastern side of the amphitheatre, and so hidden from the sight of Lhasa, in a small tree-clad ravine through which a fresh stream tumbles among its boulders, lies the house and temple of the chief wizard of Tibet—the Na-chung Chos-kyong. This building is finished with more beauty and luxury than any other in Tibet, and a full description of it is reserved for a later chapter.

At Cheri the column halted upon the road a mile across the *débris*-littered plain from De-bung. Here Mahommedan butchers carry on their work, and the first signs of habitations made of the horns of slaughtered beasts are to be seen. Soon, however, we stretched on again across the causeway between the marshes from which teal and wild-duck flew up now and then. Slowly the two western hills of Lhasa raised and extended themselves along the horizon, and when at last, after some deliberation and reconnoitring, a dry patch of ground was found about a mile from the still invisible gate of Lhasa and a camp was pitched there, the sharp outline of the great palace towered over us against the gauzy whiteness of the noonday sky.*

Looking eastwards from the camp Lhasa was still completely hidden by the twin hills and the neck between them. On the left Potala raised its great bulk, though the full size of this gigantic building is nowhere less to be seen than from the spot on which our camp was pitched. One had a view of it on end which failed to give any suggestion of its real length and importance, but what we did see even so was huge enough. A white round-tower crowned the serrated wall of bald white masonry which divides off the palace from the almost perpendicular scarp of the rock on which it stands. Behind that rose another great white bulk of square grim masonry pierced with a row of stiff small windows;

* For sheer inaccuracy the following description by Chandra Das of the approach to Lhasa can hardly be paralleled in serious literature. "At this point the road nears the river, and the whole city stood displayed before us at the end of an avenue of gnarled trees, the rays of the setting sun falling on its gilded domes. It was a superb sight, the like of which I have never seen. On our left was Potala, with its lofty buildings and gilt roofs; before us, surrounded by a green meadow, lay the Town with its tower-like white-washed houses and Chinese buildings with roofs of blue glazed tiles." One would almost think that the middle sentence was literally true.

above that rose yet a higher rim of white roof; over that again the square red outline of the central palace of the Dalai Lama himself; and, above all, the great golden roofs glittering in the sun. Immediately below it the slanting way up the rock passed between the dark



De-bung Monastery. To the right among the trees is the golden roof of the Chief Magician's Temple.

green foliage of trees and the sienna and ochre of the Red* Hill, relieved by spaces of wild grass. Towards us to the south and south-west the hillside sheers down steeply before it again rises with almost the same

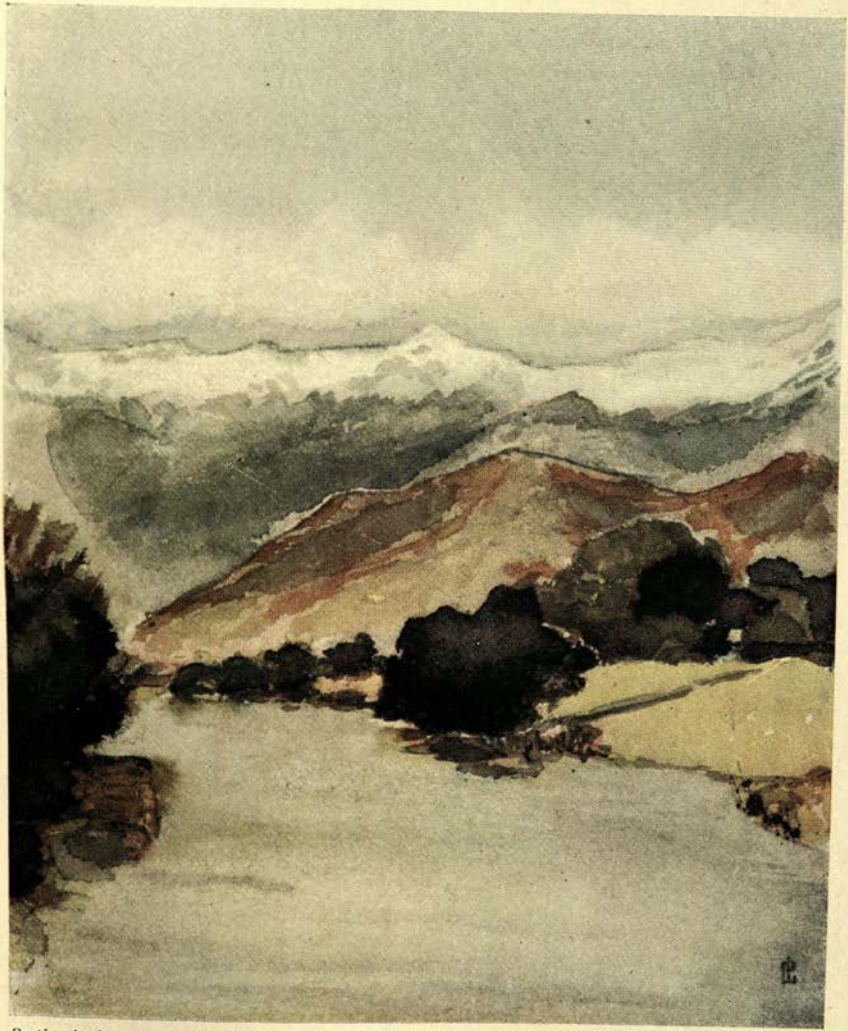
* The original name of this hill was simply Marpo-ri, and the palace built on the site in 1032 was evidently constructed of blocks quarried on the hill itself, for it was known as the Phodang marpo.

abruptness to form the lion-shaped mass of Chagpo-ri.* Chagpo-ri is crowned with a small square yellow jong, and immediately hidden from view by the topmost pinnacle on which the jong is placed is a medical college resting, as it were, on the lion's withers. Immediately on the south again runs the stream of the Kyi chu. So much could be seen or guessed from the halting-ground, whence the high road leads straight into the western gate between the two high rocky citadels. The first thing that the traveller notices is the embankment of sand constructed by a Dépen of the name of Karpi in 1721. This man, by order of the Chinese conquerors, had immediately before pulled down the walls which defended Lhasa more from the assaults of nature than of man, and he found it necessary to undertake the construction of these enormous containing walls—to which I have referred in the last chapter—to save Lhasa from the encroachment of the water-sodden plain around. The Kaling chu is an artificially constructed waterway which diverts from the town itself all the water coming down towards it from the two valleys lying immediately north of Lhasa, in one of which Sera Monastery, two miles away, is clearly to be seen, a small nest of white houses buttressing the foot of the rock and ensigned with a gilded roof or two. This double embankment is a striking feature; the road runs parallel along the northern side of it for 500 yards, and one can see the tops of the trees which fill the square "ling" or plantation abutting on to it to the south. At last the embankment turns northwards, and we cross it by a primitive bridge under the wide branches of a poplar tree. After

* It will be remembered that at the first view of Lhasa, Potala and Chagpo-ri stood out like two pyramids across the plain.

## The Kaling chu.

THERE IS NOTHING TO BE SAID ABOUT THIS EXCEPT THAT TO SOME EXTENT IT SUGGESTS THE SNOW AND VEGETATION OF THE PLAIN IN WHICH LHASA LIES.

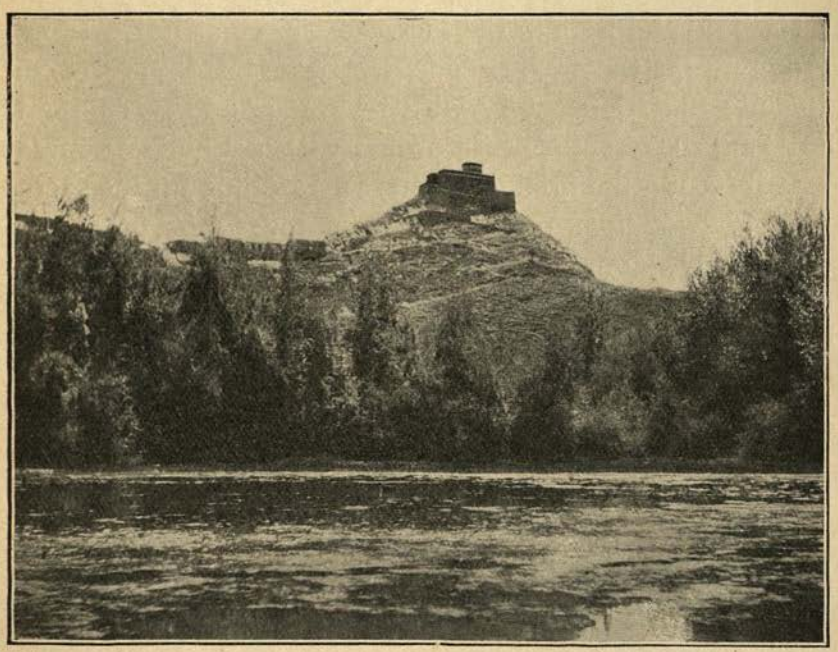


*By the Author.*

THE KALING CHU, LHASA.

The Ling-kor or Sacred Way round Lhasa. Beggars' tents in the foreground immediately under Karpi's sand embankment of the Kaling chu.

crossing it the plantation on our right is seen to be a tangled jungle of thorn and willow and poplar, over all of which the thick-petalled orange clematis grows in rank profusion. A hundred yards on a road sweeps into our route from the right. As we approached, two monks, one of them of extreme age, came slowly along



Just outside the Western Gate of Lhasa : Chagpo-ri.

it twirling their prayer-wheels and muttering incessantly the one phrase of Lamaism as they went. This is nothing less than the famous Ling-kor, the ribbon of road which separates as with a knife the sacred from the profane. In all the world there is, perhaps, but the Via Dolorosa its equal in tradition. For miraculous renown the Ling-kor stands alone, for even an infidel who dies while making the sacred circuit is saved from the penalties of his sins.

To the left, after crossing the highway, it runs beside the sandy embankment of the Kaling chu to the north, and then, sharply turning, it is hidden behind the trees outside the garden wall of the Lu-kang seven or eight hundred yards away. On its surface, immediately to our left, are a few beggars' huts, mere patched rags of dirty cloth supported on sticks. We crossed the road and were in the sacred territory at last. Immediately on the farther side we passed the gate of the Kun-de-ling Monastery with its woods and gardens and a long rocky eminence crowned with a Chinese temple; at its foot a hundred cocks were scratching up the sacred dust awaiting a purchaser. The mass of Potala now hung above our heads, and between us and the western gate there was only a straight stretch of road bordered on the one side by a little patch of barley and a small orchard of willows, and on the right by the still waters of a stagnant willow-edged pool. Over the willows rose the mass of Chagpo-ri. Another two hundred yards, and after a half-turn to the right round the end of the water, we find facing us the western gate of Lhasa, or Pargo Kaling. We left the gate on our left and at once began the ascent of the neck of rock which joins the two hills. There was a steep climb of about two hundred feet, and then, with breath-taking suddenness, the panorama of Lhasa burst upon the gaze.

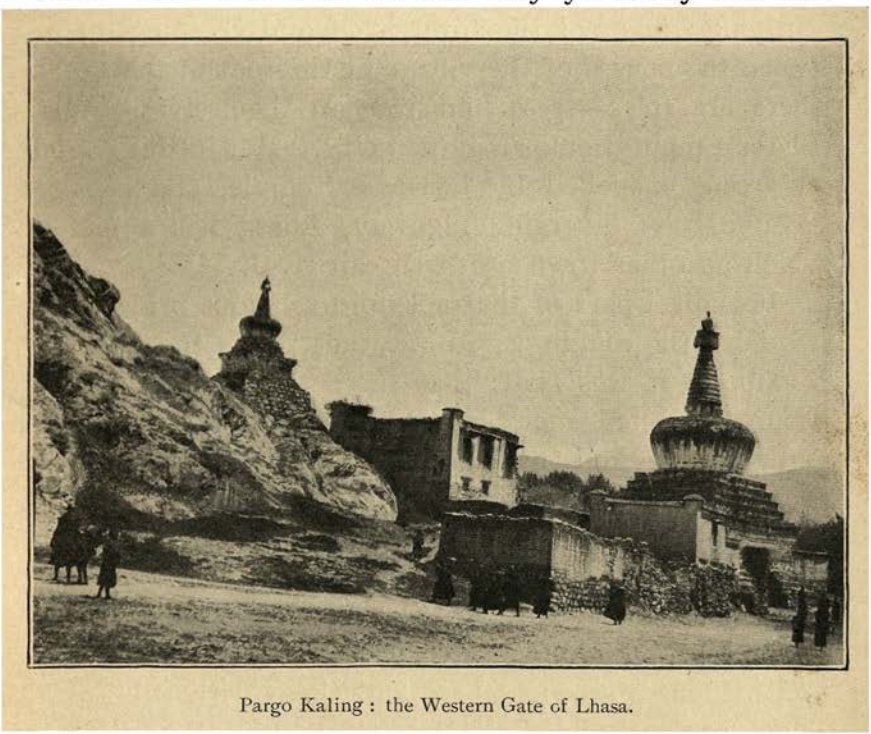
As I have said, Lhasa would remain Lhasa were it but a cluster of hovels on the sand. But the sheer magnificence of the unexpected sight which met our unprepared eyes was to us almost a thing incredible. There is nothing missing from this splendid spectacle—architecture, forest trees, wide green places, rivers, streams and mountains, all lie before one as one looks

## Outside the Gates of Lhasa.

THE POTALA IS SEEN CROWNING THE HILL TO THE LEFT.
*Rufous ochre, white, crimson, dark green, blue.*

OUTSIDE THE WESTERN GATE OF LHASA

down from the height upon Lhasa stretching out at our feet. The dark forbidding spurs and ravines of the valley of the Kyi chu, up which we had come, interlock one with another and had promised nothing of all this; the beauty of Lhasa is doubled by its utter unexpectedness. It is true that we had only yesterday and that



Pargo Kaling: the Western Gate of Lhasa.

very day passed through green fields and marshes cloaked shoulder high with rushes; it is true that here and there a densely-matted plantation had swung slowly beside our road to meet us as we moved along; but there was nothing—less perhaps in such maps and descriptions of Lhasa as we had than anywhere else—to promise us this city of gigantic palace and golden roof, these wild stretches of woodland, these acres of close-cropped

grazing land and marshy grass, ringed and delimited by high trees or lazy streamlets of brown transparent water over which the branches almost met.

Between the palace on our left and the town a mile away in front of us there is this arcadian luxuriance interposing a mile-wide belt of green. Round the outlying fringes of the town itself and creeping up between the houses of the village at the foot of the Potala there are trees—trees numerous in themselves to give Lhasa a reputation as a garden city. But in this stretch of green, unspoiled by house or temple, and roadless save for one diverging highway, Lhasa has a feature which no other town on earth can rival.

It is all a part of that splendid religious pride which has been the making, and may yet prove the undoing, of Tibet. It was right that there should be a belt of nature undefiled encircling the palace of the incarnate god and king, and there the belt is, investing the Potala even inside the loop of the Ling-kor with something of the isolation which guards from the outer world the whole of this strange and lovely town. Between and over the glades and woodlands the city of Lhasa itself peeps, an adobe stretch of narrow streets and flat-topped houses crowned here and there with a blaze of golden roofs or gilded cupolas ; but there is no time to look at this ; a man can have no eye for anything but the huge upstanding mass of the Potala palace to his left ; it drags the eye of the mind like a lodestone, for indeed sheer bulk and magnificent audacity could do no more in architecture than they have done in this huge palace-temple of the Grand Lama. Simplicity has wrought a marvel in stone, nine hundred feet in length and towering seventy feet higher than the golden cross

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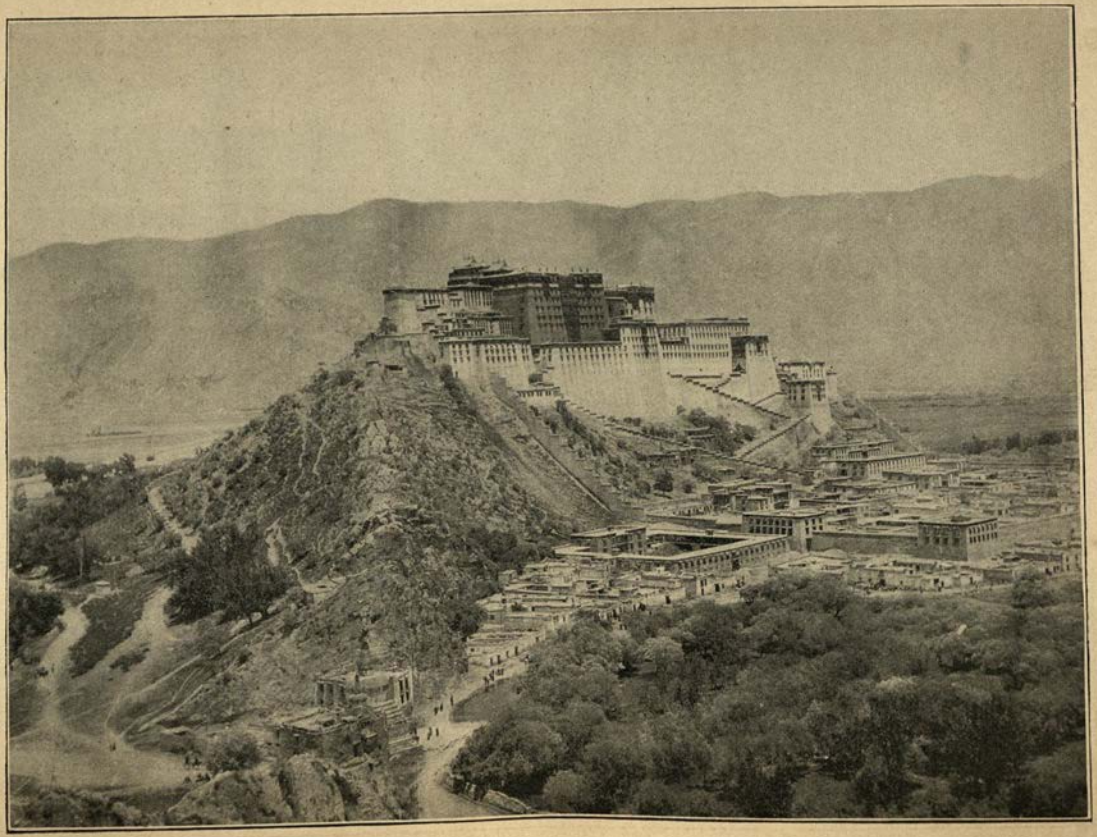
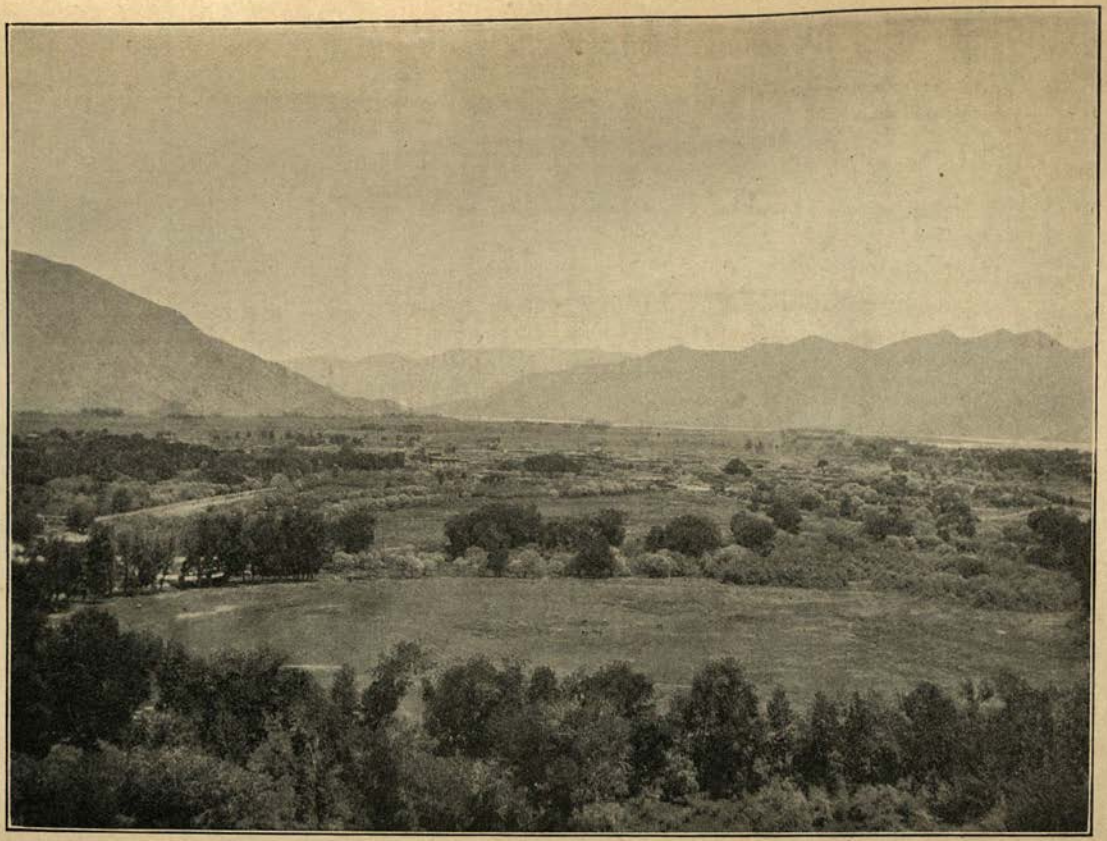


The Potala Palace from Chagpo-ri. Pargo Kaling is in the foreground below.



The city of Lhasa from Chagpo-ri. This view nearly connects with the right-hand side of the opposite plate.

of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Potala would dominate London,—Lhasa it simply eclipses. By European standards it is impossible to judge this building; there is nothing there to which comparison can be made. Perhaps in the austerity of its huge curtains of blank, unveiled, unornamented wall, and in the flat, unabashed slants of its tremendous south-eastern face there is a suggestion of the massive grandeur of Egyptian work; but the contrast of colour and surroundings, to which no small part of the magnificence of the sight is due, Egypt cannot boast.

The vivid white stretches of the buttressing curtains of stone, each a wilderness of close-ranked windows and the home of the hundreds of crimson-clad dwarfs who sun themselves at the distant stairheads, strike a clean and harmonious note in the sea of green which washes up to their base. Once a year the walls of the Potala are washed with white, and no one can gainsay the effect; but there is yet the full chord of colour to be sounded. The central building of the palace, the Phodang Marpo, the private home of the incarnate divinity himself, stands out four-square upon and between the wide supporting bulks of masonry a rich red-crimson, and, most perfect touch of all, over it against the sky the glittering golden roofs—a note of glory added with the infinite taste and the sparing hand of the old illuminator—recompose the colour scheme from end to end, a sequence of green in three shades, of white, of maroon, of gold and of pale blue. The brown yak-hair curtain, eighty feet in height and twenty-five across, hangs like a tress of hair down the very centre of the central sanctuary hiding the central recess. Such is the Potala. In a way it recalls the dominion of the Shwé Dagon over

Rangoon, though in every aspect of construction, ornamentation and surrounding it would be hard to imagine two buildings more entirely different in every detail than these two greatest erections of modern Buddhism.

The utter disproportion between the palace and the town remains a wonder, but a wonder devoid of a trace of falsity or ostentation, rather a wonder full of a deeper meaning. The petty town which lies a mile away beyond the trees helps, by its very insignificance, to emphasize the tremendous gulf that in Tibet yawns between the people and their priests. In that town there was indeed the true sanctuary of the faith; in that town there was the idol which the largest faith of all the world holds sacred beyond all earthly things, and underneath those far distant golden roofs of the Jo-kang the wealth and tradition of the whole creed lay enshrined. Moreover, there is nothing inside the Potala particularly sacred, particularly rich, or particularly beautiful. But unconsciously it thus symbolises all the more the vast erection of power and pride which separates the priestly caste of Tibet from the real truths of the religion they have prostituted. The fearful sanctity which hedges about the person of their divine ruler is here in Lhasa demonstrated in a manner that must impress the dullest pilgrim. That double-edged weapon seclusion, which the Pope, in magnificent retirement in the Vatican, is now using with doubtful success at Rome, has long been in the armoury of the Grand Lama of Tibet. The Tibetan policy of isolation receives here its only possible justification by a success that is startling in its sufficiency, and one can well understand that a visit to Lhasa "satisfies the soul" of the most recalcitrant subject of His Holiness. I have said much in these volumes to the discredit of Lamaism,

and I have said it with deliberation and conviction; but this panorama of Lhasa batters down helplessly the prejudices of a quieter hour. Lamaism may be an engine of oppression, but its victims do not protest; and there before one's eyes at last is Lhasa. It may be a barrier to all human improvement; it may be a living type of all that we in the West have fought against and at last overcome, of bigotry, cruelty and slavery; but under the fierce sun of that day and the white gauze of the almost unclouded sky of Lhasa, it was not easy to find fault with the creed, however narrow and merciless, which built the Potala palace and laid out the green spaces at its foot. In this paradise of cool water and green leaves, hidden away among the encircling snows of the highest mountain ranges of the world, Lamaism has upraised the stones and gold of Lhasa, and nothing but Lamaism could have done this thing. To Lamaism alone we owe it that when at last the sight of the farthest goal of all travel burst upon our eyes, it was worthy, full worthy, of all the rumour and glamour and romance with which in the imaginings of man it has been invested for so many years.

If you will tear your gaze away from the Potala you may see the Ling-kor lying below you like a thread, betrayed here and there by a gap in the leafage of the gardens. Before you in the distance the turquoise Kyi chu, "river of delight," moves lazily between its wide white dunes, here elbowed out of its course by a spur of the hills, there shorn and parcelled by a heavy outcrop of water-worn stones and the miniature cliffs of a dazzling sand-bank. Across the mile-wide bed of the river cultivation begins again, and you may see planta-

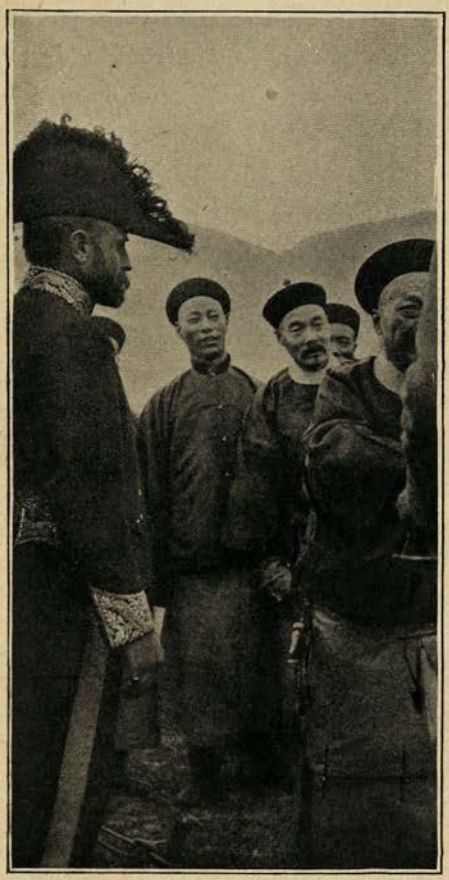
tions, fields and houses all the way up to where the wind-blown buttresses of sand blanket the hollow scarp of the southern hills. Far away in the distance beyond the town the plain still stretches, always the same marshy expanse jagged and indented by the spurs of the encircling hills; six miles away it closes in to the east at the point to which the curving thread of the high road to China makes its uncertain way, banked high across the morass.

Just where the dun town encroaches upon the greenery you may see clearly the famous Yutok Sampa or Turquoise-roofed bridge. To the right is the Amban's house, almost completely hidden in its trees, and on the other side of the Jo-kang's gilded canopies, far away to the left, rise the steep, unbeautiful walls of the Meru gompa, the last house in Lhasa to the north-east; to the west of it, amid the greenery of its plantations, flash the golden ridge-poles of Ramo-che, after the Jo-kang itself the most sacred of all temples in Tibet. But, believe me, when you have marked these historic points the eye will helplessly revert again to the Potala; it is a new glory added to the known architecture of the world.

Nothing in Lhasa, excepting always the interior of the Jo-kang, comes up to this magnificent prelude. If a traveller knows that the cathedral doors are hopelessly shut to him, his wisest course would be to sit a day or two upon this spur of Chagpo-ri and then depart, making no further trial of the town; for he will never catch again that spell of almost awed thanksgiving that there should be so beautiful a sight hidden among these icy and inaccessible mountain crests, and that it should have been given to him to be one of the few to see it.

The Amban arrives to pay a state visit in his sedan-chair. Of all the inhabitants of Tibet, only the Dalai Lama and he are allowed to use a chair. When existing the Regent also has this privilege.

The camp was by this time pitched, and the Amban paid Colonel Younghusband a formal visit. He and the Dalai Lama are the only two in Tibet who are allowed



Colonel Younghusband receives the Amban for the first time.

to use the sedan-chair, and the sight of the Amban making a formal visit is not uninteresting. He is preceded by ten unarmed servants clad in lavender-blue, edged and patterned with black velvet. Immediately behind them

come forty men-at-arms similarly dressed in cardinal and black, bearing lances, scythe-headed poles, tridents and banners; after them come the secretaries and their servants, and then, borne by ten men, his Excellency in his chair.* There was no great importance in this first visit of ceremony. But it was returned by Colonel Younghusband on the following day, and, if you please, we will ride behind the Colonel as he passes through the streets of Lhasa on his way to and from the Residency. Now, instead of passing to the south of the Pargo Kaling, we go underneath the gilt-ribbed and celestially-crowned chorten which tops the western gate between the two guardian hills.† There is a protective railing of timber along both sides of the interior of the gate and a blue deity in his most "terrible" aspect is painted on the left-hand wall.

Immediately inside the gate the road turns to the left, and a good view is to be had of the Potala palace rising above the walled square of houses and stables and prisons at the foot of the rock. Between the gate and this enclosure is a small village tucked up under the rock, not more than thirty houses in all, dirty, squalid and stinking, although it is under the very threshold of the Grand Lama's magnificent residence. Five hundred yards on an obelisk rises in the middle of the road; this, which is almost opposite the centre of the palace, was set up to record the pacification of Tibet and the domina-

* It is interesting to note that the Chinese have such a contempt for Tibet that the viceroy never takes full official dress with him to Lhasa; negotiations were, therefore, carried on with the Amban with less formal ceremony than would have been considered necessary under other circumstances, though the Commissioner and his staff, to their great discomfort, always wore correct diplomatic uniform in their intercourse with both Chinese and Tibetans.

† This is in shape a typical "stupa," with the exception that the road passes through it, making a clear tunnel in the centre.

## Pargo Kaling, the Great Gate of Lhasa.

THE UPPER PART OF THE CHORTEN IS OF GILT COPPER; THE REMAINDER IS OF WEATHER-STAINED STONE AND MORTAR. *Greys, ochres, eucalyptus-green and gold. Figures maroon.*

PARGO KALING, THE WESTERN GATE OF LHASA.

The Chinese Amban pays a state visit to Colonel Younghusband at the Lha-lu House. He is preceded by a lavender and crimson retinue, armed with strange weapons and red banners. The back of the Potala rises in the background.

Under the Potala : the pillar commemorating the Chinese suzerainty.

## The Yutok Sampa.

THE HILLS ARE A LITTLE TOO CLOSE, BUT THE TRUTH OF THE BRIDGE IS ADMIRABLE. THE INDENTATIONS IN THE ROAD ARE, OF COURSE, NOT WHEEL-TRACKS, BUT THEY EXIST AT MANY POINTS OWING TO THE PERSISTENT HABIT WHICH ALL BEASTS OF BURDEN HAVE OF FOLLOWING IN EACH OTHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

*By Countess Helena Gleichen.*

THE TURQUOISE BRIDGE IN LHASA.

tion of the Chinese in 1720. The inscription was carved three years later, and it is noticeable that in it the name of the Tashi Lama precedes that of his brother of Lhasa. The road continues for a little space and then divides abruptly into two tracks, that to the left keeping straight on towards the palace of the Yabshi family and the northern part of the city, that on the right continuing between fields and green swamps, acres of barley and willow plantations to the Yutok Sampa.

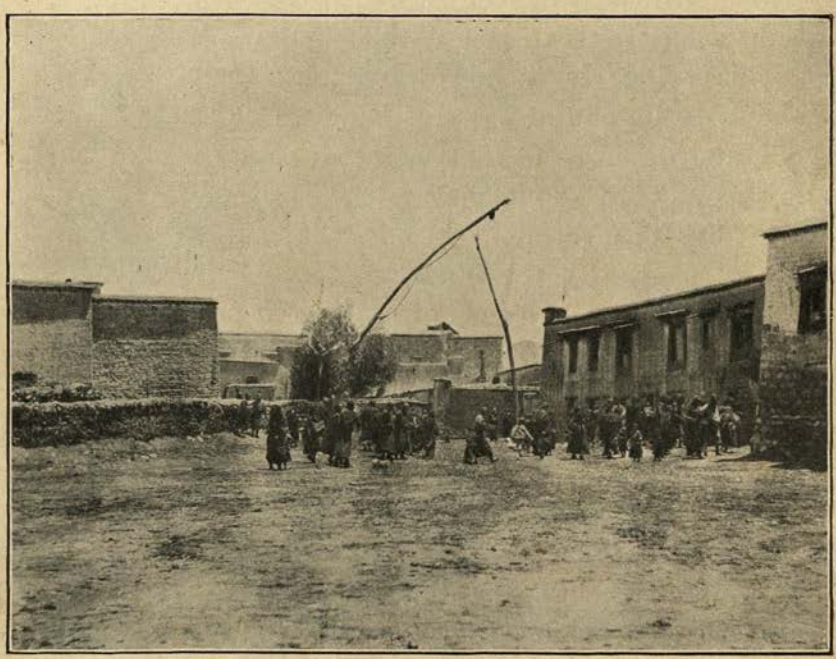
This bridge is reckoned by the Tibetans and the Chinese to be one of the five beauties of Lhasa.* It is a plain structure, and its general character is excellently shown by Countess Helena Gleichen's picture. The tiles must have been brought from China, and in the course of many centuries the blue glaze, which has given the bridge its name, has been worn off from projecting edges and points, and the rich Indian red of the clay mingles most beautifully with the prevailing colour. Inside it is painted with the same dull greenish blue as that with which the Pargo Kaling is decorated. There are small sacred images under the projecting roof at either end of the bridge, and inside there is a decorative design on the lintel of the gates. It stretches across a swampy marsh through which at that season the water was cut-

* These five sights are believed by the Chinese to be, with the exception of the Jo-kang, or, as they call it, the Ta-chao, itself, the most ancient remains in the capital. They seem to be selected on a very curious principle. With the exception of one I have been able to secure a picture of each, and so can allow the reader to judge how far they deserve this high praise :—

(1) The Lu-kang. This is the lake encircling the island pavilion which the Chinese know as Shui-ko-liang-ting. (2) The Lha-lu house, or Tashi-linga. This is the house in which the Commissioner lived ; it is known by the Chinese name of Hua-yüan, or the flower-garden. (3) Chu-jyi-kang, the garden of the classics. I am not certain of the identity of this plantation—more than one of the low-lying gardens near the river might claim the distinction. (4) The Yutok Sampa, or Liu-li-chiao. (5) The main street, now marked by the Residency of the Amban (Chung-ssu-kang).

ting small channels, gay with vivid grass and primulas. Through the Yutok Sampa the road turned sharply to the left and the gate of Lhasa proper was before us ; it is a plain hole in the wall without decoration, and without even a door.

Immediately in front as one penetrates through the wall is a wide open space with a stream of water



Street scene in Lhasa : near the Chinese quarter.

running down between weeds and bushes from the left ; following up this direction with the eye the street is seen to turn into a small square, and at one end of it a gigantic willow-tree towers high above the flat, low-lying roofs. This is the famous tree that grows opposite the western front of the Jo-kang, of which one can from the gate see but the tops of its golden roofs towering above

the dull, flat buildings with which the cathedral is surrounded. In front, and indeed in all other directions, are the squat, uninteresting mud houses of Lhasa. The Chinese quarter, immediately to our right, which in general is far better kept than other parts of a Tibetan community, is as bad as the others. We turned off in this direction through the quarter and emerged imme-

The entrance to the Chinese Residency in Lhasa.

diately into another wide space of which the unevennesses were indicated by great pools of black-scummed water. Under some squalid willows dividing this open space from the gate, the main drain of the town runs fœtidly between black banks, passing beneath the very walls of the Residency. On these stinking eminences herds of black pigs were grouting about among rubbish

heaps more than usually repulsive in their composition. Across the square rose the timber gate of the Amban's reserve, and we cavalcaded across to it, splashing through the water-pools and jostling from their filthy meal the privileged scavengers of the town.

The Residency deserves no long description: you enter and turn to the right between the two usual Chinese "lions," and after passing through a couple of courts overhung with poplars you arrive in the durbar hall, with its red and green hangings and green and gold-flecked doors. It is a poor little room and the ceiling is adorned with irregularly-shaped pieces of paper with a red all-overish pattern. Here we had a durbar, and some excellent little cigars were handed round alternately with tea—made, we were glad to find, after the Chinese habit—and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. Colonel Younghusband intimated to the Amban that it would be as well for all concerned if immediate attention were paid to the reasonable and proper demands of the English. The Amban, as usual, deprecated the foolishness of his Tibetan flock, but seemed more preoccupied with the precariousness of his own position than anything else. His memory dwelt somewhat persistently upon the assassinations which had overtaken two of his predecessors in office; and there could be no doubt about it that he was honestly relieved when our force encamped outside Lhasa.

The concealed band was playing when we arrived, and this again struck up the Oriental melody as we left the place, but the bombs which had been exploded in the Commissioner's honour on our arrival were not repeated, greatly, I think, to everyone's relief, for as the first went off we all feared that Macdonald in the camp outside

would take it as a sign of treachery, and we knew that he had his guns laid on the Potala as we sat in durbar in the city.

We returned by another route, again crossing the black swamp which, it will be remembered, constitutes one of the "five beauties" of Lhasa. We passed into the other open space, which we crossed diagonally towards the sacred willow. We turned up the street I have referred to and passed to the left of the tree in its walled enclosure. This diverted the course of the small column —300 rifles had come in with the Commissioner, and we had as well forty of the comic-opera guard of the Chinese Residency—from passing the actual front of the Jo-kang. I was, however, able to inspect the Do-ring, and get the first glimpse of the Cathedral from inside the small paved enclosure bounded to the east by the timbered and painted portico and hanging draperies of the Jo-kang. A crowd of villainous-looking monks were gathered sullenly before the great barred doors. A description of the Do-ring will be found later on in the chapter dealing with the Jo-kang. I rejoined the column which was making its way up towards the Yabshi house, and thence struck off sharply to the left along the wide road, or rather the continual puddle, which, running between the adobe walls of monasteries or well-wooded gardens, brings you back to the foot of the Potala and thence to the Pargo Kaling gate. It must be confessed that to judge from this itinerary the town itself of Lhasa would compare but badly with the capital of even a third-rate petty chief in India. The buildings lack distinction, though on a closer examination it must be confessed that the walls of the better houses were often soundly built and of strong material. Granite is used in large

splintered blocks for nearly every one of the bigger houses of the town ; but if the original description of the place by Father Andrada had any real foundation, the capital of Tibet has changed sadly for the worse, for not even the kindliest advocate could find in the slosh and filth of every street, or in the ramshackle structures which cumber every available inch of ground beside the heavier houses, the well-paved thoroughfares and dignified architecture which he describes.

About three hundred yards north of the Jo-kang, before reaching the Yabshi turning where the chorten stands, the street edges along a wide open space, chiefly swamp and ruin, across which the Meru gompa can easily be seen. The only interest attaching to this gompa is that, so far as can be ascertained, it has been built over the site of the old Christian chapel. If the actual site of the chapel is not covered by the monastery buildings, it can safely be asserted that the chapel and the surrounding buildings of the mission have been totally destroyed, for a space, clear of all but a few trees, exists on every side of the present Lamasery. The bell of the Mission is still in existence in Lhasa.

The story of this mission has been well told in a recent volume by the Rev. Graham Sandberg. Briefly stated, its somewhat inglorious history is this. In 1708 the Propaganda sent four Capuchin friars from India through Katmandu and Gyantse to Lhasa to found a mission. Three years later the adult conversions claimed by the whole chain of outposts of the " Tibetan mission " were two in number, and as the report from which this is taken included the results of proselytization in Bengal and in Nepal as well as Tibet, it is perhaps possible that no Tibetan had seen reason to change his faith. In

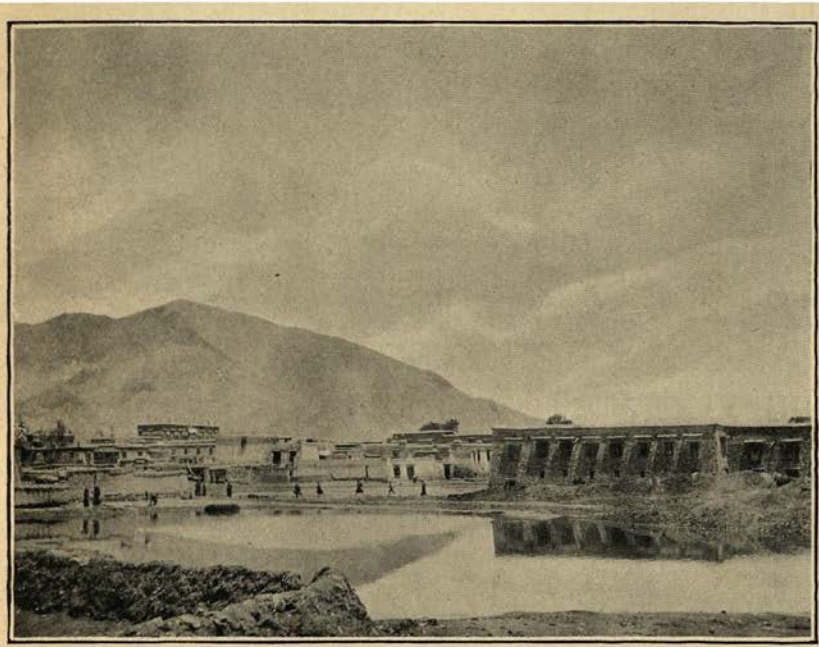
## Street Scene in Lhasa.

THE ROAD IS FLOODED—AS IT GENERALLY IS. BEHIND IS THE CONICAL PEAK OF CHAGPO-RI, AND IN THE FOREGROUND ARE SOME OF THE GROUTING PIGS—THE SCAVENGERS AND CORPSE-EATERS OF LHASA. SHING DONKAR RIDGE IN DISTANCE. *Amber, ochre and Vandyke brown ; distant hills pearl-grey.*

9-6-30

STREET SCENE IN LHASA.

1713, after a gap of two years, missionary effort was again attempted, and in 1715 we find the mission once more established in Lhasa. But these were troublous times, and the active hostility between the Dalai Lama and the Chinese Emperor prevented that tranquillity in which alone lay any hopes of successful work for the worthy friars. They were in continual danger, and even the valiant claim of Father Della Penna to have half con-



Scene in Lhasa. The Meru gompa rises in the distance to the left.

verted the Dalai Lama himself does not convince the student that any serious ground had been gained. Mr. Sandberg gives in full the terms of a document granting permission to build a Christian chapel to the Capuchins. Unfortunately a flood in Lhasa in the following year, 1725, was attributed by the people to the desecration

of the sacred soil of the city by the erection of a heretical place of worship. Things became so serious that the regent of Tibet himself issued a proclamation affirming that the cause of the late floods had been declared by the head of the Sam-ye monastery to be not the erection of this chapel, but the sins and wickedness of the Tibetans themselves. The little church was finished and eleven Christians were present at its consecration; of this number four or five were, of course, accounted for by the monks themselves, and by the admission of Della Penna himself, the majority of the eleven were Newaris—that is, half-caste Nepalese, whose previous religion was almost certainly Mahommedanism. It is even said that the Grand Lama himself visited the chapel.

Some years before, the Jesuits in Rome, with their proverbial jealousy, had prevailed upon the Propaganda to send two of their number, for no other purpose than that of spying upon the work of the mission in Lhasa. It can be imagined what effect was caused by the presence together in Lhasa of rival representatives of two Christian communities, who could not carry on the sacred work with which they were entrusted without betraying to the inhabitants the unfortunate dissensions of their Christian visitors. Ippolito Desideri, with a Eurasian companion, Manuel Freyre, arrived in Lhasa for this purpose on March 18th, 1716, and although a kind of armed neutrality subsisted between the two factions, it was probably a relief to all concerned when Pope Clement sent a peremptory order in 1721 that Desideri and his companion should leave the country. After a long stay in India he returned to Rome and he set forth the case for the prosecution. The Propaganda, however, after four years' deliberation, decided in favour

of the Capuchins, but this was only twelve months before the flame of Christianity again flickered out in Lhasa in the year 1733.

In 1740, as the result of a direct appeal to Rome by Father Della Penna, this worthy man again set out with one Cassiano Beligatti, of Macerata, and reached Lhasa on the 5th of January, 1741. The old buildings were re-occupied, but the opposition of the lamas was destined to achieve its end, and on April 20th, 1745, after four years of dispiriting ill-success, that fine old warrior, Della Penna, with tears in his eyes, turned his back for the last time upon Lhasa and the darling project of his life. It was the death of the poor old man, who three months later was laid to rest in the little cemetery of Pathan.

By anyone who has seen the place there can hardly be conceived a more despairing and disheartening field for missionary effort than that provided by Lhasa.

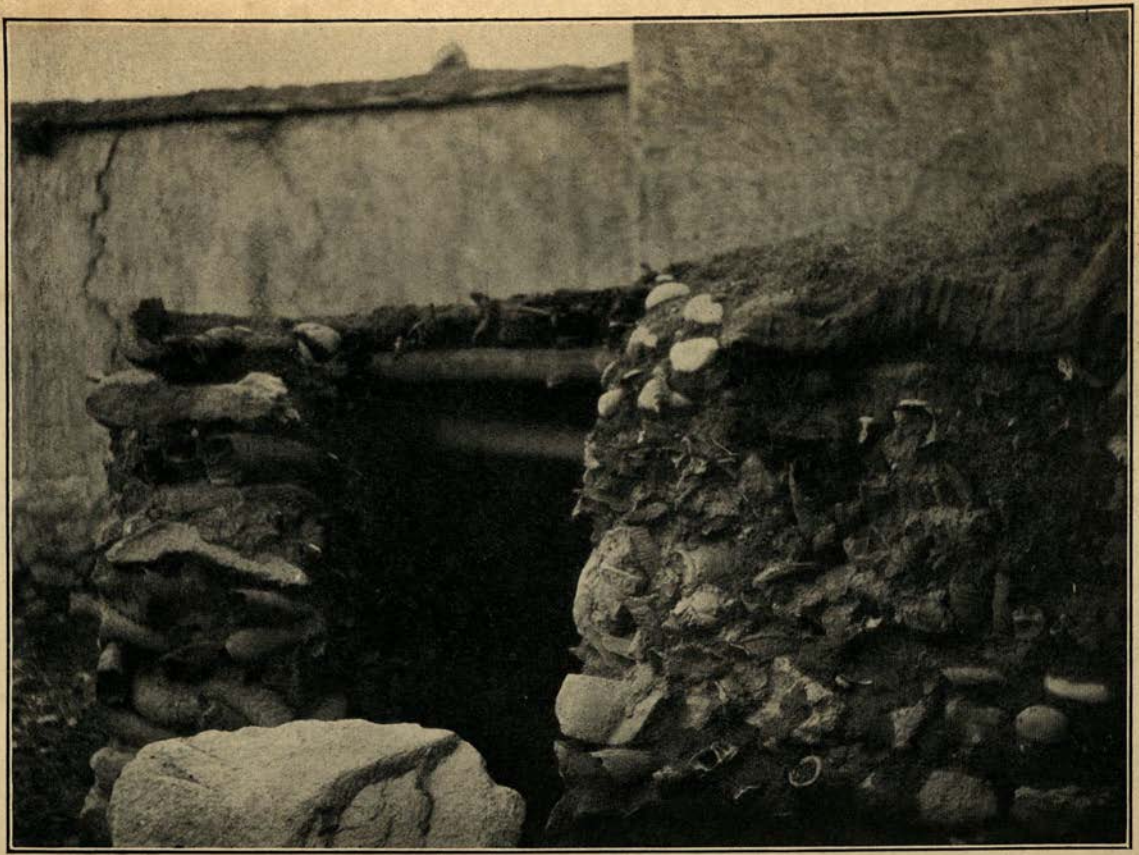
Lhasa, it has been said, must be conceived as a town of low uninteresting houses herded together in an aimless confusion, but beyond question the most ragged and disreputable quarter of all is that occupied by the famous tribe of Ragyabas, or beggar-scavengers. These men are also the breakers up of the dead. It is difficult to imagine a more repulsive occupation, a more brutalised type of humanity, and, above all, a more abominable and foul sort of hovel than those which are characteristic of these men. Filthy in appearance, half-naked, half-clothed in obscene rags, these nasty folk live in houses which a respectable pig would refuse to occupy. A photograph is appended of a characteristic hut; it is about four feet in height, compounded of filth and the

horns of cattle.* These men exact high fees for disposing ceremonially of dead bodies. The limbs and trunk of the deceased person are hacked apart and exposed on low flat stones until they are consumed by the dogs, pigs and vultures with which Lhasa swarms. The flesh of the pigs is highly esteemed in Lhasa, and indeed to the taste it is as good as most pork; but after you have seen the Ragyaba quarter and heard the story of the manner in which the Tibetans dispose of their dead, you will be little inclined to eat it again.

Chandra Das reports that these Ragyabas are recognised by the authorities as a tribe of refuge for all the rascals in the country, whose place of origin cannot be ascertained; he also mentions a curious legend that if a day passes without a burial, if the word may be used, ill-fortune is certain to overtake Lhasa.† Recruited from such sources, accustomed to live among surroundings more disgusting by far than those of the Australian

* This horn masonry is one of the best known characteristics of Lhasa. So far as I know it is found nowhere else in the world, and therefore deserves a passing mention. It is of two kinds. Of the one sort a photograph is given on page 213, showing the exquisite regularity and care with which these horns are at times inserted into the mortared surface of a wall, which internally is also strengthened by a rubble also composed of the same material. In other cases no outside covering is attempted, and the horns are simply thrust into a mass of mud wall which probably does not survive the year. Of this latter class are the Ragyaba huts, of which the accompanying representation is a good example.

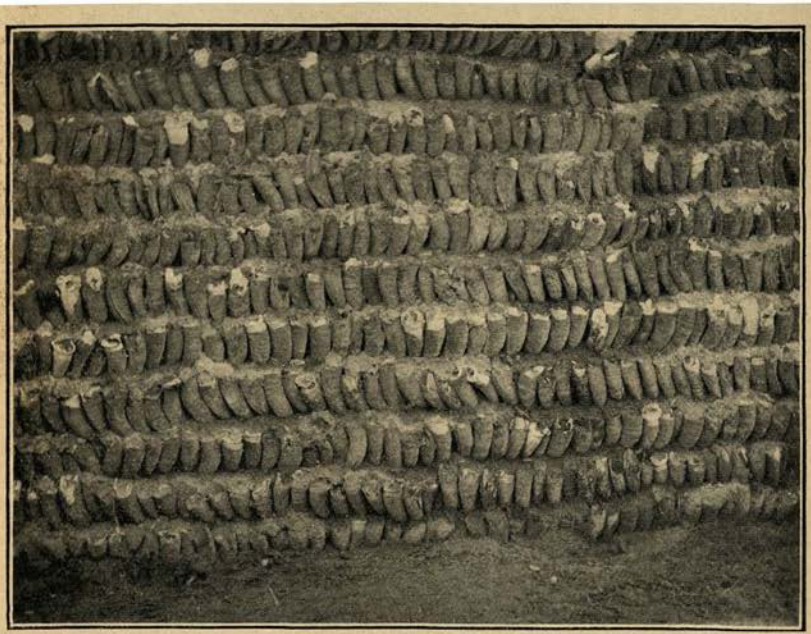
† Three other incidents are said to portend disaster to the country:— (1) It has long been a proverb that when the snow ceased to fall the English would arrive in Lhasa. This, of course, was tantamount to never, but it was so far justified on the present occasion that never within the memory of the oldest Tibetan had so little snow fallen upon the passes to the south. (2) Disaster shall overtake Tibet when rice grows at Phari. If it were true that disaster could only come in this way the Tibetans might indeed feel themselves secure, though I believe Mr. Walsh made an amusing but entirely unsuccessful attempt to make use of the short Tibetan summer at Phari for the purpose of planting a miniature and carefully-tended paddy-field. (3) The lowness of the waters in the great lakes is a further sign of impending trouble. By common consent the waters of the Bam tso and of the Kala tso had never been lower.



A typical mud and horn hut of a Ragyaba. It is about four feet high.

aborigines, this guild presents a study which cannot fail to be of interest to the ethnologist : the more ordinary traveller will soon have seen sufficient of this loathsome tribe.*

These men compose the only community peculiar to Lhasa. For the rest, lay and cleric alike, the inhabitants are similar to those of the rest of Tibet. There



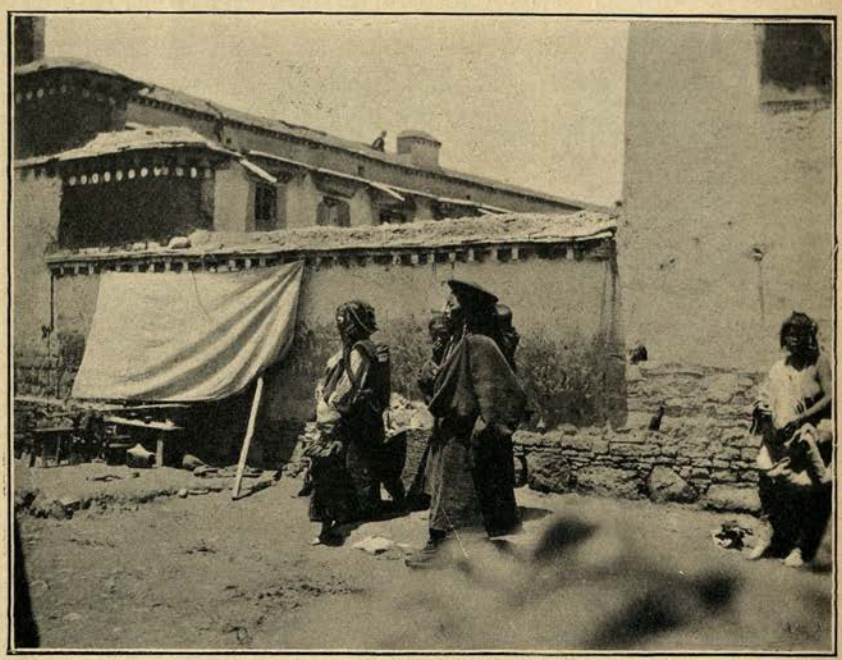
This is an example—the best in Lhasa—of the famous horn-masonry which is characteristic of the place, and noted by every traveller to the city.

is indeed but one difference even in the dress. In the province of Tsang, as will be remembered, the women use a turquoise studded halo as a head-dress ; in Lhasa a fillet ornamented in the same way is bound close down over their Madonna-parted hair. The two braids are

* They are, as a rule, considered outcast from every profession or circle except their own, but on one occasion the Dalai Lama enlisted the Ragyabas into the Lhasa regiment to replace the losses which that corps had sustained at Guru.

then fluffed out on either side and fall down over the shoulders. It is one of the most becoming ways of doing the hair that I have ever seen, and for a certain type the entire dress of a woman of Lhasa would be a not unbecoming costume for a fancy dress ball at home.

The dress of both men and women is very similar ;



In Lhasa.

there is a single undergarment and one heavy native cloth robe, dun or crimson in colour and usually patched, which both sexes pull in round the waist with a girdle—the men pouching it at the waist to form the only pocket that they use. Into this fold of his over-garment the Tibetan slips everything which he will need throughout the day, the little wooden bowls in which he eats his meals, a brass pot with which to do his cooking, a pair of

shoes perhaps, and certainly one or two gau-os or charm boxes. These last are at Lhasa larger than elsewhere, and are often finished with extreme delicacy; the silver front of the better class of gau-o is often beautifully chased in a design which strongly resembles good Italian work of the seventeenth century. A good specimen will sometimes measure five inches by four by two, and it will contain a heterogeneous mass of paper prayers and charms and objects specially blessed, such as grain, or pills containing the remains of the body of deceased lamas, just as in other parts of Tibet. The high officials of state add gold and brocade to their dress in an increasing amount until the position of sha-pé is reached, when the entire robe is of vivid orange yellow brocaded silk, lined with blue; the hat of the sha-pé is a Chinese cap of yellow silk turned up with black velvet, and the coral or second-class Chinese button is almost invariably worn upon it.*

The variety of hats at Lhasa is extraordinary. Almost every conceivable form of headgear is to be found there, from a yellow woollen Britannia's helmet to a varnished and gilded wooden pot with a wide circular brim. One shape suggests an inverted flower-pot bearing upon the top a much larger flower-pot the right way up; others

* In China itself the use of these buttons is carefully regulated, though every man is permitted by custom to wear the button of one higher class than his own; this, however, does not apply to the use of the first-class button, a transparent red colour, which is used by the royal family alone. The second-class is of opaque pink, the third of transparent blue, the fourth opaque blue, the fifth of transparent crystal, the sixth opaque white. Below this comes the gold button, which may be worn by anyone, and is, therefore, hardly worn at all. The use of these buttons in Tibet by officials of different classes is very clearly laid down, but no attention whatever is paid to the rules. The coral button, which is the highest permitted to anyone in the land, is apparently used by any and every one who cares to buy it. These remarks do not, of course, apply to the Chinese Viceroy and his staff, who naturally keep to the stricter rules of their own country.

are high Welsh hats of yellow silk with a "cap of maintenance" turn-up of black or yellow, while one most remarkable of all is nothing else than a circular pleated crimson lamp-shade with a four-inch valance or flounce of the same material. The most artistic headgear in Lhasa is that of the servants of the Nepalese Resident. These men wear tightly-fitting black leather caps with a plain band running round them, bearing a flame-shaped ornament of gold or silver, held in its place in front by a plain twisted claw of the same material running back on both sides to just above the ears. The Tongsa Penlop himself still went abroad with bare feet and his uncloven Homburg hat.

The Nepalese Resident met us when we reached Lhasa. One is reminded of him at this moment because his overcoat was one of the most gorgeous pieces of Oriental embroidery I had ever seen; quietly dressed in all other respects and personally an unassuming man, his outer garment made him recognisable at a distance of a mile. It was of delicate pink satin sewn all over with silver and gold lace and imitation pearls, latticing down some really very fine flower embroidery in myrtle green and rose. He is a shrewd man, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for the commonsense advice he always gave the Tibetans.

To return to the features of Lhasa. The Ling-kor, or Sacred Way, encloses the city and Potala palace, as has been described, with a loop of road, sometimes twenty feet wide, sometimes hardly three. It is now a wide sandy expanse from which the noonday sun is fiercely beaten back; now a cool firm path under the shade of the poplars of the Lu-kang; now an up-and-down bridle-track worn smooth and slippery by millions of naked

footfalls along the limestone cliffs overhanging the Kyi chu itself; now a part of the filthy swine-infested street which skirts the dirty Ragyaba quarter, three inches deep in black iridescent mud.

From dawn to dusk along this road moves a procession, men and women, monks and laymen. They shuffle along

Inside the Lu-kang gardens at Lhasa.

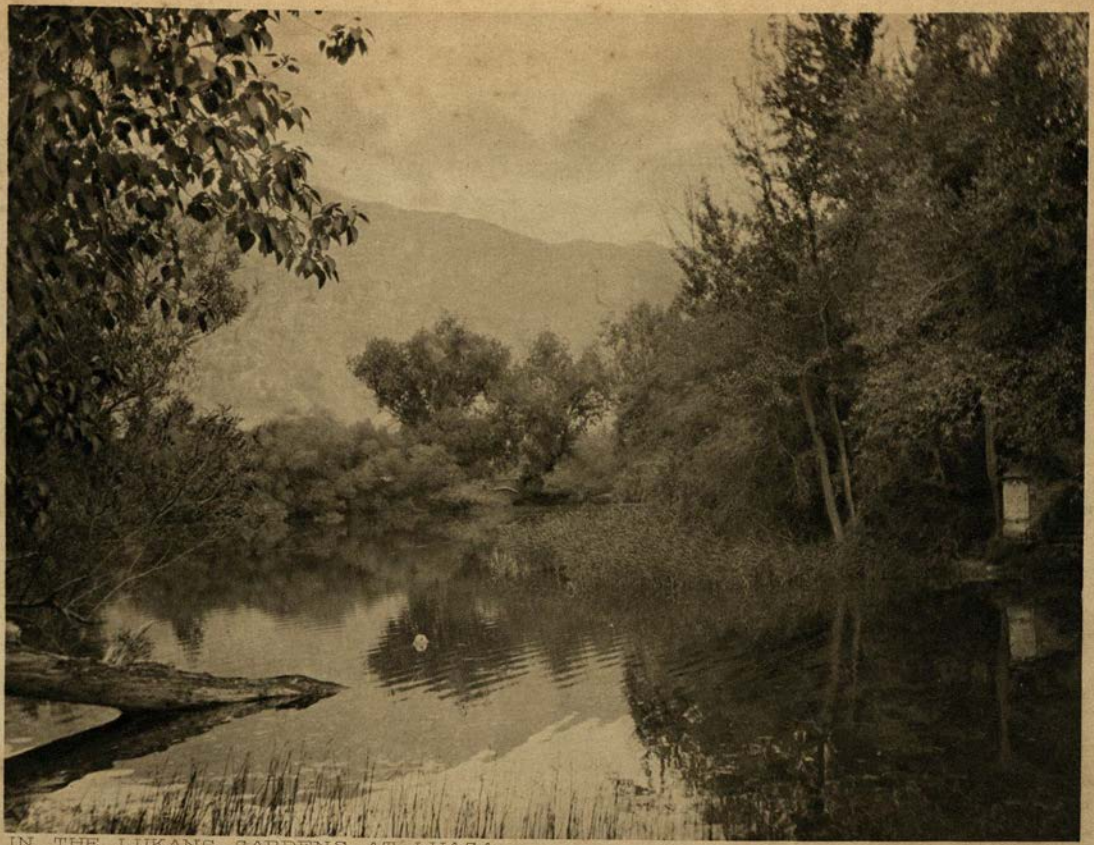
slowly, not unwilling now and then to exchange a word with a companion overtaken—they all go round the same way and therefore they meet no one—but, as a rule, with a vacant look of abstraction from all earthly things they swing their prayer-wheels and mutter ceaselessly beneath their breath the sacred formula which shuts for them the doors of their six hells. Let us go round with them.

Coming in from the west one turns off into the road

just by the patch of cocks, passing the grimy and squalid yak-hair tents of the beggars, where dogs crawl in and out, and in the intervals give themselves up to the same necessary and Oriental occupation as do their masters and mistresses. A field of barley and peas is on the right hand, and on the left the sand revetments of the Kaling chu. Four hundred yards on the Ling-kor takes a sharp turn to the right after passing a green swamp in which the pollard willows stand ankle-deep in clear brown pools; on the left the sand-bank which we here leave still hides from the pilgrim all sight of the valley to the west. Hard by there is a group of tall poplars standing sentinel at the corner of a plantation of lower trees, and the glaucous willow-thorn at their foot is weighed down with yellow clematis, partly in flower, partly in silver-threaded fluff. Over all towers up the wide back of the Potala. The turn of the Ling-kor here encloses the Lu-kang, which lies at the foot of the Marpo-ri. This is beyond question the most beautiful thing in Lhasa, and the Chinese, as we have seen, have recognised it by putting it first among the five beauties of the place. It is a still lake of clear brown water, fringed with reeds and overhung with willows and other trees of great age, and it lies low in green-wooded glades, where overhead the branches meet. Under foot the turf is fine and springy, and in every direction the wealth of undergrowth hides from one the fact that it is after all a comparatively small garden. In the centre of the lake is an island entirely covered with trees and margined all round with huge rushes. An old flight of stone steps betrays in the foliage a scarcely visible pavilion with a blue-tiled and gilded roof; here a teal rises from the reeds as one approaches, and over them the "thin blue needle of the dragon-fly"

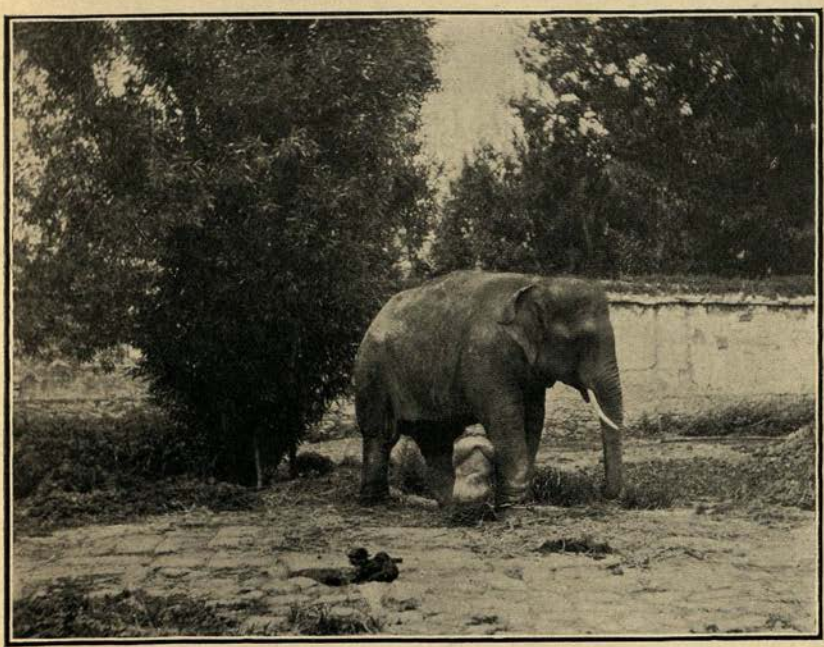
In the Lukang Gardens in Lhasa.

THIS PICTURE REALLY COLOURS ITSELF. *Ten shades of green, golden light on distant mountain and in sky.*



IN THE LUKANG GARDENS AT LHASA.

is poised in myriads. Scarlet, green, dun, light-blue and dark-blue, barred, ribbed, transparent or mailed, the dragon-flies vibrate motionless over every piece of water in this water-logged city, but the Lu-kang and Lha-lu are their favourite haunts. The Lu-kang, or serpent-house, is so named because of the common belief that in the



The surviving elephant at Lhasa in his compoun at Lu-kang.

central island lives a serpent devil who needs an annual propitiation to keep flood waters from the town; the tradition re-appears also in a part of the Jo-kang itself, where the underground waters can be reached through a narrow and dark channel, and at the Lha-lu house a quarter of a mile away from the Lu-kang across the swamps. In each of these places there is approximately

the same tradition connected with the supposed underground lake, which is ever ready to engulf the sacred city.* Immediately to the left as one enters the Lu-kang is the courtyard, in which the solitary elephant of Tibet is kept. He had a companion on the journey up from India destined for the Grand Lama of Tashi-lhunpo, but that one died—it would naturally have been that one.

The Ling-kor runs on through barley fields to the east until it reaches the green trees overhanging the wall of the Royal Pastures at Re-ting, where the late regent, put to death in prison by the present Grand Lama ten years ago, had his residence. The temporary regent, whom we found in occupation in Lhasa, did not take up his residence here, as he had been appointed for a special emergency only. Soon after this Ramo-che is passed on the right hand. This somewhat uninteresting temple is reckoned in Tibetan eyes as inferior to the Jo-kang alone, and claims a clearly impossible antiquity ; it is a mediæval building of an undistinguished type, and the gilded roof is the prettiest thing about it. It contains, according to Chandra Das, only a collection of military relics, shields, spears, drums and swords and the image of King Srong-tsan-gambo's Nepalese wife. Nothing is more remarkable in Lhasa than the interior destitution of every temple except the Jo-kang itself. Nothing has been allowed to compete in even the most timid way with this august repository of the faith. The only other temple which is of peculiar interest besides the

* It is not unlikely that this bogey has been created, or, at any rate, perpetuated, at the Lu-kang to scare away trespassers from the favourite picnicking ground of the Dalai Lama. His windows look out from the back directly down upon the Lu-kang. No well in Lhasa need be more than six feet deep, a fact which undoubtedly lies at the root of the subterranean lake theory

Jo-kang is the temple of the Chief Magician outside the walls, of which a full description will be given elsewhere.

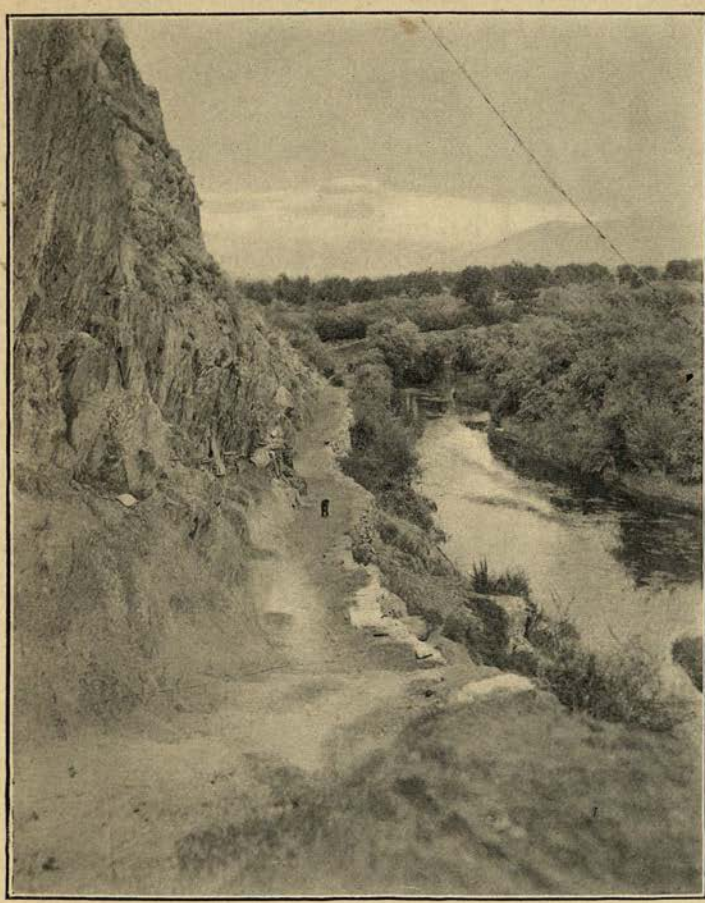
Still going onwards, the Ling-kor, now a pebbly length of banked-up causeway, curves round to enclose the Meru gompa on the extreme north-east of the town ; here it touches the deep irrigation channels which drain off the water from the swamps in this direction, flat, treacherous and wickedly green. This water-course is bridged by the Min-duk Sampa, or bridge of the Pleiades, over which the Chinese trade route runs into the city. The Ling-kor here becomes acquainted with strange surroundings, and it becomes but a dirty and befouled track running between houses of increasing squalor and disrepute. Thrust out on the eastern side are the shambles of Lhasa, for life may not be taken within the sacred precincts of the city, as was noted by Friar Oderic more than five hundred years ago. But this respect does not prevent the *via sacra* of the faith from being used as a refuse heap for the raw scraps of bone and skin, and ugly red flesh from the butchers' shops which are thrown here to be mouthed and quarrelled over by mangy dogs and the outlying scouts of the pig battalion.

The Ling-kor, now curving round the eastern side of the city, skirts the quarter where, as everywhere else in the world, the poor are congregated, and there are on all sides broken-down hovels with unrepaired holes, and empty window-holes grimy with the continual fog of smoke inside. On our left hand as we go round beside the swampy flats of Pala, which stretch out westwards towards the distant river, the treacherous quagmire comes right up to the causeway on which the Ling-kor is now raised, though here and there a square plot of ground has been reclaimed from the morass and

nourishes good barley, or a small plantation is set about a tiny poor house. But bad as this quarter is, it is respectability itself compared with the Ragyaba quarter, which we shall reach the moment we turn the corner to the right and begin to retrace our steps westward to Chagpo-ri and the Pargo Kaling. But before we reach the corner we notice the great heap of stones, another relic of the piety of pilgrims, who here lose or catch their first sight of the Potala palace.* As we retraverse the Ragyaba quarter the remembrance of a previous day is outrun by the reality of the moment; the foulness of these homes is equal to but, I think, more repulsive than that of Phari. It is true it is confined to a small quarter in Lhasa, but there is not here the saving grace of bitter cold to excuse, and possibly mitigate, the dirt and stench, and as one rode through them one could hardly imagine that one's own brothers and sisters of the human race were actually content to live in these low piggeries scattered here and there over the reeking black mud, which had long been churned into a greasy soup by the picking feet of the black swine that swarm throughout the quarter. Yet, strangely enough, here are

* I have said that pilgrims on the sacred way move always the way of the sun. But if the explanation of the heap of stones, which was given me by a lama, is true, it is clear that a certain number must go in the opposite direction, for the heap of stones to which I refer is placed exactly where the sight of the Potala is lost, not gained, by one going round the sacred way in the usual manner. On this whole question of the rotation of Lamaism I have throughout given the conventionally held view rather than a personal one. It is perfectly true that chortens and such things are passed on the road, as a rule, by the wayfarer keeping to his left. It is true that prayer-wheels are generally swung in the same direction, but on two occasions I have noticed on the sacred way itself an intelligent-looking monk briskly wheeling his prayer instrument in the opposite direction, and the ready explanation of some that this was a monk of the Beun-pa will not hold good, for the men were certainly following the usual circuit. The question of the swastika I have already alluded to, and I am inclined to think that although what I have said is, without doubt, the general rule of the faith, yet less importance is attached to it than is generally suppose

the flowers of Lhasa. In these foul surroundings they bloom better than elsewhere—clean, upstanding hollyhocks, radiant of gentility; old-world stocks, with dainty



The Ling-kor or Sacred Way round Lhasa: the trang to the south beside the rock cliff.

crimson flowers and fine grey-green leaves; nasturtiums trailing their torn trumpets of fire, opal and gold, over the carrion filth of these decaying walls. It reminded one

of the jewelled butterflies wheeling over the dirt of the Riang road.

On the left is a row of willows hedging about a water meadow, across which are two of the "lings," or gardens, which surround Lhasa.* Soon after this the wide black pools which mark the clearing in front of the Amban's house appear to the right, but the Ling-kor runs on below the willow-trees on the left, to the green plantations which have now taken the place of the houses; for now Lhasa proper has been left behind and we are moving along the southern side of the woodland waste between it and the Potala palace. The town has given place to the woodland, and the woodland will soon give place to the rock. Seven hundred yards on through this green avenue with a stream beside us moistening the roots of the willows brings the pilgrim to a sharp upstanding spur of stone.

It is not one of the least extraordinary things connected with Lhasa that no visitor, traveller, or spy seems to have made the complete circuit of the Ling-kor. Not only are the maps we possess consistently wrong in a matter about which no mistake can possibly be made by anyone who has seen the place, but no account or description has hitherto been given of one of the most remarkable features of Lhasa. The steep limestone cliffs fall sharply down beside the running stream which here is merged into the wide flood of the Kyi chu. One of the channels of this river actually washes the base of this limestone outcrop, and the path has been cut out of the rock three feet wide in

* It was in one of these that the Commissioner was invited to take up his residence on his arrival in the city, but the place was inconvenient for many reasons and the Lha-lu house was chosen instead.

## On the Ling-kor.

THE OLD MONK, STILL WHIRLING HIS PRAYER-WHEEL, TURNED TO WATCH ME, AS HE WAS MAKING HIS PERAMBULATION. *Grey, ochre, strong greens, amber, lavender, blue and white, monk's robe crimson.*

ON THE LING-KOR, LHASA.

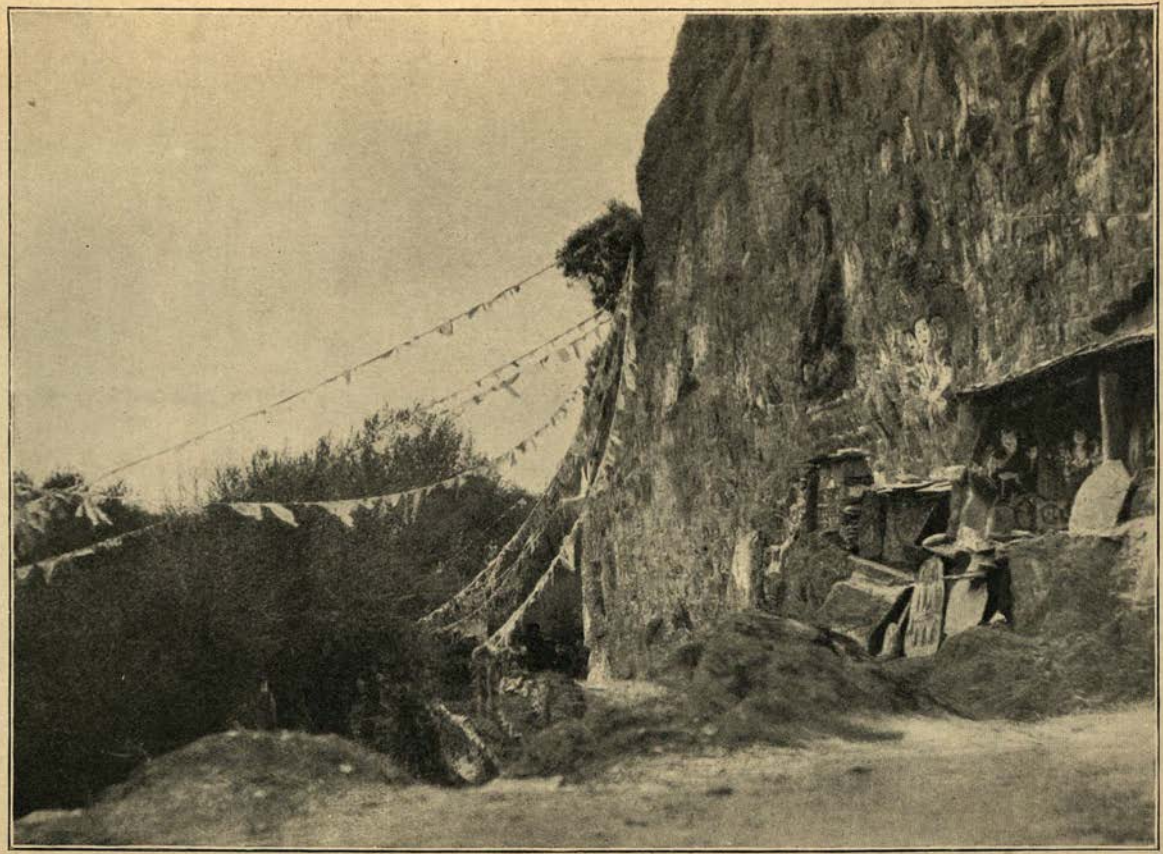
the manner of the ordinary mountain trang. It slowly rises to a height of nearly a hundred feet, almost every yard of the way being marked by images, chortens,

The Ling-kor : Descending the rock.

or deep-cut mantras on the rock. Flat stones in innumerable quantities, bearing the unvarying formula, are carefully set up on end; tens of thousands of little clay medals, bearing some religious impress, are strewn on

every ledge. On the top of this ascent one looks away over the wide waste of the Kyi chu river, and there are few sights in the world more beautiful than that which here meets the eye. Far and wide the sunlit river stretches its shallows; one could almost believe that Lhasa was an island in a lake, and the picturesque foliage of the trees and flowers that rise at the foot of the long slaty cliffs, just where the southern sunshine washes them all day and the rock gives out its warmth to them all night, are more luxuriant than anywhere else beside the sacred way. The Ling-kor descends here somewhat abruptly, finding a foothold at the base of the rocks by which you may climb from here to Chagpo-ri—it is as it were the sprawled near hind-leg of the couching lion of stone.

Now the most impressive sight of all the Ling-kor is in front of us. It is a gigantic rock, flat and facing the stream squarely; the whole surface is a close set gallery of Buddhas of all sizes and colours, jostling each other's knees in their profusion; at a distance in the sunlight it looks as if a vast carpet of vivid colour has been thrown over the face of the rock. There can hardly be less than twenty thousand of these figures, the majority being small images but two inches high, cut in symmetrical rows by hundreds upon a convenient surface of the rock itself, or propped up on detached slabs against the cliff side. Others, from nine inches to two feet in height, cover the entire surface of the great rock disposed round the big Buddha in the centre. He is twenty feet in height, and below him in enormous gaudy letters of the deepest relief is the parent mantra of all the "*om mani padme hums*" of Tibet. Each letter is cut six feet in height out of the living rock, and the total length of the



The Sacred Rock on the Sacred Way. The whole surface of the rock is vividly painted.

text must be thirty feet at least; the colours of the letters follow each other in this order—white, green, yellow, slate, blue, red, and dark indigo.*

Twenty yards on there are two small flat houses in a garden of their own, where the road turns inwards a little, and the path passes away into a wide and well-kept road, fringed on either side by green plantations overhanging adobe walls. A hundred yards later a common is reached, which the Ling-kor encloses by making a sharp right-angled turn at the opposite side of it. Strictly speaking, the pilgrim should throughout his circumambulation keep to the actual track, but the slant across the common which cuts the corner is suspiciously well worn. Another point at which a deviation is apparently made is in the omission of that part of the Ling-kor which goes outside the Lu-kang. Here my syce met an old friend whom he had known in Gangtok in former days, and though she was obviously off the main route, she still assured Tsering that she was performing the ceremonial circuit. After all, your Tibetan is a very human person.

A quarter of a mile further on the road, still running

* This is the sacred sequence, and I was glad to find in this classical example in Lhasa corroboration of the frequent notes that I had made on the way up; the cover of this book bears the famous mantra. It is to be noted that the colouring of the last symbol but one carefully distinguishes between the D and the M of which it is composed, the upper symbol D belonging strictly to the previous syllable *pa*; the colouring of the vowel sound E above it indicates the relationship of the vowel to the under-written M, both being tinted red. The Lamaic tradition attaches considerable importance to the proper distincton of the vowels of this great formula.

This difference in colour between the D and the vowel mark above it is in this case almost the only remaining proof that there ever was an M at all, for the whole of the rock at this most holy point has been worn into the most gigantic "cup-mark" in the world. There is a smooth, worn hole three or four feet in depth and height and five feet in length, from or into which the pious either throw, or take, a pebble, for the dust of it is accounted miraculous in its efficacy for diseases of both soul and body.

north, meets our starting-point underneath the rock on which the Chinese temple stands. At this point, it will be remembered that the buildings and gardens of the Kun-de-ling press upon the road itself. These "lings" —the word literally means a garden—are four in number; they represent four lamaic colleges from among whose members the regent of the Dalai Lama was in old days invariably chosen. From this rule an apparent exception was made in the middle of last century, and if the sudden demise of the Dalai Lama should make it necessary for the hierarchy to elect a new regent, it is more than probable that they would select someone from De-bung or another of the great monasteries outside the walls in whose hands the political power is now wholly vested. The tradition, however, has in the past been a useful check upon intrigue. Of the other lings, Tengye-ling is a large but uninteresting building which one passes on the right, if, instead of branching down to the Yutok road from the Potala palace, one keeps straight along by the road which, as I have noticed on the occasion of our first entrance into Lhasa, is as a rule one continuous puddle. Here the Tongsa Penlop took up his abode, with unerring judgment, for Tengye-ling is quite the most comfortable of the four. If, however, his followers adopted the same methods in Lhasa as had marked their progress to the city, it is more than likely that the sacred treasures of Tengye-ling have been seriously reduced in number by this time. Chomo-ling is an insignificant structure, almost concealed in trees, not far from Ramo che, and the fourth and last is Tsecho-ling, which is outside the city altogether, across the river to the south.

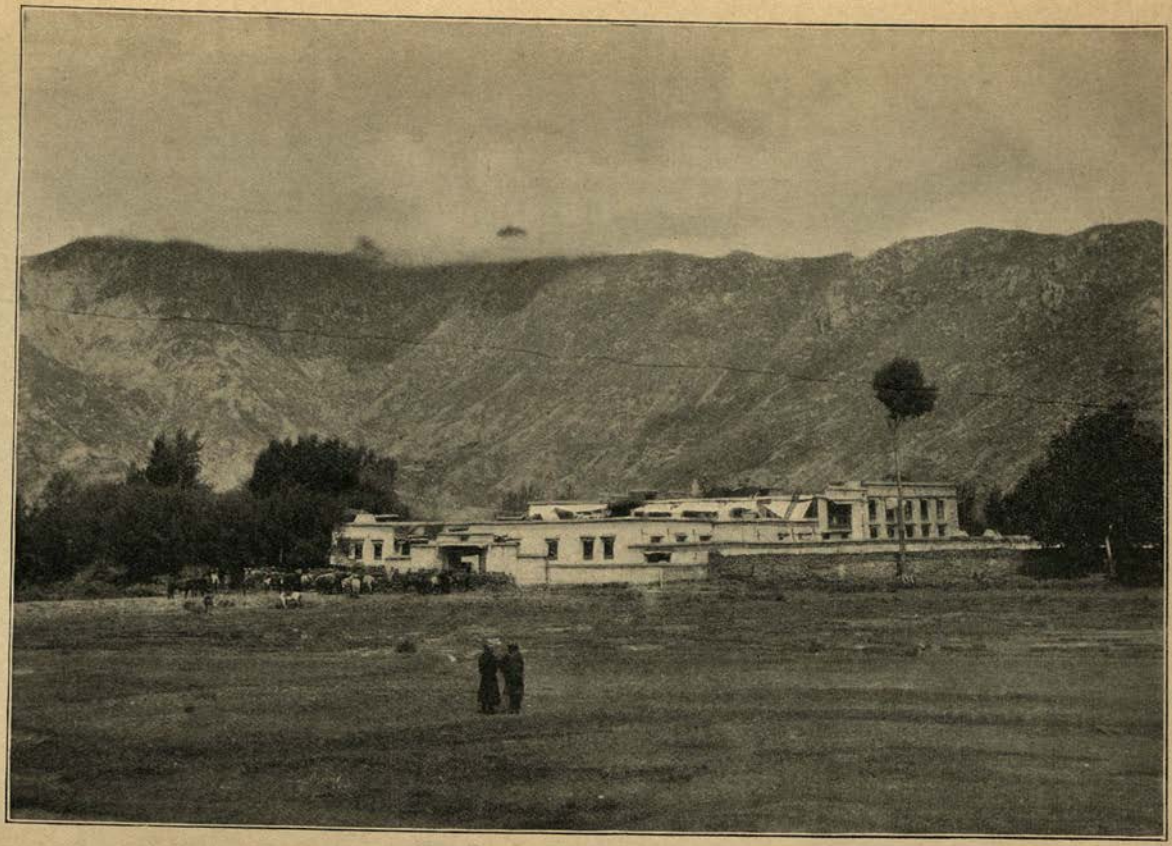
With this brief survey of the course taken by the

Ling-kor this chapter must end, though we shall have to return across its sacred ribbon when the gem of all that lies within it is to be described, and the reader will be asked to penetrate with me into that holiest of all holies, the Jo-kang, or the very " place of God " itself.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ENVIRONS OF LHASA.

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival in Lhasa, Colonel Younghusband had asked that a proper residence should be provided for him. To this request there was, of course, the usual Tibetan demur, more the result of habit than intention, whereupon the Colonel announced his willingness, and, if some action were not at once taken by the Lhasan officials, his intention to occupy Norbu-ling, the summer residence of the Grand Lama just outside the Ling-kor and within a few hundred yards of the point on which our camp had been pitched. This veiled threat brought the Tibetans to some sense of the respect that must be paid to the English representative, and they even went so far as to say that any one of the houses of the Sha-pés was at his disposal if only he would leave Norbu-ling alone. In the end Lha-lu house, the finest private residence in Tibet, was placed at the Commissioner's disposal, and the Mission moved into it on August 12th. The reason of this perturbation on the part of the Tibetans was simply that Norbu-ling is the summer residence of the Dalai Lama. It has a perfectly square garden or plantation, surrounded by a well-built wall, each side being a quarter of a mile in length, and to secure greater seclusion—though it is difficult to imagine what trespassing can be possible over this stout barrier—a second



Lha-lu House, Lhasa : this, the finest private house in Tibet, was the residence of the Commissioner during the stay of the Expedition at Lhasa.

wall has been built inside the outer barrier for nearly its whole extent. Inside this again is a house and a temple of no pretensions whatever, save that, from the distance, a small gilded roof and half-a-dozen golden "gyan-tsens" distinguish it somewhat. The only acquaintance we ever had with the interior of Norbu-ling was that obtained by looking down upon the whole plain of Lhasa from the high crest of the hill across the river. No member of the force penetrated into the enclosed garden, and therefore the vague stories we were told about it by the natives are all that there is to report. They really seemed to know as little of the interior as ourselves. It was built in its present form only eight years ago, and as a residence for the Dalai Lama does not claim a greater antiquity than 1870. The trees bear out this statement, for they are nearly all of small dimensions. The Dalai Lama lives here for two months in the summer, observing the same state as before, and hedged about with an even greater seclusion than that which marks him at his palace on the rock a mile away. There was a rumour during our stay in Lhasa that the Dalai Lama was actually in hiding in Norbu-ling, and it is beyond question that a large number of European rifles were stored in this pleasure house. The Dalai Lama, however, when once he had turned his back upon the people committed to his charge, never looked back, and if the latest reports, at the time of writing, be true, the soon-to-be-deposed pontiff must have made his way hot-foot to Urga, in Mongolia, where he remains the unwelcome guest of his spiritual brother, the Taranath Lama.

The outer walls of Norbu-ling are, as I have said,

of splendid workmanship, and they offer a good example of the peculiar stone-laying of Lhasa. Divided by lines, three "stretchers" deep, of stone almost as thin as a tile, the greater blocks are ranged in courses separated from each other by splinters of granite set horizontally and symmetrically between the bigger lumps. This is the universal method of laying the masonry of Lhasa; it will be found throughout the province of U and in rare cases in Tsang also, but we found it is specially characteristic of Lhasa, though I do not know how far the custom has extended to the East. The upper part of this wall is friezed above a string course with maroon red and at the south-east corner there is a curious and unexpected symbol of a religion with which Lamaism should have nothing in common. Half-way along the southern side, where there is but fifteen yards between the water of the Kyi chu and the wall, is a latticed projection containing about 430 small, well-designed images of the Master, and one strangely inconsequent white china figure of a lady on a beast, which might have come from Germany. Here, there was good fishing and beside this little shrine the "Nightmare"* put off his panoply of war and deftly drew the mud-barbel from the waters of the Kyi chu.

As we have said, this haunt was left inviolate, and the Mission established itself at the Lha-lu house. This is a large and substantial building, seven or eight hundred yards away from the Lu-kang ford of the Kaling-

* This we found to our amusement was Captain Ottley's recognised name among the Tibetans. There is a good deal to be said for the applicability and picturesqueness of the title, and its universal adoption by the Tibetans betrays the terror with which the ubiquitous mounted infantry inspired the people along the road. The work done by Captain Peterson and Lieut. Bailey in the same corps was invaluable.

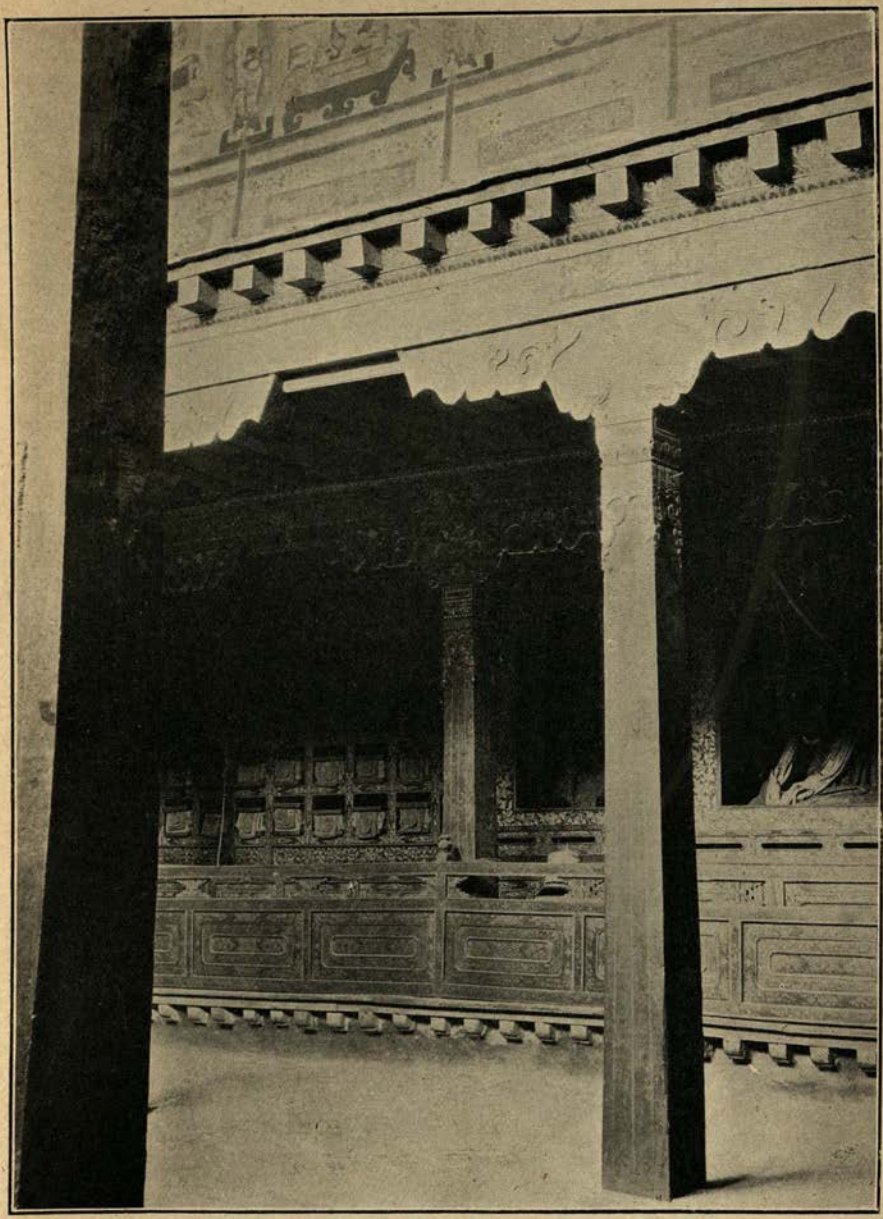
The courtyard of the Lha-lu House at Lhasa. Colonel Younghusband's room was that immediately under the flag.

chu, twelve hundred yards north-west from Potala. There is a road across the marsh to it so that one may arrive there dryshod, but, like most other places on the Plain of Milk, the luxuriance of its gardens and plantations is greatly due to the fact that the soil is saturated with water. This, it will be remembered, is one of the five beautiful things, and well it deserves the name. Always excepting the Lu-kang, there is nothing in Lhasa, not even the vegetation near the Sacred Rock, that equals the luxuriance of this spot.

The house itself is built round a large, open quadrangle with galleries on three sides of it in the usual way; the northern side of this quadrangle is the southern wall of the main house, and here Colonel Younghusband took up his quarters. Some description of a typical Tibetan house should be given in these pages, and a better example than Lha-lu cannot, as I have said, be found. Over a small stream in front of the house one passes by a bridge obliquely into the courtyard. The outer walls of the house are of no importance, and the quadrangle itself, though paved, is muddy and generally heaped with odds and ends; all round the base under the first balcony the horses and mules of the owners are as a rule ranged, but on our arrival in the place our beasts were banished to more convenient quarters outside. Hence, immediately in front of one rose the considerable mass of the main residence; on the left, a door led into an enclosed garden and towards the summer-house and temple, beautifully set about with foliage. On the right a similar doorway led to the menials' buildings and lesser stablings. Crossing the courtyard one enters the house by a small and insignificant door in the centre of its southern side. The

mud, through and over which one has gingerly to pick one's way, stepping from stone to stone, enters the house as freely as ourselves, and in the sudden dark one can only just distinguish the corner down which a precipitous ladder slants. It is impossible here to choose one's steps, so one plunges through the mud and stones to reach the base of the ladder, which, it must be remembered, is the only way in which a visitor or resident, high or low, can reach the house itself. Up the slippery iron-sheathed treads one goes, clinging desperately to the polished willow handrail, and at the top one is confronted across the passage by the durbar room of the house.

This is also the chapel, and three seated figures of gilt bronze, properly draped with katags, are ranged in recesses along the opposite wall. On either side of them the wall is pigeon-holed for books. No photograph can even suggest the decoration of this room. Colour covers every single square inch of wall space or pillar from end to end. Scarlet and emerald green, gold and Reckitt's blue predominate to the exclusion of half-tones, harmonising, however, more than would be thought possible. Above this room, which is lighted by a vertical opening in the roof, is the floor on which the family lives, and it is curious to emerge from the mud and untidiness of the ground level to the dainty finish of this beautiful series of rooms. There were seventeen living rooms, and of these ten were decorated in the same lavish manner as below. Ornament was not confined to the walls; latticed screens of paper, silk and even glass separated one part of a room from the other, and all and everything were figured with richly-tinted specimens of local or Chinese draughtmanship.



The Reception Hall of Lha-lu House at Lhasa.

Colonel Younghusband took up his abode in the central room overlooking the courtyard. From immediately above his window ran many ropes on which huge sun-blinds should have rested. But these, with all the other furniture of the house, had been taken away by the young representative of the Lha-lu family before

In the Lha-lu gardens, Lhasa.

we came to occupy the family mansion. This clearance was done at our request, as we had, or could obtain, sufficient furniture for our own needs, and we did not wish to run the risk of damaging our host's property.

Almost the only thing left in the house was a cheap pendulum clock made by the Ansonia clock company. These very rare recurrences of Western civilisation never influenced the intensely Oriental seclusion of

Lhasa. One noticed them from time to time with a shock—a shock of regret, it must be said—for if Lhasa be not free from the cheapness of machine-made manufactures, what place on earth can be? One remarkable exception to this rule of exclusion must be mentioned. Umbrellas with the touching guarantee "waterproof" pasted inside the peak are fairly common at Lhasa, whither they must have come from India, where their use is widely spread. But except for these occasional adoptions, the race of men who dwell in Lhasa remains in thought and word and deed unchanged and, perhaps, unchangeable from that which listened to Tsong-kapa's passionate appeal for reform, or, before his day, to the deep learning of Atisha, or, earlier still, to the blasphemies of the apostate Langdarma in the dawn of Tibetan history. Lhasa never changes.

The gardens of Lha-lu are, as I have said, almost a swamp. On the only really dry portion of them two buildings have been erected, one half summer-house, half temple, the other a glazed greenhouse; these are not of any great interest, though the former is of considerable age, and underneath the dirt collected on the frescoes the exquisite finish of the painting can still be distinguished. To make a circuit of these beautiful grounds one leaves the summer-house and strikes across to the west, picking one's way along the higher and drier "bunds" beneath the willow trees and among swarms of dragonflies, as fearless and as thick as midges in England. Mr. White and I went for a photographic excursion one morning, and I am hoping, before it is necessary to close the list of illustrations in this volume, to be able to include one or two of his plates. Few, I think, will prove as beautiful

The Potala from the Gardens of Lha-la.
*(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Claude White and Messrs. Johnston and Hoffmann.)*

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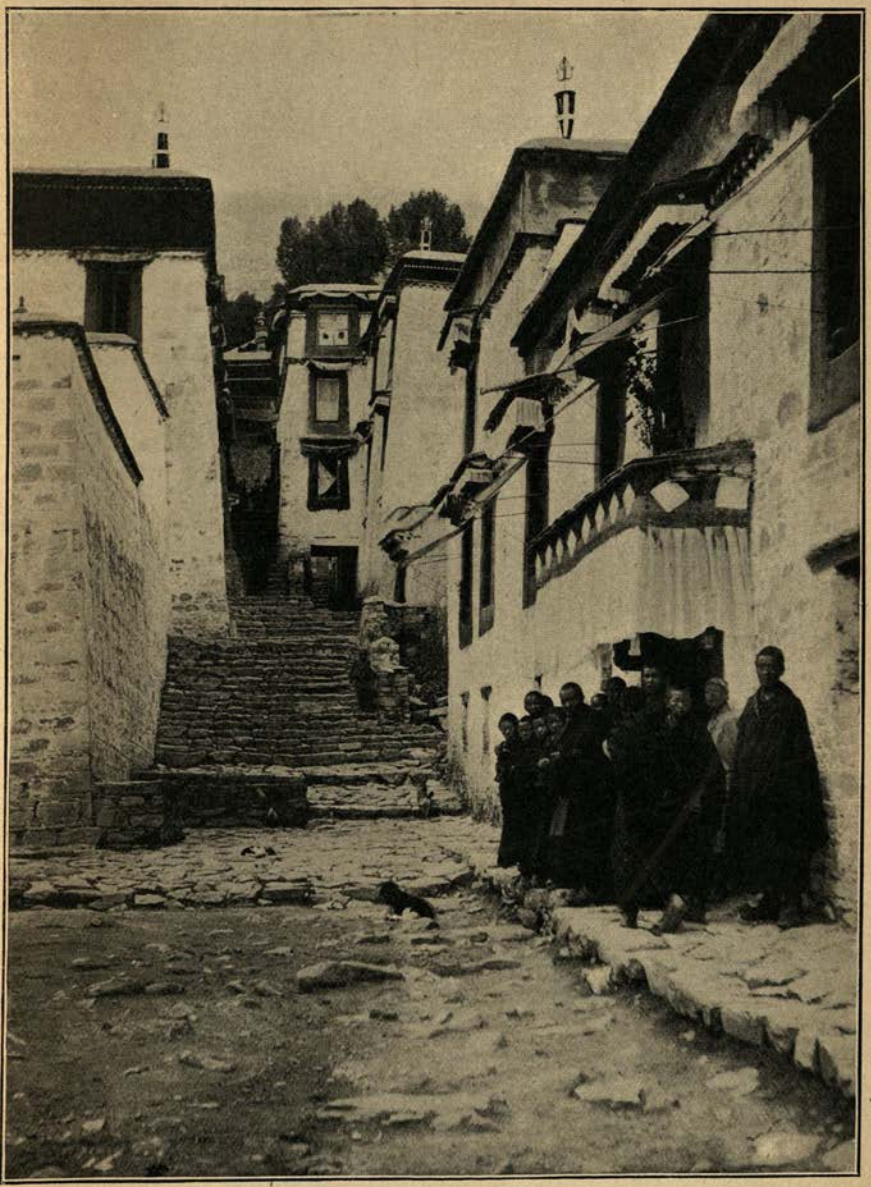
as those of the water-meadows of Lha-lu. You can roam about among them at the back of the house for half a mile, and then you will strike a little wooded track, for all the world like a hazel-canopied lane in Devonshire. Kitchen gardens adjoin Lha-lu house to the east, and the little hovels in which the gardeners live are pressed up against the walls of the lane which divides the house from these grounds, but in every other direction there is a water-sodden stretch of plain or plantation across which artificial roads alone give one a dry-shod passage.

Sera monastery lies due north of the town and De-bung, not three miles distant, lies west-north-west. There was an interesting morning spent outside the latter place. The monks who had undertaken to supply us with tsamba failed utterly to keep their promise within the given time, and it became necessary to enforce our demands. The little column therefore moved out of camp one day with the guns and made ready to occupy the wide-stretching waste of white monastery. After waiting for two or three hours, however, the monks thought it wiser to comply, and, in the General's opinion, enough was given on the spot as earnest of a future delivery to justify him in abandoning his intentions. On this occasion I made first acquaintance with a temple to which I have previously referred as, of all the buildings of Lhasa, second only in interest to the Jo-kang. This is the exquisite temple and house belonging to the Chief Magician of the country. Half a mile short of De-bung, it lies almost concealed in the lower trees of a deep ravine running up into the hills, the only part of it which is visible from a distance being the golden roof.

Returning on the following day, Mr. Claude White and I made a careful tour of inspection through all the buildings of the place, being received by the monks with the utmost hospitality. In many ways this temple stands on a plane of its own, and is not entirely typical of other similar structures in the country, but it was more interesting therefore to make such close acquaintance with an institution unique in the world. Going among the white-washed houses at the foot of the monastery, I took the photograph which appears opposite; it will give a better idea than any description could of the essential difference which distinguishes this little community from that of almost every other district in Tibet. It might almost be part of an Italian town in those very Marches of Ancona from which the Capuchin community of Lhasa was drawn. In the early days of the eighteenth century, some fleeting memory of far-distant Macerata may well have home-sickened for a moment Costantino or Beligatti as the pair turned in from the wide, flat Plain of Milk towards the wooded little temple of the chief wizard.

The temple itself may be reached either from the left, or more directly up the sharp flight of steps which faces the reader in the picture here. To the main entrance, that to the left, the visitor makes his way circuitously, passing beside a luxuriant little plantation of deep grass, where rambling shrubs and trees grow so thickly that they almost make a twilight round their stems. As I was passing this on one occasion there was a sound from the hidden depths of the wood which was like nothing in the world so much as the subterranean roar which heralds Fafner's unwieldy entrance. I suppose that really some of the younger monks were



The white, Italian-like houses of the wizard community of the Na-chung Chos-kyong at Lhasa.

being taught to blow a sixteen-foot trumpet, but the sound was one which added the last note of mystery to the scene. Fifty yards further, we arrive opposite the main entrance on the right.

I am not sure that this temple is not, the Cathedral always apart, the most interesting thing in Tibet. It is small, entirely complete in itself, finished *ad unguem*, daintily clean, and had evidently received more money and attention than any other gompa on our road. The well-wooded ascending track of the valley beside which it is built continues upwards after it has debouched into the courtyard, which here, as everywhere, divides the main gateways of the temple from the usual row of cloistered frescoes opposite. The scene here is of unusual beauty and interest; it is very seldom in Tibet that the contrast of luxuriant foliage and vivid temple colour is obtained, but I would ask the reader to look with some care at the photogravure which will be found opposite page 256. It is, of course, but a part of the picture, but he may be able to construct, with some pleasure to himself, the colour harmony which distinguishes the Na-chung Chos-kyong. Green there is in the background, green of more shades than a camera can detect, and the deep, claret brown of the temple buildings is handsomely accentuated above by golden roofs, and harmonises well below with the plain grey ochre of the courtyard stones, and the interminable strings of gauzy fluttering prayer-flags of every tint between the two. To his left are the vivid colours of an appalling fresco of flayed human bodies, skulls full of blood and in general those gory heaps of human vitals which seem peculiarly attractive to the pious Tibetan mind. On his right the flight of steps will

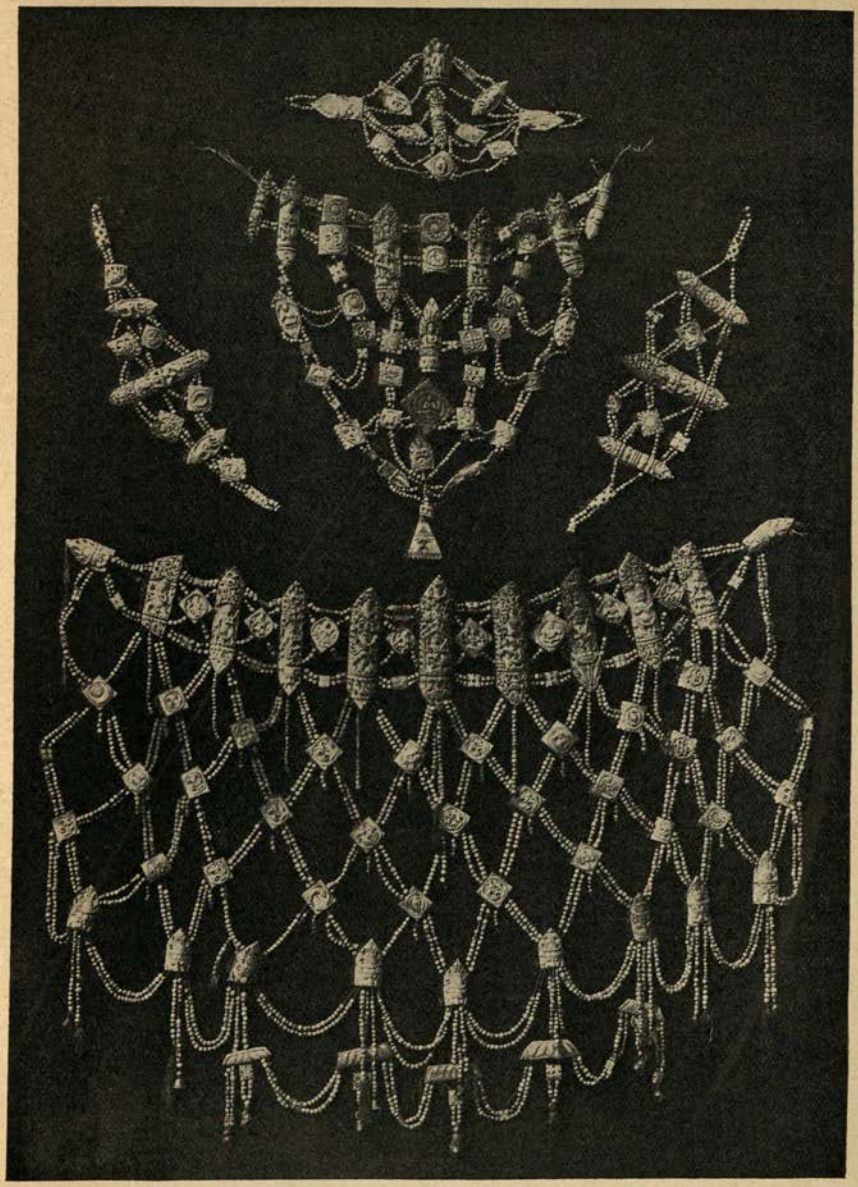
take him into the temple itself. He enters at the side of the great cloistered courtyard and passes through a double-pillared corridor ornamented with armour and weapons of strange make, and out again into the sunlight of the quadrangle. In the middle of the court, in front of him now, as he turns to the left, are the main entrances of the temple behind the many-pillared arcade; they are screened by heavy yak-hair curtains through which one can catch a glimpse of a gaudy wealth of colour on wall and pillar and ceiling, and of the five or six great doors, scarlet and cardinal and flesh colour. In the middle of the courtyard, immediately in front of him, is a little tree growing in a perforated square-stone lattice, within which, all around its stem, is a proud bank of English hollyhocks and a few vivid nasturtiums tumbling carelessly through the lower interstices of the trellis. Beside it is a pillar about eight feet high, with a tiny little roof of gold atop. Just over the edge of the temple entrance appears, high up against the blue, the great golden roof, and standing guard by it many gyan-tsen, gilded and fluttering with overlapping flounces of silk, salmon and olive and rose-madder.

The presiding deity of this temple has long fled away with his master, the Dalai Lama, but the services go on and the temple is lovingly cared for in his absence. So far as one may make a guess at the character of a man from his house, it is easy to see that the Chief Magician of Lhasa is of an unusually refined and dainty taste; the care which is visible in every corner of this temple we had not found even suggested in any other building in the country. It looked as though a housemaid had been round with a duster an hour before our arrival. The abbot of the monastery received us very

## The Chief Magician's Temple at Lhasa.

THERE IS A RANGE OF COLOUR HERE TO WHICH ATTENTION HAS BEEN DRAWN IN THE TEXT. THE HANGING STREAMERS ARE PRAYER-FLAGS. *See the text.*

THE CHIEF MAGICIAN'S TEMPLE AT LHASA.



A complete outfit of carved human bones, used in the Tantric rites. In the possession of Claude White, Esq. This is probably the finest and most complete set in existence.

courteously and was interested and amused by Mr. White's large camera.* While he was taking a series of views in the pillared arcade outside the doors of the shrine, I sat down and hastily recorded a suggestion of the colouring of this arcade. I can claim with pride that the attractions of Mr. White paled in a second beside the interest which a four or five deep ring of monks took, not so much in my painting as in my paint-box. Some one—he presumably was the artist of the community—was hurriedly sent for, and when he came, must have severely taxed his own ingenuity in his gesticulating and fluent account of such mysteries as a block of Whatman's "hot pressed" and a typewriter eraser. No one in Tibet ever draws anything in front of him, so it was, perhaps, a lenient crowd of critics that watched the rapid daub of colour which I confess I should not have had the impertinence to include in this volume had there been any other record of this kind available. The colours, it will be seen, are blinding in their vividness and juxtaposition, and the whole of this arcaded temple-front was painted from end to end in the same gorgeous manner. Not a corner of the roof has escaped the brush of the painter or the hand of the gilder; the pillars, reported more nobly tinted still, were wound round and round from top to bottom with crimson cloth, so carefully sewn that we had not the face to ask the monks to uncover one; nothing, however, could have added much to the incredible play of gaudy hues.

Soon afterwards the great doors, each bearing a

* It was an unfailing source of mystification to the Tibetans to be allowed to look at the reversed picture in the ground glass under the black velvet. The curious thing is that, so far as we could find out from their exclamations, they did not often recognise the reversed picture as that of the scene in front of the lens. It was for them merely a beautiful pattern of varying colours seen in a singularly effective manner.

monstrous representation of a flayed human skin, were opened for us and we went inside into the temple itself. This, too, was clean and as bright in colour as the portico, though the mellowed light which filtered through awnings and screens from above took off somewhat from the painful edge of contrast and crudity.

The ornamentation throughout this temple was of its own kind. It differed in many ways from that which is usually in vogue in Tibet ; every doorway has a beading of human skulls or decapitated heads cut roughly out of wood and painted minutely ; long hangings of black satin, from the lower edge of which the same heads, with long black tresses of silk, hang helplessly, frieze the walls, and a curious and ghastly *pot-pourri* of skulls, entrails, eyeballs, brains, torn-out tongues and human beings suffering every conceivable mutilation and torture which man has ever devised, adorn the walls below. Underneath this again was a dado of souls burning in hell-fire. But it says much for the ability of man to adapt himself to his surroundings that, after a moment, even these sights were not entirely disagreeable, and one could soon see beneath these horrible representations the same spirit of devotion which moved the pen of a Dante or the brush of a fourteenth-century Benedictine.

At the far end of the temple, opposite the doors, is the sanctuary, a wide and deep inner chapel. Here a striking departure from the customary arrangement is to be seen ; in the central and advanced position, elsewhere invariably occupied by the largest image of Buddha that the foundation possesses, was the empty seat of the Magician himself ; on it were heaped his ceremonial robes, his sword of office and a small, circular

The painted portico of the Chief Magician's Temple at Lhasa.

## The Great Doors of the Chief Magician's Temple at Lhasa.

I HAVE REFERRED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THIS ATTEMPT TO SET DOWN THE REAL GORGEOUSNESS OF TIBETAN COLOUR IN THE TEXT. THE RAFTERS ALSO WERE VIVIDLY BLUE, AND HEAVILY GILT. THE RED COVERING OF THE PILLAR SHOULD GO DOWN TO THE FLOOR. THE WHITE OBJECTS ON THE DOOR PANELS ARE REALLY REPRESENTATIONS OF FLAYED HUMAN SKINS, AND SKULLS LINE THE LINTELS AND JAMBS. THIS DRAWING SHOULD SUPPLY THE HUES OF THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAME PLACE OVER THE PAGE.

*By the Author.*

THE GREAT DOORS OF THE CHIEF MAGICIAN'S TEMPLE AT LHASA.

shield of exquisite workmanship, ornamented with a golden "Hum" in the centre. Into the top of the shield was in-let an irregular lump which may have been merely coloured glass, but which looked extraordinarily like one of those guava-jelly-like lumps of polished but uncut spinel ruby, which are not infrequently found among the treasures of Indian rajahs. Behind this silver-gilt throne was an embossed silver proscenium, framing in the dispossessed Buddha. To the right of it hung the state crown of the Magician, which is a beautiful piece of work, charmingly finished ivory skulls alternating with florets of silver heavily powdered with imitation diamonds; round the circlet itself were several large imitation sapphires, relieved here and there by some really good turquoise lumps.* All round this chapel were cupboards and recesses of which the orifice was in every case entirely concealed by knotted katags. Pushing them aside, one could discover dimly in the darkness beautifully finished brass images, half life-size, either of some repulsive god-monster, or of some one of those groups which, go where you will in Tibet, are accepted as necessary and inevitable symbols of a worship which, in its essence, is purity itself. In one place or another were lying about here the Oracle's gorget, mask, bow and divining glass, and though he had been gone for four weeks or more, he might have stepped back that evening and found his shrine ready and to the last detail arranged for service. Mr. Claude White was lucky enough to persuade the monks to sell to him the little circular shield I have described. They said they could easily replace it,

* It was a little difficult to examine this crown, from the darkness of the chapel; but this is, so far as I can remember it, a fair description of the jewel.

and I am inclined to think that they made more than a trifle out of the transaction.

We descended the two or three steps of this dais, down on to the chunam floor of the outer temple.* On either side of the main aisle were twelve huge drums, and thick heavy cushions lay out in an avenue towards the great doors. On the right, as one came down the sanctuary steps, was a very large silver chorten against the far wall, studded in profusion with lumps of raw amber, as big as, and not much unlike, golden pippins. We came out again into the sunshine of the court and the shade of the portico. Our kindly hosts had provided us with tea and boiled eggs and we sat down on piled-up cushions for luncheon. It did not take us long to realise that it was as well that we had brought some sandwiches with us, for we made the distressing discovery, egg after egg, that Tibetan tastes in this matter are a mean, but not a happy one, between those of Europe and of China. An egg absolutely black with age is not unpleasant to the taste, but these eggs which were only just beginning to qualify for a Chinese menu were something terrible, and we felt confused at having to seem unappreciative of the kindness of our friendly wizards.

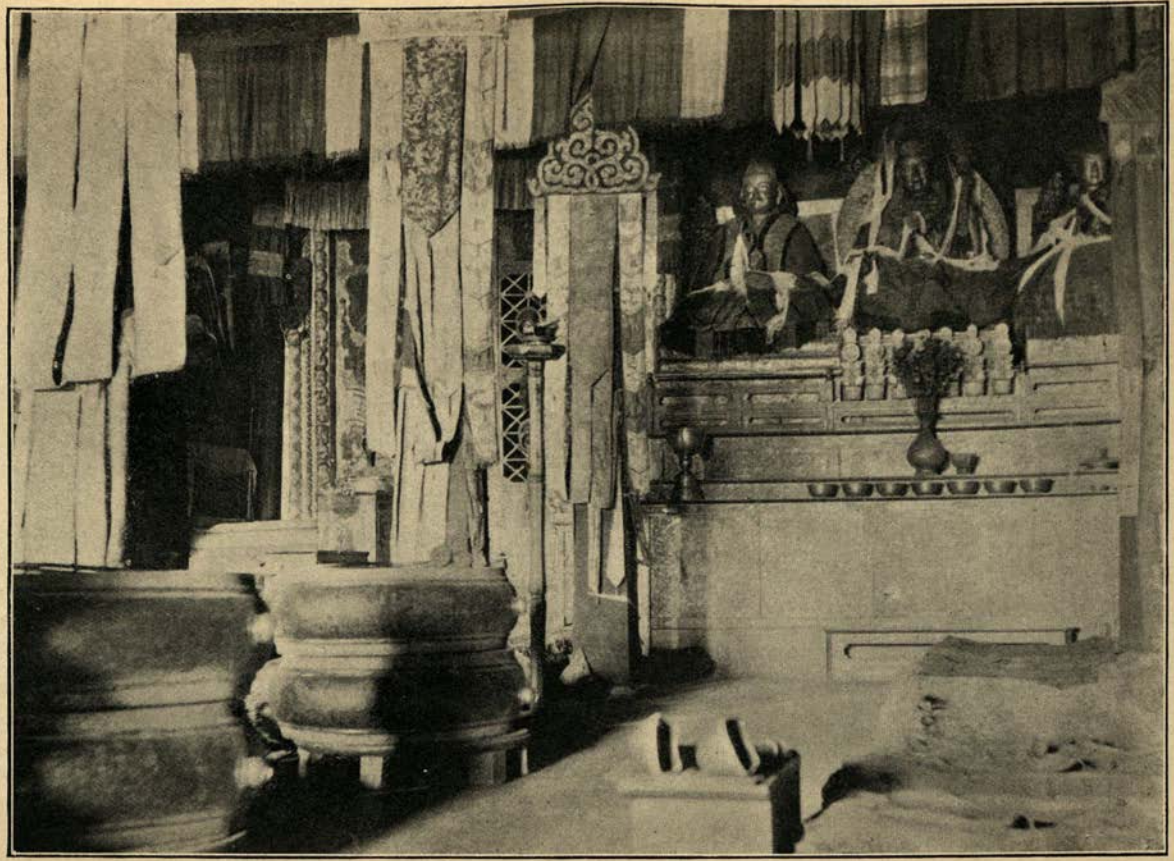
A crow had built its nest over the big blue board which surmounts the main door and craked apprehensively from time to time. The orange and blue swallows dipped and wheeled in the sun outside and the just-seen tree tops beyond the cloister roof helped to make snugger still the brilliant little home of

* This chunam floor is a fine banket of minute pebbles and cement which receives a high polish, and though it is nowhere here brought to such perfection as at Agra or Delhi, it makes a very permanent and even handsome flooring and is much used in Tibet.

## The Throne of the Chief Magician of Lhasa.

NOTICE THE SHAPE OF THE BUTTER LAMPS AND THE REPOUSSÉ WORK ON THE SHRINE BEHIND THE THRONE. *Kyil-kor lacquer crimson and gold, butter lamps silver-gilt, grey silk robes, many coloured katags, silver proscenium.*

THE THRONE OF THE CHIEF MAGICIAN LHASA.



The interior of the Chief Magician's Temple at Lhasa. A side altar.

meditation and of magic. Immediately beyond the trees the dull, unclad rock half enclosed this jewel of a temple, and the faint rustle of the little stream was hushed. We finished our meal and went down again into the courtyard between the two painted lions which guard the five steps. That on the dexter is blue, his sinister companion is green. Nothing seems to have escaped the brush of the painter here. A tour of inspection round the galleries of the cloisters revealed a little plate armour—which is a somewhat remarkable thing—and a large number of shao horns heavily whitewashed, in some cases trophied with dorje-handled swords. Then we were invited to look at the other rooms of the gompa, and we went up the usual slippery ladders to an upper portico as beautifully painted as every other part of the building and so up again on to the topmost storey protected by the great golden roof.

This was the first golden Lhasan roof I had an opportunity of studying carefully. It is always claimed that one at least of the golden canopies of the Jo-kang is really made of plates of gold—and after a close examination I am half inclined to think that the central one is actually made throughout of the precious metal, extraordinary though it seems—but in general the gold is coated heavily upon sheets of copper, after the copper has been embossed or cast, or repousséed, as the fancy of the artist suggests. It is, I believe, laid on in an amalgam of mercury, but of this I could not get any very certain information. These golden roofs are unquestionably the most striking ornaments of Lhasa. One can see them for miles, for, in this light clean air, no distance

will dim the burning tongue of white flame that stabs like a heliograph from the upper line of a far misty outline of palace or temple, and there is no doubt that the last and greatest impression of Lhasa, still vivid when nearly all else has been forgotten with age, will be that of the first sight of "the Golden Roofs of Potala." All that that romantic phrase suggested beforehand was realised to the full, and just as to the opium-sodden imagination of De Quincey the words "Consul Romanus" summed up the grandeur of Rome, so perhaps these five words will longest recall to those who saw them the image of that ancient and mysterious faith which has found its last and fullest expression beneath the golden canopies of Lhasa.

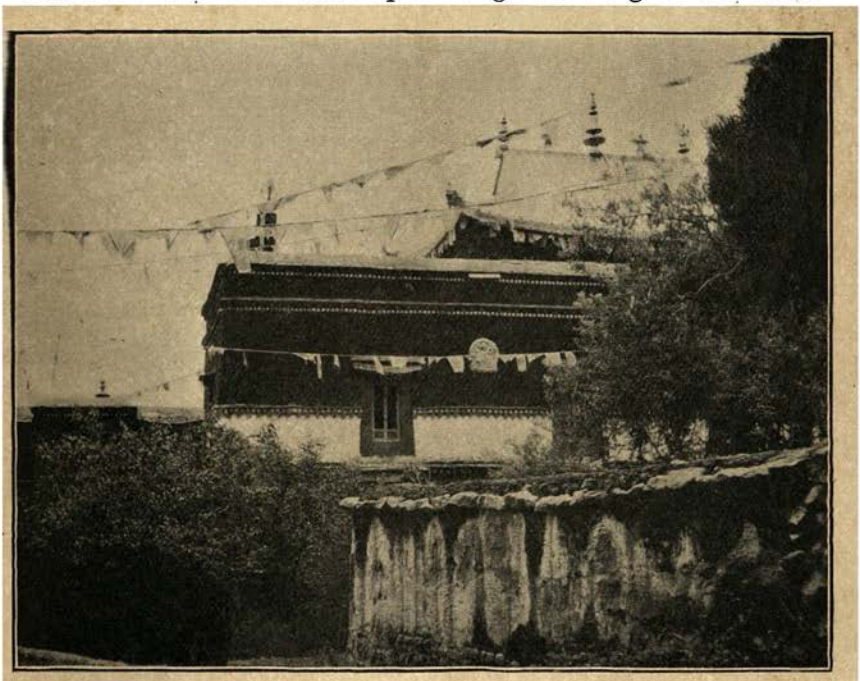
Returning to the ground, we passed again through the courtyard and out down the steps. Thence we turned up towards the trees which, from the upper slope, overhang Na-chung Chos-kyong. It was a pretty little spot, cool and sequestered, and if we had not been specially invited to do so, we should never have dreamed of going farther to where a few plain whitewashed walls seemed to indicate one of the monks' dormitories. Somewhat uninterested, we allowed ourselves, however, to be taken forward by a monk, and after avoiding the teeth of a particularly large watchdog, we turned to the left into one of the prettiest and best protected little gardens I have ever seen. I leave it to botanists to explain how it is that we found here, 13,000 feet above the sea, a tall, flourishing hedge of bamboos, twenty-five feet high, shielding from the only exposed quarter the little garden and the little house of the magician himself. Even from the little green shaded garden we could see clearly enough that this was no ordinary

A corner of a golden roof.

THIS IS A COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH. I HAVE MADE NO ATTEMPT TO MODIFY THE ORIGINAL IN ANY WAY, AS THE MINUTE DETAIL OF THIS FINIAL IS NECESSARY.

A CORNER OF A GOLDEN ROOF IN LHASA.

residence; a tiny stream of running water passed underneath the plain sloping walls of the wizard's abode, separating from its clean and well sun-blinded architecture the mallows and nasturtiums, the trailing roses and the potted stocks which might almost have been collected into that little space together to give the same



The Na-chung Chos-kyong from the north.

twinge of memory to an English visitor that the whitened houses, three hundred yards away, must have conveyed to men of Italy. A large maple tree overhangs the entrance to the house.

The interior of this little residence is of a dainty perfection that you could hardly match in Japan, and instinctively one felt that one should take off one's boots before treading on these exquisite inlaid wooden

floors. Every part of the surface of the walls is covered with minute miniature-like frescoes; the private chapel, though stripped of every ornament, remained a gem, and in the wizard's own private room the perforated screens of gilt and painted wood were marvels of intricate and delicate design. We remained here no long time, and soon after made our way back to Lhasa, well pleased indeed with our day's entertainment.

I do not know whether I have been successful in conveying, in even one particular, the aspect of Lhasa in its plain. The picture I have drawn of the plain of Gyantse in the first volume is true, almost in its entirety, of that of Lhasa also. The local colour is the same, and I have not wished to repeat descriptions unnecessarily. If the reader will carry forward to the Plain of Milk his remembrances of the environs of Gyantse, he will form a better conception of the surroundings of the Forbidden City, lying in its mountain-ringed plain. Only there is here a treacherous, green-covered morass in the place of the trim, irrigated fields by the Nyang chu. Otherwise, villages, houses, temples, monasteries, trees, hills, plants and people are curiously allke at the two centres.

Every traveller will know at once what I mean when I say that the character of the country is as distinct and peculiar to itself as is that of every other Eastern land, and that the very smell of incense and burning butter, frowsiness and never-washed humanity which is inseparable from the smallest object inside a Tibetan temple, is as different from the clean perfume of Japan, or from the heavy, almost visibly dirty air and stinks of a Chinese temple, as both of these differ

from the tawdry gorgeousness and cold make-believe of an Indian shrine. There is only one place that I know in the world which at all recalls the scent of Tibet, and that is the inner chambers of the underground temple in the fort of Allahabad, places which ladies are rarely invited to inspect. Here the undecaying Akshai Bar, sacred to Buddha under the name of Breguman, is probably the only centre of Buddhist worship where there has been no break in the continuity of worship from the days of Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese traveller of the seventh century, to our own. I do not suppose that in this original identity of creed there is anything more than a coincidence—certainly the Hindus have no intention of honouring Gautama here—but in the dark underground chamber of this temple there is the taste of a gompa. There, and there alone, so far as I know, is that greasy warm stench of mingled sweetness and putridity which one comes very soon to associate with the very sound of the letters which spell Tibet.

The Sen-dé-gye-sum or Three Great Monasteries lie round Lhasa, north, west and east. De-bung lies two and a half to three miles west-north-west; Sera is two miles due north and Gaden is about twenty-two miles east as the crow flies, but is nearly thirty by road. There is a strong similarity between these three foundations; they are in every case built in closely-connected tiers of white houses, rising one above another at the foot of a mountain spur. From a distance they look clean, prosperous and not unpicturesque; one ribald member of the Mission suggested that they looked like glorified Riviera hotels. The simile is not altogether unfair, though even the wildest dreams of

M. Ritz can hardly include a caravanserai for eight thousand guests. All three were founded by Tsong-kapa, who is reported, on almost worthless evidence, to have been born in 1357 and to have died in 1419. It seems clear, however, that these foundations date from the extreme end of the fourteenth century to the end of the first quarter of the fifteenth. The central gompa may in each case still be, or at least include, the original work of Tsong-kapa, but the endless series of whitewashed tenements built of mud which surround them in closely-packed crowds must often have been replaced since his day. Few indeed are made of granite. De-bung is the senior monastery of the three in point of importance; its name means the "rice heap," and it is spelled in the Tibetan language "Abras-spungs." Here nearly 8,000 monks occupy themselves daily in saying their offices, basking in the sun and intriguing in political affairs. Dorjieff, it will be remembered, was one of this body, and it was commonly reported to us in Lhasa that the influence of De-bung has for a long time been paramount in the Tsong-du. Luckily, perhaps, for others, the hostility between Sera and De-bung is very marked, and it is even asserted by some that the name Sera, which lies just out of sight of De-bung, round a projecting spur of the northern hills, was chosen in order to symbolise the harm which "ser" hail does to rice heaps. But it seems likely that the original name was derived from "ser" gold. Sera* is the community in closest religious connection with the Dalai Lama, and it must be remembered that anything which belongs to his Holiness is never mentioned without the

* The traditional date of Sera is 1417.

prefix "ser." If it were necessary to set on record the fact, the chronicler of great Potala would have to describe an operation uncommon in Tibet, as the blowing of his Holiness' golden nose with his golden handkerchief, or more probably, if strict truth had to be maintained, with his golden fingers. Everything about him is golden in the eye of the Tibetan, his clothes, his food, his chair, his decrees, his prayers, all are golden, and it is more than likely that the derivation from hail was a happy thought of some quick-witted monk who wished to crystallise into a phrase the permanent hostility that exists between these two monasteries.

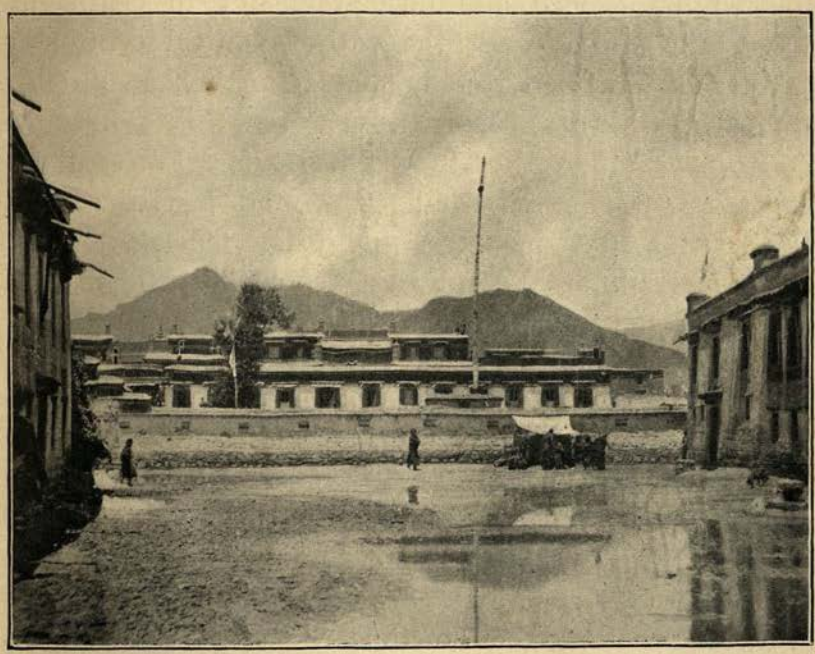
The distinguishing characteristic of this monastery of De-bung lies in its supernatural and oracular attainments. Sera, on the other hand, is chiefly famous for its relics, and Gaden, which is far removed from the immediate strife and intrigues of Lhasa, retains its reputation for mere piety. At Sera is kept the original dorje of Buddha. I do not know that any European visitor, even Desideri, has ever been permitted to see the implement, but there is no doubt that its possession, or perhaps its reputed possession, is a source of great superstitious strength to this community. Here there are 5,500 monks, and its nearness and visibility to Lhasa is no doubt a source of considerable strength. The internal jurisdiction of all these monasteries is not unlike that enjoyed by an Oxford college, though more serious offences have to be submitted to the council of state. "The idols here," reports Nain Singh, "differ in size and hideousness, but the lower parts of the figures are generally those of men." The Abbé Huc allows himself some liberty of description; he records

the presence of hollies and cypresses and notes that the monastery buildings stand out upon the green base of the hill. It is necessary to record the fact that Sera is less wooded than any other part of the Lhasa plain, as it stands back against a rocky mountain cliff bare of all vegetation until a small shelf, 800 feet above the monastery, affords root hold for a plantation of hardy poplars only. Beside it, on the plain, are a few more trees of the same species, but the golden roof of Sera must still be counted its chief external attraction. The General pitched the camp of the escort about a mile away from this monastery, and the continual friendliness shown by the good monks of Sera may be attributable partly to this fact, but even more perhaps to the delight with which they saw their hated sister of De-bung compelled to disgorge many hundreds of thousands of pounds of flour and grain.

Gaden is chiefly famous because it contains the tomb of Tsong-kapa himself. The following account of the monastery is taken from the Survey Reports of the Government of India by Sandberg :—

" It (the tomb of Tsong-kapa) is a lofty mausoleum-like structure of marble and malachite with a gilded roof; inside this outer shell is to be seen a beautiful chorten shrine of cube, pyramid and surmounting cone, all said to be of solid gold. Within this golden casket, wrapped in fine cloths, inscribed in sacred Dharani syllables, are the embalmed remains of the great reformer, disposed in a sitting attitude. Another notable object here is a magnificent representation of Champo, the Buddha to come, seated European fashion on a throne. Beside him stands a life-size image of Tsong-kapa in his character of Jan-pal Nin-po, which is

supposed to be his name in the Gaden heavens. A rock-hewn wall with impress of hands and feet is also shown as Tsong-kapa's. A very old statue of Shinje, the lord of death, is much reverenced here, every visitor presenting gifts and doing it infinite obeisance. The floor of the large central chamber appears to be



Entrance to Reting, the "King's" Palace, Lhasa.

covered with brilliant enamelled tiles, whilst another shrine holds an effigy of Tsong-kapa with images of his five disciples standing round him. The library contains manuscript copies of the saint's work in his own handwriting."

The last regent of Tibet was Abbot of Gaden, a fact which did not save him from, and perhaps even accelerated, his assassination.

While we were making these investigations and using every moment of our time in the forbidden precincts, negotiations were faring but ill. The Tibetans were trying their usual tactics; they were only anxious to delay negotiations on every possible excuse. It must be remembered that ever since the present Dalai Lama ousted, imprisoned and ultimately put to death the regent in whose hands the entire political control of Tibetan affairs had rested, His Holiness has ruled his ministers with a rod of iron. The state, in a sense far more exact than that in which Louis XIV. used the phrase, was himself, and we found a terrified unwillingness on the part of any other official, however high his rank, to accept the responsibility of making any arrangement whatever. It may be suggested that the Tsong-du remained, and that it, as the power behind the throne, was qualified to carry on negotiations; but it must be remembered that the Tsong-du is essentially a deliberative, not an executive body; it is as impossible to make a treaty with the Tsong-du as to make one with the House of Commons, and this disability was one which was readily perceived and turned to use by the Tibetans themselves. Secure by their anomalous composition and acephalous nature, the Tsong-du, which now sat in continual session from morning to night, only rendered the action of the remaining dignitaries of Lhasa the more difficult. The Dalai Lama, whose presence in Lhasa would have simplified matters for us exceedingly, had gone away, ostensibly on a pilgrimage connected with the religious meditation in which he had now been immersed since the first mention of the approach of an English Mission. It is true that, as we have seen, his seclusion was one

which His Holiness was ready to suspend at any moment at which he thought that he could deliver an effective stroke in the political arena, but in the eyes of Tibetans it perhaps justified his flight from his capital—an act of prudence which strangely resembled Mr. Kruger's in 1900. It may be that, as in this other case of a people bigotedly superstitious, sensitive to foreign intrusion in any form and in their origin formed by a distinctly religious exodus, the head of the state may have felt that his absence, by interposing even a few months' delay, allowed time for the operations of Providence. More probably the flight of the Dalai Lama was also commended to him by the fact that in the future he would be able, at his leisure, to deal with the situation which had been created in his absence. That the Chinese would ever actively interfere must have been the last thing he expected, and knowing the climate of his country well, he must have realised a cogent reason for our early withdrawal.

Perhaps he builded better than he knew, but the coping stone has still to be set upon his policy; we do not even now, in January, 1905, know the real results in Lhasa itself of the expedition, and, though the matter will be touched upon in greater detail hereafter, it may be said that upon the action of this unknown factor in Central Asian politics the future almost entirely depends. When he fled from Lhasa he left the great seal in the charge of the Tipa (or Ti) Rinpoche, but, as the latter plaintively remarked, he had been given no specific authority to use it.

Immediately before our arrival in Lhasa we made the important discovery that the 1890–93 Convention, which was denounced by the Dalai Lama as having

been made without the co-operation or consent of Tibet, had, as a matter of fact, been duly discussed and formally approved by the Tsong-du in special session, and this information did not suggest any considerable trustworthiness in any promises the Tibetans might now make. I remember writing to the *Times* a letter dealing with the political situation in which optimism struggled with a recognition of the obvious disadvantages under which the Commissioner laboured; on the following day, the 12th of August, the disheartening news arrived that the Tsong-du had actually drafted a letter in answer to our demands of an impertinent and almost defiant nature. The communication was not sent directly to us. The Amban, to whom it had been entrusted, consulted Mr. Wilton privately before officially sending it on. Mr. Wilton's advice was that, unless the Tibetans were looking out for serious trouble, the letter had better be withdrawn at once. This was done, but it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Amban himself would have been perfectly willing to deliver the letter unless some such vigorous protest had been made. It was, in fact, a *ballon d'essai* to which he should not have lent the sanction of his position. How far throughout the negotiations Yu-tai was playing a double game no one at present knows, but this first suggestion of his double dealing was afterwards unfairly remembered in London when the news that he had ultimately refused to sign the treaty was telegraphed home. He had no authority to sign without the consent of the Wai-wu-pu. To us he presented a never-failing front of sympathy and apparent good-feeling, he never made a speech or wrote a letter without referring to the pig-

The main street from the city to the Potala. Entrance of Ten-gye-ling on left.

headed stupidity of the people entrusted to his care, he was enthusiastic in his praise of Colonel Younghusband's moderation in all respects, and to judge from his words one might have thought that by our advance a miniature millennium had been inaugurated for the down-trodden people of Tibet. That there was some ground for these statements is suggested by the complaint of the Dalai Lama himself that by honest and even excessive payment throughout our march we had seduced the affections of his people.

There can be no doubt to our popularity with the laity. The market outside the town, which was formed in spite of the publicly expressed disapproval of the Council, was from the first crowded by hundreds of eager sellers, and it could have been small satisfaction to the monks looking out from the high walls of Potala to see the densely crowded acre of chaffering pedlars and careless or generous purchasers which daily took up a position on some convenient dry patch just outside the camp limits. In this market articles of food naturally predominated; meat and flour were supplied from the De-bung store cellars, so that condiments and other luxuries formed the staple commodities. It was an odd scene. By eight o'clock in the morning a roaring trade was being done in curry powder, turnips, walnuts —they would have been dear in Piccadilly—sugar in yellow and white balls, cigarettes—of the ubiquitous Pedro brand—apples, small russets with a tart flavour, sealing-wax—one of the best products of Lhasa, good transparent brown stuff, of which I secured a large store, chupattis, acid green peaches, native candles—looking like short, squat fire-works, and moulded upon a piece of bamboo—lengths of cloth done up in soundly-

sewn wrappings, cabbages, red pots full of curds, Tibetan shoes, celery and condensed milk in tins, carrots, onions, eggs in thousands, and milk in big unglazed red ware. It was pleasant to watch the big Sikhs and Pathans cheerily haggling for some coveted sugar plum, sitting down on their heels for half-an-hour to cheapen it an anna, and then, after they had made their bargain, looking in a bewildered way at the little irregularly-shaped scraps of silver which a voluble young Tibetaness had given them in change. For in Lhasa a "tanka" has a hole gouged in the middle, has its corners filed off, and is then cut across the middle without ceasing to be legal tender.

The official rate of exchange was three tankas to a rupee, but this, though inevitable for reasons of convenience, represented an enormous profit to the Tibetans, for the intrinsic value of a tanka is about four and a-fifth pennies. The first principles of the theory of exchange were grasped at once by the inhabitants, who would go up and down the bazaar holding out tankas in threes and badgering everyone they met for a Queen's headed rupee* in exchange, with the impertinacity and importunity of a stall holder at a fashionable bazaar. By noon the bazaar dwindled away, and after tiffin there was really no one left on the ground.

To return to the political situation. The assistance and the power of Russia were no longer believed in, and, on the other hand, the capability of the Indian Government to reach Lhasa whenever they might wish to do so had been demonstrated beyond dispute. Other

* The new rupee with the King's head was looked upon at first with suspicion. The old one is called the "Lama" rupee, from a belief that the Queen's veiled head represents a famous teacher.

things had no less weight in our favour; the resistance of the Tibetans had been blown away before us like leaves in autumn, and there was not a man in the country who did not realise that our care of their wounded afterwards was as thorough as the punishment we inflicted at the moment. Trade and credit are proverbially plants of slow growth, and slower in the East than anywhere else. We may not see much result for years, but the leaven of respect for our strength and confidence in our honesty may safely be allowed in Tibet to work upwards from the bottom to the top.

In purely political matters, one name separates itself from that of the common crowd, and it was a name we had not heard before we reached the capital. There is in Lhasa a young monk who apparently to some extent organises the action of the Tsong-du. The "Loseling Kempo" is a man upon whom the eye of the Indian Government may well be kept. He is strong enough not to desire outward recognition of his strength, and working, as he does, through the Tsong-du, the double intangibility enjoyed by string-pullers and corporations alike makes it ten times more difficult for us to lay our fingers upon this ultimate arbiter whose influence seems likely at no distant date to exceed that of the Dalai Lama himself. That he is actively opposed to us I do not exactly know; he probably represents the sullen and bitter resentment against our intrusion which naturally enough is felt by the official priestly caste, but when the Tibetans have had time quietly to review the whole situation it may be found, even by the Lamaic hierarchy itself, that we have been no enemies to their independence and

self-respect, and at that moment, if the good offices of the Loseling Kempo can be unostentatiously secured, our future relations with this hermit kingdom may be facilitated in a manner that ten treaties might fail to achieve.

Meanwhile, in spite of the successful signing of the treaty and in spite of his exile and formal deposition by the Chinese, the dominating factor in the situation is beyond question the Illustrious and Most Holy Dalai Lama and Most Precious King, Ngak-wang lo-zang tub-dan gya-tso, Defender and Protector of the Buddhist faith.

*By Countess Helena Gleichen.*

THE POTALA PALACE, LHASA.

# CHAPTER VIII.

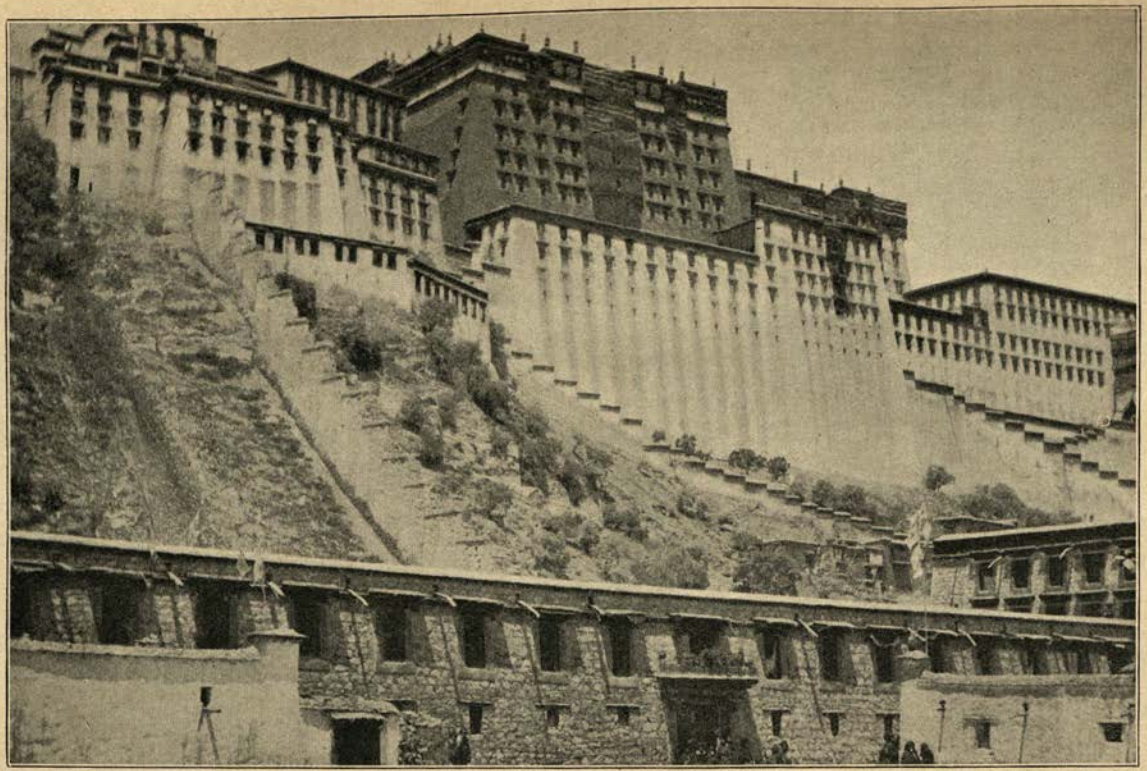
## THE POTALA AND THE CATHEDRAL.

For many days the Mission waited for the Tibetans to arrange their internal affairs and come to the work of negotiation. The first camp near Norbu-ling was abandoned by the expeditionary force, and the Mission, with a guard of one battalion of Pathans, moved across the swampy plain to Lha-lu, which, as we have seen, had been put at the disposal of Colonel Younghusband by the four Councillors. Formal visits were again and again paid within the precincts of Lhasa; the country round was visited and surveyed with care, one party going as far as the plain beyond the Pembu la to the north-east. They reported the existence of a plain even more luxuriant in vegetation than that of Lhasa, but it was admitted by the Tibetans that this was nearly the last of their really fertile tracts of land in a northerly direction. General Macdonald moved the remainder of the force to a comparatively dry patch on the plain about a mile nor'-nor'-east of the Potala, and except for the commissariat officers, whose work on an expedition is never done, there was a quiet time for the men composing the Commissioner's escort. For many of the officers, too, there was not very much to do during the

day; fishing was the favourite occupation, and an unexpected number of hooks and lines was discovered in the force. Fly-fishing was soon abandoned for minnows and spoons. Some of the natives obtained excellent sport with tsamba paste. Major Iggulden was beyond question the most successful angler of the expedition, and from time to time he reported catches of over 60 and 70 as the result of a short afternoon's sport. A race meeting was organised, and the entries comprised almost every beast of private (and a large number of those of public) ownership in the lines. The view of Lhasa from Lha-lu house is merely that of Chagpo-ri, and the back view of the Potala, as the high sand embankments of the Kaling chu* effectually prevent any sight of the city itself from the level of the plain. This is a curious thing, and enters considerably into one's conception of the place. The two hills to the west entirely shut off a view of the town as one comes in from De-bung, and looking from Sera on the north, these high, white sand-banks diverging across the plain still conceal the greenery and gold of the city. Only the Potala stands up majestic and defiant.

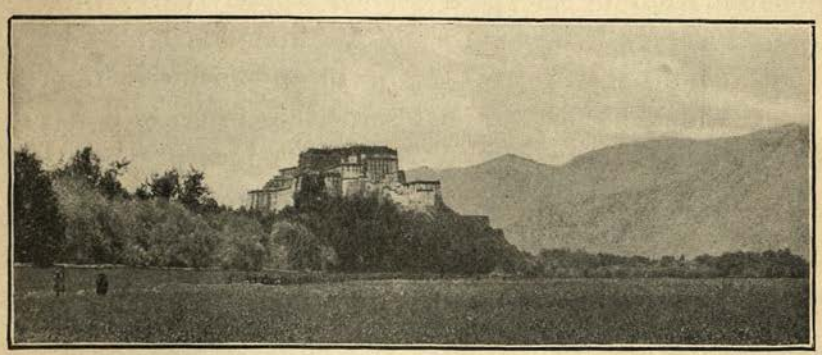
Ma Shao yün, in his Tibetan itinerary, refers with admiration to the "gorgeous green and dazzling yellow colours which at Potala fascinate the eye." In Ta Ching-i-tung chih—where it is said that the height above the ground of the golden finials is 436 feet 10 inches—it is described, with greater fidelity to nature, as a "wondrous peak of green with its halls perched on

* From a note in the Wei Tsang t'u chih by Ma Shao yün I am inclined to think that these embankments bury the granite blocks which before the days of Karpi formed the city walls of Lhasa.



Part of the Potala Palace from the buildings at its base. It is built of granite and whitewashed once a year. The dark central portion is crimson.

the summit, resplendent with vermilion and combining natural beauty with architectural charm." It is a pity that this magnificent building should have proved to be so disappointing inside. We discovered that the outside of the Potala and the inside of the Jo-kang are by far the most interesting things in Lhasa. But, to continue, it is curious, that while the interior of the Potala is indistinguishable from the interiors of a score of other large Tibetan lamaseries, the Jo-kang has actually no outside at all. To this latter building I



The Potala from the east, near Ramoche.

shall return later. In the Potala there are passages and halls by miles and scores. Here and there in a chapel burns a grimy butter lamp before a tarnished and dirty image. Here and there the passage widens as a flight of stairs breaks the monotony of grimy walls. The sleeping cells of the monks are cold, bare, and dirty. The actual room in which the Treaty was signed was of fair size—six hundred were easily accommodated in it—and hangings and screens made a brave show for the moment, but for the rest, the Potala is a never-ending labyrinth of corridors and courts

and walls as unkempt as those of the Palkhor choide, Jang-kor-yang-tse or Ta-ka-re. Some of the audience halls are magnificent and well painted, but there is nothing, with one exception, which calls for any particular note from one end of the huge building to the other, so far, at least, as any member of the expedition discovered. Everything, as O'Connor remarked, had been "locked up." For the credit of the Dalai Lama it is to be hoped that the chief ornaments had been removed or buried.

Mr. Claude White and Mr. Wilton, who made the examination of the palace their special care, investigated a very large number of the rooms of the Potala, but eventually retreated in disappointment from a task which seemed to possess neither interest nor end. The gilded tombs of a few previous incarnations form the exception to which I have referred, but even these seemed inadequate and out of proportion to the gigantic casket in which they lie. It must be confessed, though the words are written with considerable reluctance, that cheap and tawdry are the only possible adjectives which can be applied to the interior decoration of this great palace temple. Part of it is fine in design, most of it is commonplace, all of it is dirty. Madame de Chatelain would have smiled to see the disappointment of the Mission, for—though there are no lovely women in Lhasa who play the fiddle, and one doubts whether much enchantment would follow if there were—the effect produced by the first sight of this imposing palace, splendid as the figment of the wildest dream, was as overwhelming and attractive as that which Gilbert saw, and our disillusionment was afterwards as great as his.

The first palace on this spot was built by Srong-tsan-gambo, but destroyed by the Chinese after a brief

## The Potala from the back.

THE KALING CHU WAS IN FLOOD, FILLING THE BED BETWEEN KARPI'S EMBANKMENTS OF SAND : ON THE FARTHER SHORE TO THE RIGHT IS A GROUP OF MONKS FROM THE POTALA, WHO WATCHED ME WITH THE DEEPEST INTEREST : THERE IS A FORD ACROSS THE RIVER AT THIS POINT.

*By the Author.*

THE POTALA FROM THE BACK.

existence in 670. It was known as Yumbu Lagang. Different buildings were subsequently erected without regard to any consistent scheme. I confess that I find it difficult to reconcile the present pile with the description or sketch by Grueber. This traveller was in Lhasa in 1661, nineteen years after the reputed

Street scene in Lhasa : eastern gate of Potala.

completion of the present building, but his picture of it is utterly unlike the reality. There must have been enormous additions in the 18th century, and even later, for Manning's note as to the lack of balance and plan in its architecture is surely unjust. *

The zigzag stairs, protected by échelon balustrades, lead downwards into the great square court

* See the plate, p. 281.

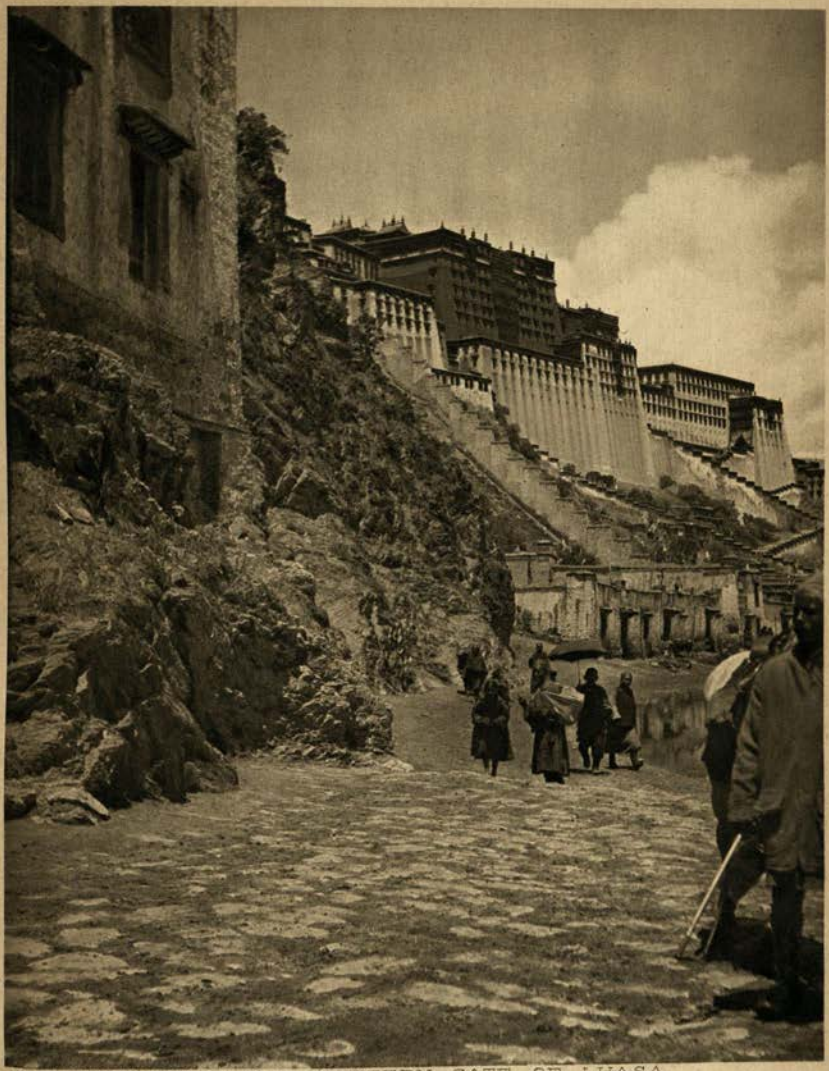
at the foot of the Marpo-ri, guarded by seven square bastion-like guard-houses, used as prisons. The rest of the court is used for the accommodation of a few soldiers and a great many beasts of burden; outside it is a squalid little hamlet. The whole of this gigantic pile vanishes at night. There is not so much as a rush-light burning in a single room of it. The only lights visible by night in all the Plain of Milk were those in Lha-lu and our camp.

Of the Dalai Lama himself of course we saw nothing. The following description of a reception by the Grand Lama within the Potala palace is taken from the pages of Chandra Das' journal.

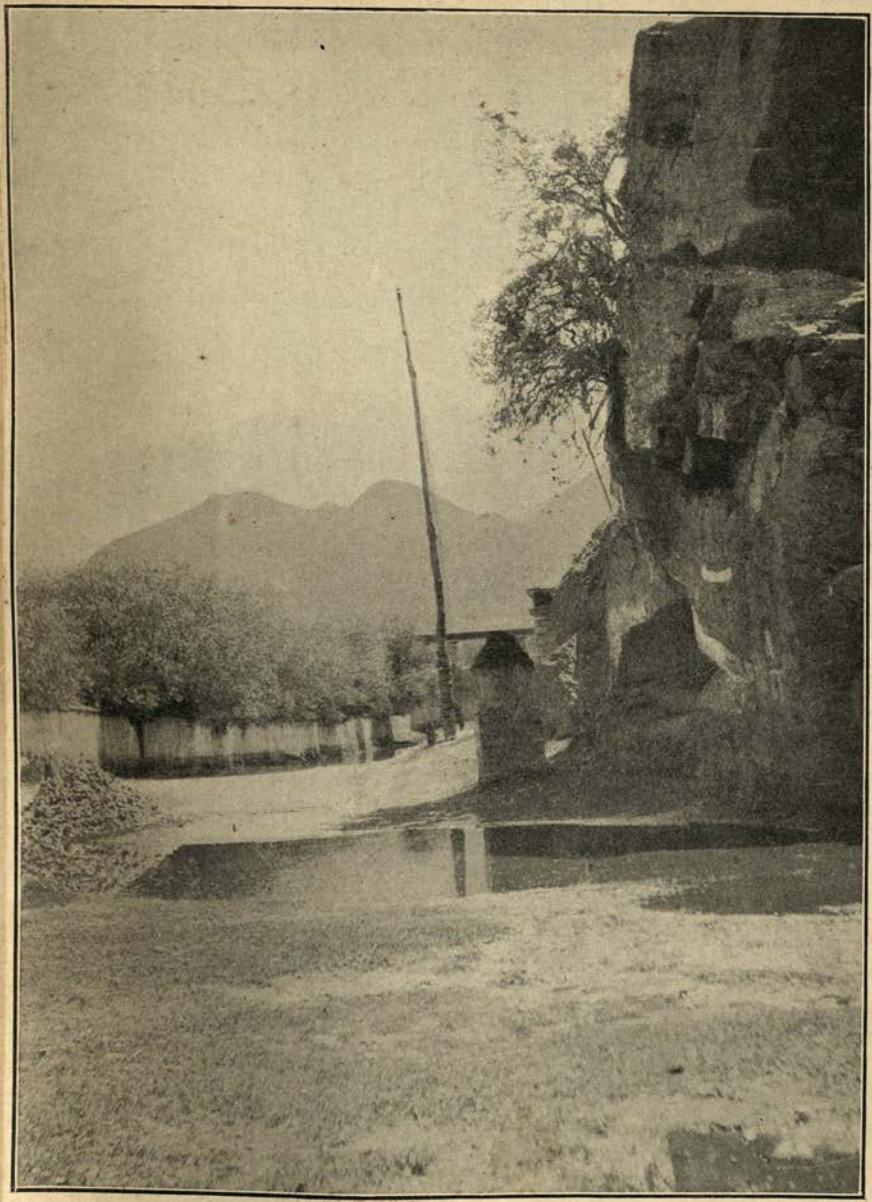
"Arriving at the eastern gateway of Potala, we dismounted and walked through a long hall, on either side of which were rows of prayer wheels, which every passer-by put in motion. Then, ascending three long flights of stone steps, we left our ponies in care of a bystander—for no one may ride further—and proceeded towards the palace under the guidance of a young monk. We had to climb up five ladders before we reached the ground floor of Phodang-marpo, or 'the Red palace,' thus called from the exterior walls being of a dark-red colour. Then we had half-a-dozen more ladders to climb up, and we found ourselves at the top of Potala (there are nine storeys to this building), where we saw a number of monks awaiting an audience. The view from here was beautiful beyond compare; the broad valley of the Kyi chu, in the centre of which stands the great city surrounded by green groves; the gilt spires of the Jo-kang and the other temples of Lhasa, and farther away the great monasteries of Sera and De-bung, behind which rose the dark-blue mountains.

## Inside the Western Gate of Lhasa.

THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST VIEWS OF THE GREAT PALACE, WHICH IN SOME WAYS RESEMBLES ON A GIGANTIC SCALE THE HILL-SIDE BUILDINGS OF ASSISI. *Grey ochre, dusty green, white, crimson, ultramarine.*



THE VIEW INSIDE THE WESTERN GATE OF LHASA.



Underneath the north-east cliff of the Potala : a tightly bound prayer pole in the centre.

## The Potala.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WILL GIVE A VERY GOOD IDEA OF THE MASSIVENESS OF THE BUILDING. IT IS SUFFICIENTLY DESCRIBED IN THE TEXT. *Grey, ochre, dusty green, white, crimson, ultramarine.*

THE POTALA PALACE.

"After a while three lamas appeared, and said that the Dalai Lama would presently conduct a memorial service for the benefit of the late Meru Ta Lama (Great Lama of Meru gomba), and that we were allowed to be present at it. Walking very softly, we came to the middle of the reception hall, the roof of which is supported by three rows of pillars, four in each row, and where light is admitted by a skylight. The furniture was that generally seen in lamaseries, but the hangings were of the richest brocades and cloths of gold; the church utensils were of gold, and the frescoing on the walls of exquisite fineness. Behind the throne were beautiful tapestries and satin hangings forming a great *gyal-tsan*, or canopy. The floor was beautifully smooth and glossy, but the doors and windows, which were painted red, were of the rough description common throughout the country.

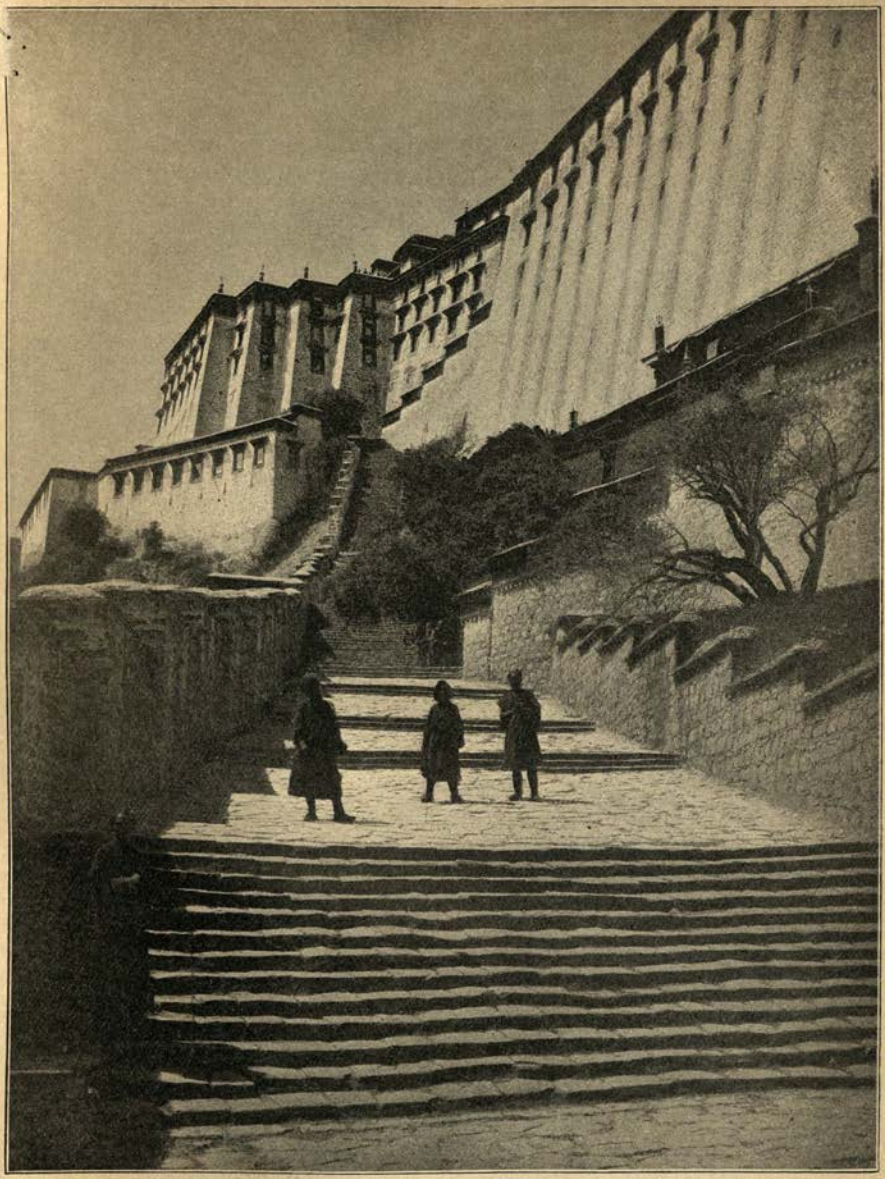
"A Donyer approached, who took our presentation *khatag*, but I held back, at the suggestion of Chola Kusho, the present I had for the Grand Lama; and when I approached him I placed in his lap, much to the surprise of all present, a piece of gold weighing a *tola*. We then took our seats on rugs, of which there were eight rows; ours were in the third, and about ten feet from the Grand Lama's throne, and a little to his left.

"The Grand Lama is a child of eight, with a bright and fair complexion and rosy cheeks. His eyes are large and penetrating, the shape of his face remarkably Aryan, though somewhat marred by the obliquity of his eyes. The thinness of his person was probably due to the fatigue of the Court ceremonies and to the religious duties and ascetic observances of his estate.

A yellow mantle draped his person, and he sat cross-legged with joined palms. The throne on which he sat was supported by carved lions, and covered with silk scarfs. It was about four feet high, six feet long, and four feet broad. The State officers moved about with becoming gravity; there was the Kuchar Khanpo, with a bowl of holy water, coloured yellow with saffron; the censer-carrier, with a golden censer with three chains; the Solpon chenpo, with a golden tea-pot; and other household officials. Two gold lamps, made in the shape of flower vases, burnt on either side of the throne.

"When all had been blessed and taken seats, the Solpon chenpo poured tea in his Holiness's golden cup, and four assistants served the people present. Then grace was said, beginning with *Om, Ah, Hum,* thrice repeated, and followed by, 'Never losing sight even for a moment of the Three Holies, making reverence even to the Three Precious Ones. Let the blessing of the Three Konchog be upon us,' etc. Then we silently raised our cups and drank the tea, which was most deliciously perfumed. In this manner we drank three cupfuls, and then put our bowls back in the bosoms of our gowns.

"After this the Solpon chenpo put a golden dish full of rice before the Dalai Lama, and he touched it, and then it was divided among those present; then grace was again said, and his Holiness, in a low, indistinct tone, chanted a hymn, which was repeated by the assembled lamas in deep, grave tones. When this was over, a venerable man rose from the first row of seats and made a short address, reciting the many acts of mercy the Dalai Lamas had vouchsafed Tibet,



The great ascent of the Potala.

*(Reproducea by kind permission of Mr. Claude White and Messrs. Johnston and Hoffmann.)*

[*To face page* 290.—Vol. II.

at the conclusion of which he presented to his Holiness a number of valuable things; then he made three prostrations and withdrew, followed by all of us.

"As I was leaving, one of the Donyer chenpo's (or chamberlain) assistants gave me two packets of blessed pills, and another tied a scrap of red silk round my neck—these are the usual return presents the Grand Lama makes to pilgrims."

This is probably the best extant description of a reception at the Potala, and for that reason I have inserted it. It will probably be many years before a white man has the chance of verifying even an incident described in it. Huc, the last European before ourselves to see it, gives an inadequate description of the palace. It is also so much beside the truth that one is obliged to wonder what pains he took to verify other statements he made in his book of travels. Here it is:—

Le palais du Talé Lama mérite à tous égards la célébrité dont il jouit dans le monde entier. Vers la partie septentrionale de la ville et tout au plus à un quart d'heure de distance, il existe une montagne rocheuse, peu élevée, et de forme conique. Elle s'éleve au milieu de cette large vallée, comme un ilot isolé au-dessus d'un immense lac.

Cette montagne porte le nom de Bouddha-La, c'est-à-dire montagne de Bouddha, montagne divine; c'est sur ce socle grandiose, préparé par la nature, que les adorateurs du Talé Lama ont édifié un palais magnifique où réside en chair et en os leur divinité vivante.

Ce palais est une réunion de plusieurs temples, de grandeur et de beauté différentes; celui qui occupe le centre est élevé de quatre étages, et domine tous les autres; il est terminé par un dôme entièrement recouvert de lames d'or, et entouré d'un grand peristyle dont les colonnes sont également dorées.

The last paragraph is puzzling indeed. Nothing is more characteristic and striking at the Potala than the

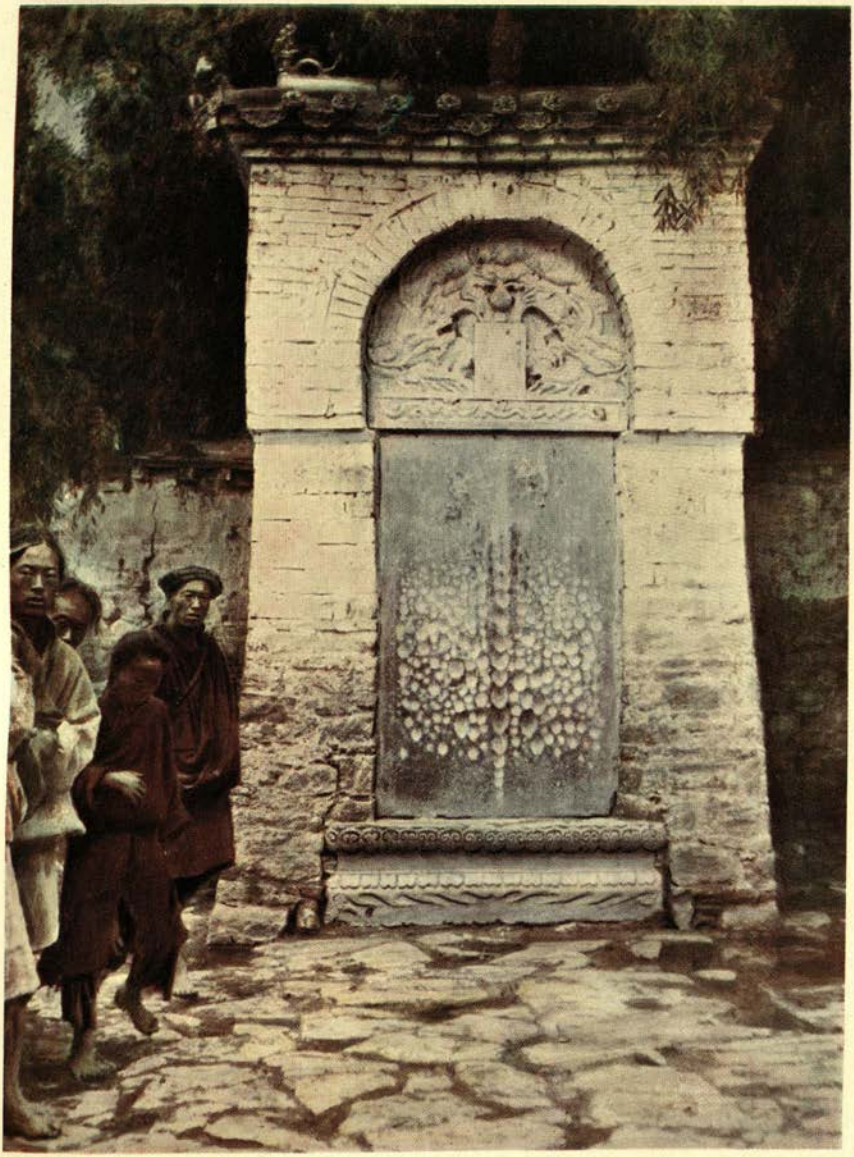
long, almost unbroken front of granite wall, reaching almost from one end to the other of the hill-crest, supporting a homogeneous and closely welded series of buildings. The truth is that very little used to be accurately noted by Asian travellers before the middle of the last century.

Of the other great features of Lhasa, the Jo-kang and the Do-ring remain pre-eminent. The latter, as was said at the beginning of this book, is the oldest existing document in Tibetan history; it records a treaty made in 783 between King Ralpachan of Tibet and his neighbour, and late enemy, the Chinese Emperor * It is a well quarried slab of granite, about six inches in thickness and five feet in height, set in a granite frame. It immediately fronts the entrance to the Cathedral, from which it is distant only thirty paces across the yard. Immediately over it is the great willow tree which springs from a hair of Buddha buried among its roots—a splendid tree, and one which, perhaps, has been able to grow to greater perfection from the protection of the wall built round its diverging trunk. This enclosure fills the western side of the little courtyard opposite the west door of the Cathedral. Between it and the projecting wings of the Government offices, which here, as elsewhere, crowd all round upon the walls of the Jo-kang, there is a space on either side, and the Do-ring stands in the direct line between them. The design of the pediment surmounting the stone is strong and undoubtedly of the original date of the monument. It represents two dragons, simply designed

* See Appendix H, paragraph 16 (miscellanea), as to the date of this monument. Two treaties were made with China, in 783 and 822 respectively, and both were recorded on granite slabs outside the Jo-kang.

## The Do-ring.

THIS IS A COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH, AS I WISHED TO PRESERVE ALL POSSIBLE DETAIL. THIS PLATE IS FULLY DESCRIBED IN THE TEXT. I HAVE, HOWEVER, UNDERESTIMATED THE SIZE OF THE GRANITE SLAB. IT MUST, IN REALITY, BE SIX FEET HIGH. THE SURROUNDING FRAME IS WHITEWASHED, AND IS IN CONSEQUENCE A DEAD WHITE. THE COLOUR OF THE STONE ITSELF IS ADMIRABLY RENDERED IN THE PLATE.



THE DO-RING.

in somewhat deep relief, of which the edges have been severely treated by the weather of many centuries. Whether the stone itself is or is not the original granite slab is a matter somewhat more difficult to decide. At first I was convinced that it must have been renewed

The sacred willow which grows from one of Buddha's hairs outside the doors of the Cathedral. It overhangs the Do-ring.

once at least. This appeared to me to be probable for more than one reason; the first was the clean-cut surface of the stone where the quarry-man had originally "flatted" it for the inscription, combined with the recent appearance of the lettering, so far as it can now be seen; and, secondly, the rapidity with which the Tibetans have ground into it the cup marks with which the whole Chinese or eastern face of the stone is now

disfigured. Some twenty years ago the writing was, we are assured by Chandra Das, still distinctly legible; the merest glance at the coloured plate will show how far this is from being the case to-day. If all this damage has been done in so short a time, it seems impossible this can be the original stone, for the process of cup-marking is one of the oldest in the world, and at this rate would long ago have destroyed the surface of the slab over and over again.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the inaccuracy of Chandra Das in many places in his book is notorious; if in his time the inscription had long been totally illegible,* if, in fact, as seems more likely, these cup marks are really the products of half-centuries instead of years, there is no reason, Mr. Hayden tells me, why the granite slab with its inscription, although exposed to the weather of a thousand years and more, should not be the original. He said that the friable appearance of the hill slopes was deceptive, and that a new piece cut from the living rock was of an exceedingly hard character. The western face of the Do-ring, which is turned inwards towards the willow, is free from cup marks, but it is covered with a blackish, mildewed growth which conceals the inscription to a great extent. This is a gritty crust which can be partially removed by the finger-nail, but it seems to have affected the surface of the stone deeply, and the Tibetan side is scarcely more legible than the other.

This inscription, taken from a translation in the Asiatic Society's Journal of a rubbing probably of the copy still kept as a record in the Amban's residence,† is as follows :—

* See J. R. A. S. Vol. XII. N. S.

† See Appendix H. 16.

"The learned, warlike, filial and virtuous Emperor of the Great Tang, and the divine and all-wise Tsanpu of the Great Fan, two sovereigns allied as father and son-in-law, having consulted to unite the gods of the land and grain, have concluded

Beneath the sacred willow.

a sworn treaty of grand alliance, which shall never be lost nor changed. Gods and men have been called as witnesses, and in order that all ages and generations may resound in praise the sworn text, section by section has been engraved on a stone monument.

"The learned, warlike, filial and virtuous Emperor, and the divine and all-wise Tsanpu, Te-chih-li-tsan, their all-wise majesties, with intuitive wisdom reaching far, and knowing both present and future, good and evil, with feelings of benevolent pity and imperial grace overspreading all, without distinction of native and foreign, have negotiated an alliance, and resolved to give to the myriad families peace and prosperity, and with like thought have completed a long, lasting and good deed. They have re-connected the bonds of affectionate kinship, strengthened anew the right policy of neighbourly friendship, and made this great peace.

"The two countries Fan and Han keeping the lands and boundaries which they now rule: all to the east shall be within the borders of the great Tang, all to the west shall be the territory of the great Fan. Neither the one nor the other shall slaughter or fight; they shall not move weapons or armour, nor shall they plot to encroach on each other's territory. Should any men be liable to suspicion, they shall be taken alive and their business enquired into, after which they shall be given clothes and food and sent back to their own country.

"Now the gods of the land and of grain have been united to make this great peace, yet to keep up the good relationship of the father and son-in-law there must be constant communication. The one shall rely on the other, and constantly send envoys to and fro. Both Fan and Han shall change horses at the Chiangchun Pass, and to the east of the Suiyung Barrier the great Tang shall provide for the mission, while to the west of the City of Chingshui the great Fan shall entertain them. They shall both be treated with due ceremony, according to the near relationship of the Imperial father and son-in-law, so that within the two borders neither smoke nor dust shall rise, no word of invasion or plunder shall be heard, and there shall be no longer anxious fear and trembling. The frontier guards shall be dismissed, and the land shall have perfect quiet in consequence of this joyful event. Their grace shall be handed down to ten thousand generations, and sounds of grateful praise shall extend to wherever the sun and the moon shine. The Fan shall be at peace in the Fan country; the Han also shall be joyful in the Han country, and this is truly a great deed of good augury. They shall keep their sworn oath, and there shall never be any change.

## The Great Entrance to the Jo-kang or Cathedral of Lhasa.

THE TIBETAN WHO IS MOVING OUT OF THE PICTURE TO THE LEFT IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE PECULIAR NATIONAL TYPE. *Granite, dun, grey-yellow, pointing white, Prout's brown yak hair curtains, dull crimson pillars, valance isabella-colour, sacred monogram gold, sky ultramarine.*

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF LHASA

"They have looked up to the three Precious ones, to all the holy saints, to the sun, moon, stars and planets, and begged them to be their witnesses. A sworn treaty like this each one has severally written and exposed, having sacrificed the victims for the sworn ceremony and ratified this text. Should they not keep these oaths, and either Fan or Han disregard the treaty and break the sworn agreement, may there come to him misfortune and calamity. Provided only that the work of rebels against the state, or secret plotters, shall not be included as a breach of the sworn ceremony.

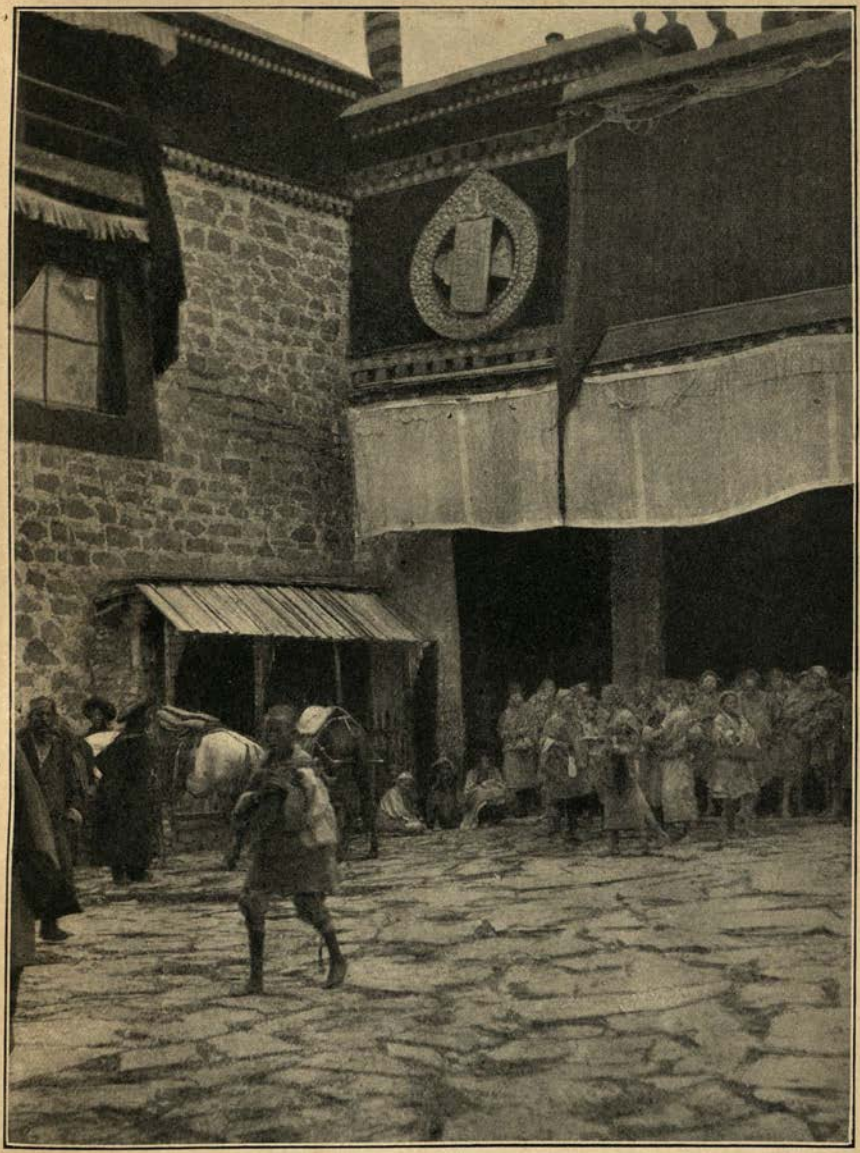
"The Fan and Han sovereigns and ministers have all bowed down and solemnly made oath and carefully drawn up the written documents. The witnesses of the two sovereigns, the officers who ascended to the altar, have reverently written their names below, and the sworn treaty, of which this is a true copy, has been deposited in the royal treasury."

There are other misconceptions about this thrice-sacred spot. There are no "old willows whose aged trunks are bent and twisted like writhing dragons on either side," nor can the monument, from any point of view, be called a pillar. There is no flag-pole in this courtyard at all.

The Do-ring witnessed one of the famous assassinations of the world. King Lang-darma, who reigned at the close of the ninth century, was the Julian of Lamaism. With a ruthless hand he attempted to extirpate Buddhism and restore the earlier and simpler devil worship of the country. A monk, disguised as a Shamanist or Black Hat devil dancer, approached Lang-darma as he was halting outside the western entrance of the Jo-kang one day in the year 900. Gambolling and capering, now advancing, now withdrawing, he eventually approached the monarch, whose attention he had gained probably by his disguise, near enough to inflict one terrific blow which smashed

in Lang-darma's forehead. The apostate fell dead where he stood. This audacious act, which laid the foundation of Lamaic supremacy, is annually recorded by a mystery play, on the spot of Lang-darma's assassination. But in the description of it, vividly written in his book on Lamaism, Colonel Waddell suggests that neither in its origin nor in its realistic details is the play based upon the facts we have mentioned. It has been slightly adapted so as to record the crime, but as a matter of origin, it is of a far greater antiquity.

There remains yet to be described the sacred heart and centre, not of Lhasa alone, but of Central Asia, and I have been asked to reprint as it stands the description of the Jo-kang which appeared in the *Times* of the 24th of September. Though somewhat doubtful, I have therefore, writing months afterwards, not cared to make alterations, even though some improvements, such as an added detail or the better turn of a sentence, might increase the literary value of the description. Such additions as are necessary I have added as distinct interpolations. There is to me an intense pleasure in looking back over the pages of my note-book to see the scrawled sketches and illegibly-jotted notes which I was careful to make during an experience which, for sheer interest, I suppose will rarely, if ever, be repeated. I almost think, if I may say so in no spirit of boasting, that perhaps no traveller will ever have the chance exactly to feel as much again, however far his travels, however dangerous his pilgrimage. Unexpectedly there rose up an opportunity of seeing that, without which a visit to Lhasa would have been after all but



Outside the great doors of the Cathedral of Lhasa. The Do-ring is immediately behind the reader, slightly to his left.

a half-achieved success. Three of us* were to be the first white men to look upon the great golden idol of Lhasa.

'It is not always realized that it is in the Cathedral of Lhasa, not in the palace outside, that the spiritual life of Tibet and of the countless millions of Northern Buddhism is wholly centred.† The policy of isolation which has for so long been the chief characteristic of the faith finds its fullest expression in the fanatical jealousy with which this temple, the heart and focus of Lamaism, has been safeguarded against the stranger's intrusion. What Tibet is to the rest of the world, what Lhasa is to Tibet, that the Jo-kang is to Lhasa, and it is not entirely clear, in spite of more than one so-called description of the interior, that any European, or even native spy, has ever before ventured inside. There has, perhaps, been reason enough for this. It is possible that pardon for having visited the city of Lhasa, or the Potala Palace—which is in comparison almost a place of resort—might have been obtained on terms, but there could hardly have been a reprieve for the luckless intruder once discovered inside these darkened and windowless quadrangles. Certainly neither the ground plan published by Giorgi in the 18th century nor any of the detailed accounts published more recently suggested that their authors had any first-hand acquaintance with the place.

'As I have noticed in a former letter, the exterior is devoid of either beauty or dignity. The interior,

* Mr. Claude White and Mr. E. C. Wilton were the other two. Colonel Younghusband took this opportunity to make a handsome gift in silver rupees to the "chapter" of Jo-kang.

† As a matter of fact, the name Lhasa is used even for the surrounding city only by an extension of its original meaning. This, the Jo-kang, is the real Lha-sa or "Place of God."—*Waddell: Lamaism, p.* 301.

on the other hand, is unquestionably the most important and interesting thing in Central Asia. It is the treasure-house and kaabah, not of the country only, but of the faith, and it is curious that, while the magnificent Potala is a casket containing nothing either ancient or specially venerated, the priceless gems of the Jo-kang should be housed in a building which literally has no outside walls at all. All round the Cathedral the dirty and insignificant council chambers and offices, in which the affairs of Tibet are debated and administered, lean like parasites against it for support, huddled together and obscuring the sacred structure, to which they owe their stability, in a way that seems mischievously significant of the whole state of Tibet.

'From Chagpori the five great gilded roofs are indeed to be seen blazing in the sun through the tree-tops hard by the Yutok Bridge, but even this suggestion of importance vanishes as one treads a way through the filth of the narrow streets to the western entrance. So crowded upon is the Jo-kang that this is actually the only part of the structure which is visible from the street which surrounds it.

'It is not strangers only against whom the great doors of the Jo-kang have been barred. Exclusion from its sacred precincts is officially pronounced against those also who have incurred the suspicion, or displeasure, of the ruling hierarchy of Lhasa, and it is a curious proof of the autocratic power which is exercised with regard to this Cathedral, as well as of the insignificance of the suzerainty, that on August 11, in this year, the Viceroy himself, going in state to the Jo-kang to offer prayer on the occasion of the Chinese Emperor's birth-

day, had the doors shut in his face. To this insult the opportunity I have enjoyed of examining the temple with a fulness that would otherwise have been im-

The Amban's first secretary, who introduced us into the Jo-kang.

possible was due. Anxious to retaliate, the Amban —who was on a subsequent day grudgingly permitted to visit the ground floor only of the building—used our presence in Lhasa to teach the keepers of the

Cathedral a lesson in manners. At any rate, to our surprise, a definite invitation was one day extended to one or two of the members of the Mission to make a morning visit into Lhasa for the purpose of examining the treasures of the innermost sanctuary of Buddhism. It was accepted. A Chinese guard of the Residency, armed with tridents, halberds, and scythe-headed lances, provided our escort, and immediately upon our arrival the great doors, half hidden in the shadow under the many-pillared propylon, were opened and at once barred again behind us.

'Just in front, seen through a forest of pillars, was an open and verandahed court-yard. Its great age was at once apparent. The paintings on the walls were barely distinguishable through a heavy cloak of dirt and grease, and it was difficult to imagine the colours with which the capitals of the pillars, and the raftered roof overhead, had originally been painted. The court is open to the sky and is surrounded by none of the small chapels which are the chief feature of the inner quadrangles of the Jo-kang. The architecture is of the kind invariable in religious buildings in Tibet —a double row of pillars carry the half-roof overhead, each supporting on a small capital a large bracketed abacus, voluted and curved on both sides and charged in the centre with a panel of archaic carving. The wooden doors which secure both entrances of the first court are of immense size, heavily barred, and embossed with filigree ring plates of great age.

'At the opposite end of the court an open door communicates with the second court, revealing a bright mass of hollyhocks, snapdragon, and stocks, vivid in the sun. The sanctity of the temple obviously in-

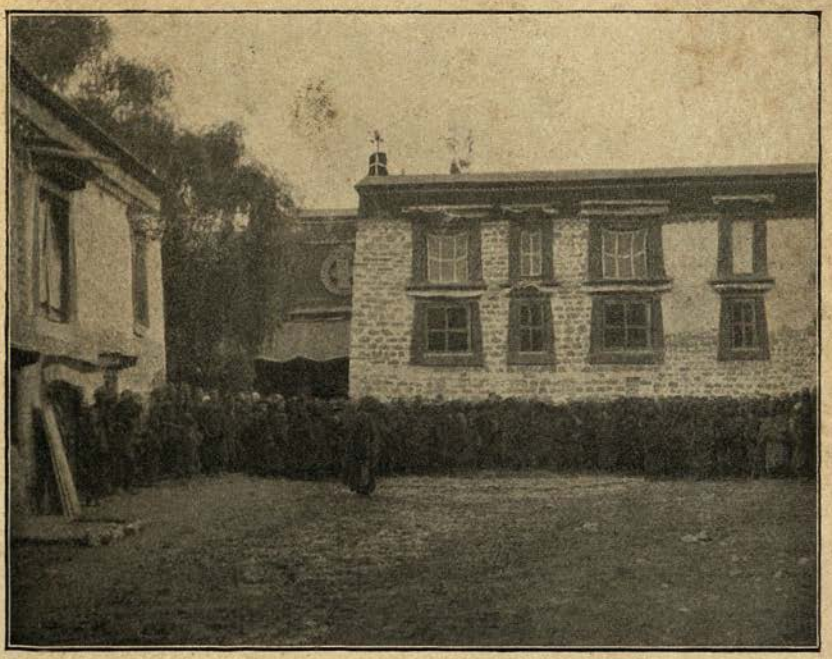
## City of Lhasa.

IT IS ALMOST NECESSARY TO HAVE SEEN LHASA TO RECOGNISE THE FIDELITY OF THE REPRESENTATION OF THE FLASHING ROOFS IN THE GOLD-RED TOWN RINGED ABOUT WITH THE IMPASSIVE HILLS.

*By Countess Helena Gleichen.*

THE CITY OF LHASA, SHOWING THE GOLDEN ROOFS OF THE JO-KANG.

creased as we ventured into the inner court. Its sides are honeycombed by small dark chambers, apparently built in the thickness of the enormous wall. Each is an idol-crowned sanctuary. Into these obscure shrines one stumbles, bent almost double to avoid the dirt of the low greasy lintel. Once inside, the eye



The street leading to the Jo-kang. The western front may be seen in the distance.

requires some time to distinguish anything more than the dim outlines of an altar in the middle of the chamber. On it stand one or two copper or brass bowls filled high with butter, each bearing on its half-congealed surface a dimly burning wick in a little pool of self-thawed oil. These dim beads of yellow light provide all the illumination of the cave, and after a little, one can just distinguish the solemn images squatting round

the walls, betrayed by points and rims of light, reflected here and there from the projections and edges of golden draperies or features. The smell is abominable. The air is exhausted and charged with rancid vapours. Everything one touches drips with grease. The fumes of burning butter have in the course of many generations filmed over the surfaces and clogged the carving of doors and walls alike. The floor underfoot is slippery as glass. Upon this receptive foundation the grime and reek of centuries have steadily descended, with results that may be imagined. Except that the images themselves apparently receive from time to time a perfunctory wipe with the greasy rag which is generally to be found in a conspicuous place beside a Tibetan altar, there is not in one of these numerous chapels the slightest sign of consideration, respect, or care.

'One comes out again into the open air with relief, only to find, three or four yards on, the entrance to another of these catacomb-like chapels. They entirely surround the walls of this interior court, and to the eye of the stranger hardly differ one from another. Indeed, the monks themselves when questioned seem to find some difficulty in distinguishing the identity of the images in the successive chapels. In front of some of these recesses hangs a curtain of a curious kind, peculiar, so far as I know, to this temple. Horses' bits, of steel and of a plain pattern, are linked together ring to ring by short lengths of twisted iron, the whole forming an original and effective screen. This is secured to the left-hand jamb by a long bolt and staple, and the whole is fastened by one of the gigantic locks which are adopted from China, and are perhaps the most ingenious product of the country.

'The centre of the court is taken up by an inner sanctuary formed on three sides by low shelves, covered with small brass Buddhas backed by larger images arranged between the pillars supporting the roof of the half-roof, and on the fourth side by a plain trellis or iron pierced by a similar plain gateway. From inside, therefore, none of the chapels or the statues ranged along the walls of the court are visible, and the darkness thereby caused under the portico is greatly increased by the half-drawn awnings, of which the ropes slant downwards across the opening, and form perches for a special colony of orange and purple swallows, whose nests cling up to the overhanging eaves.

'In this central court two statues sit, one—that to the left—is about life size, the other is of gigantic proportions. Both of them present the same peculiarity—one which cannot fail to arrest the eye at once. Each is seated upon a throne in European fashion, and this identifies them at once. Of all the Bodisats, heroes, or teachers which fill the calendars of Lamaism, only the image of the coming Buddha is thus represented. How this tradition arose the lamas themselves are unable to explain, but it is of great antiquity, and it is to Europe that the eyes of Buddhism are turned for the appearance of the next reincarnation of the Great Master. As will be remembered, the Tzar of Russia was recently recognized as a reincarnate Bodisat,* and it is not impossible that this legend paved the way considerably for his acceptance. Crowned with a huge circlet set with innumerable turquoises, Maitreya sits here with one hand raised in benediction,

* Kawaguchi, the Japanese traveller, says that he has been identified as "Ze Zongawa." This, in O'Connor's opinion, is merely a misreading of Tsong-kapa.

the other resting upon his knee. On his breast lies a tangled mass of jewelled chains and necklaces, and vast 'roundles' of gold, set with concentric rings of turquoises, half hide his huge shoulders. We caught only a hurried glimpse as we passed on; for the order in which the sights of a Buddhist temple may be visited is invariable, and we took care not to offend the susceptibilities of the lamas by deviating from the orthodox left-to-right course which forms part of their religious observances. The 'way of the wine' is a custom which would need no explanation to a Buddhist.

'Once under the eastern end of the Jo-kang, one finds the darkness deepen fast. There is no light but such as can find its way under the wide half-roofs and through the trellises, screens, and awnings which almost entirely close in the central court. In the gloom one passes by ancient chapel after chapel, where the dim half-light barely reveals the existence of the dark recess guarded by its iron screen. The archaic walls share with the smooth worn pillars the burden of the warped rafters overhead. The stone slabs underfoot are worn into a channel, and the grime of a thousand years has utterly hidden the pictures—if there ever were any—on the walls. At last one turns to the right, passing close beneath the uplifted figure of the great Tsong-kapa, the Luther of Central Asia. It is a contemporary likeness, and one could wish that there were more light by which to see it than is afforded by the dim radiance of the butter-lamp before his knees. But his very posture is significant; for, instead of having his back to the wall behind him, Tsong-kapa faces south, and this is the first indication that we are at last drawing near to the Holy of Holies.

'We have now reached the eastern end of the Cathedral, and are passing behind the trellis-work of the inner court; in the twilight it is difficult to distinguish the half-seen figures which people the recesses and line the sides of the path along which we grope our way. Ten paces more and the Jo itself is before us.

'The first sight of what is beyond question the most famous idol in the world is uncannily impressive. In the darkness it is at first difficult to follow the lines of the shrine which holds the god. One only realizes a high pillared sanctuary in which the gloom is almost absolute, and therein, thrown into strange relief against the obscurity, the soft gleam of the golden idol which sits enthroned in the centre. Before him are rows and rows of great butter-lamps of solid gold, each shaped in curious resemblance to the pre-Reformation chalices of the English Church. Lighted by the tender radiance of these twenty or thirty beads of light, the great glowing mass of the Buddha softly looms out, ghostlike and shadowless, in the murky recess.

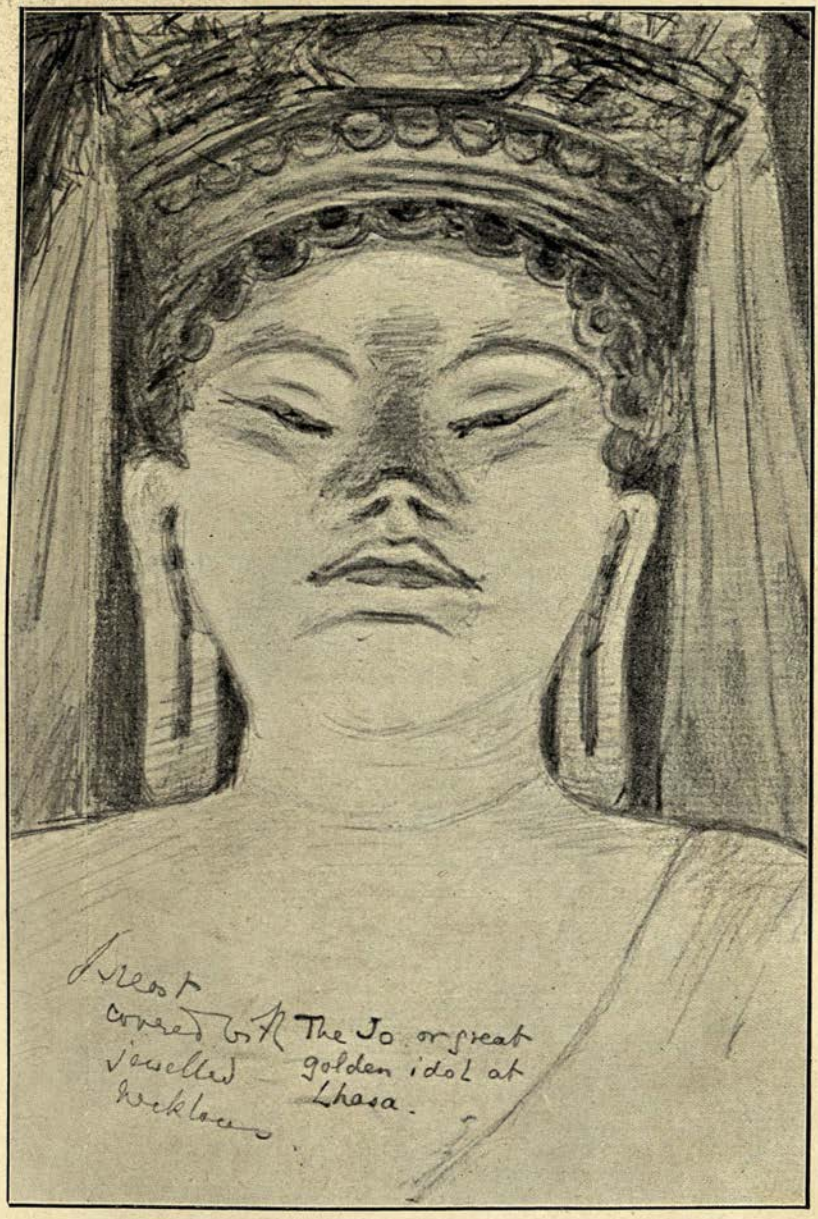
'It is not the magnificence of the statue that is first perceived, and certainly it is not that which makes the deepest and most lasting impression. For this is no ordinary prepresentation of the Master. The features are smooth and almost childish; beautiful they are not, but there is no need of beauty here. Here is no trace of that inscrutable smile which, from Mukden to Ceylon, is inseparable from our conceptions of the features of the Great Teacher. Here there is nothing of the saddened smile of the Melancholia who has known too much and has renounced it all as vanity. Here, instead, is the quiet happiness and the quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who had never yet

known either pain, or disease, or death. It is Gautama as a pure and eager prince, without a thought for the morrow, or a care for to-day. No doubt the surroundings, which are effective almost to the verge of theatricality, account for much, but this beautiful statue is the sum and climax of Tibet, and as one gazes one knows it and respects the jealousy of its guardians. The legendary history of this idol is worth retelling. It is believed that the likeness was made from Gautama himself, in the happier days of his innocence and seclusion in Kapali-vastu. It was made by Visvakarma —no man, but the constructive force of the universe— and is of gold, alloyed with the four other elemental metals, silver, copper, zinc, and iron, symbolical of this world, and it is adorned with diamonds, rubies, lapis-lazuli, emeralds, and the unidentified Indranila, which modern dictionaries prosaically explain as sapphire.* This priceless image was given by the King of Magadha to the Chinese Emperor for his timely assistance when the Yavanas were over-running the plains of India. From Peking it was brought as her dowry by Princess Konjo in the seventh century. The crown was undoubtedly given by Tsong-kapa himself in the early part of the fifteenth century, and the innumerable golden ornaments which heap the khil-kor before the image are the presents of pious Buddhists from the earliest days to the present time. Among them are twenty-two large butter-lamps, eight of a somewhat smaller size, twelve bowls, two " Precious Wheels of the Law," and a multitude of smaller articles, all of the same metal.

' These are arranged on the three shelves of the khil-kor, and the taller articles conceal the whole

* The idol is about twice life-size.

THE HEAD OF THE GREAT GOLDEN IDOL OF LHASA FROM A ROUGH SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.


Chest
covered with
jewelled
necklaces
The Jo or great
golden idol at
Lhasa.

of the image from his shoulders downwards. To this fact may perhaps be due the common, but mistaken, description of the Jo as a standing figure. Across and across his breast are innumerable necklaces of gold, set with turquoises, pearls, and coral. The throne on which he sits has overhead a canopy supported by two exquisitely designed dragons of silver-gilt, each about 10 feet in height. Behind him is the panel of conventional wooden foliage, and the "Kyung," or Garuda Bird, overhead can just be seen in the darkness. Closer examination shows that almost every part of the canopy and seat is gilded, gold, or jewelled. The crown is perhaps the most interesting jewel. It is a deep coronet of gold, set round and round with turquoise, and heightened by five conventional leaves, each enclosing a golden image of Buddha, and encrusted with precious stones. In the centre, below the middle leaf, is a flawless turquoise 6 inches long and 3 inches wide, the largest in the world. Behind the throne are dimly seen in the darkness huge figures standing back against the wall of the shrine all round. Rough-hewn, barbarous, and unadorned they are, but nothing else could have so well supplied the background for this treasure of treasures as the Egyptian solemnity of these dark Atlantides, standing shoulder to shoulder on altar stones, where no lamps are ever lighted and no flowers are ever strewn. Before the entrance, protecting the treasures of the shrine, is the usual curtain of horses' bits. This was unfastened at our request, and we were allowed to make a careful examination of the image. The gems are not, perhaps, up to the standard of a European market; so far as one could see, the emeralds were large, but flawed,

and, as is of course inevitable, the pearls, though of considerable size, were lustreless; but it would be difficult to surpass the exquisite workmanship of everything connected with this amazing image, and a closer inspection did but increase the impression of opulence.' Nothing was more striking than the persistent use of pearls and mother-o'-pearl, amber and coral. As one looked, there was almost the very sound of the far-distant and unknown sea in among these murky inland caverns of granite, darkness and dirt.

'The altar below the Khil-kor is of silver, ornamented with conventional figures of birds in *repoussé* work, and one smiled to see in the most conspicuous place of all, thrown carelessly in a cleft between two of the supports, the usual greasy rag, with which the sacred image was daily rubbed. Two long katags descend from the crown one from either side above the ears. Between the two dragons and the image itself are two square pillars of silver heavily ornamented. The edge of the canopy above is crisped. One could not see in that light how it was finished above.

'Outside, the maroon-robed monks sat and droned their never-ending chant. We pass by them, and, after a glance at the Maitreya at nearer range, we were taken upstairs to the first floor, which runs only along the inner court, passing on our way the famous representation of Chagna Dorje. This, in one account of the Jo-kang, is said to be the statue round the neck of which a rope was once tied by order of the apostate, King Langdarma, to drag it from its place; thereupon the miscreant was, of course, promptly and miraculously destroyed. As a matter of fact it is an image cut in low relief upon the wall itself of the Jo-kang, gilded

and coloured, and honoured always with rows of copper lamps.' I made a rapid sketch of it. The right hand is raised and holds something which looks like a sword or a sceptre. All of it is archaic, crude and rough to the last degree. "This is but another example of the inaccuracy which characterizes all the extant descriptions of the Cathedral of Lhasa. It would be easy to multiply similar cases; in fact, hardly anything has been properly noted. On the first floor there are chapels maintained by the devotion of special races of the Buddhist faith. Among them the Nepalese chapel was pointed out. The story that there is here the image of Buddha brought by the Nepalese, wife of Srong-Tsan-gambo, is without foundation. This image, or one claiming to be it, is at the monastery of Ki-long or Ki-rong, near the Nepalese frontier.

'Above, on the second floor, is an image which, after the Jo itself, is the most important treasure that the Jo-kang contains. In the south-eastern corner of this storey is the armoury, where the walls and pillars alike are loaded with ancient and grotesque instruments of war. From this room a low, narrow passage leads down half-a-dozen stone steps into a small dungeon, where the statue of the guardian goddess, Palden-Lhamo, is worshipped. This is a most amazing figure. The three-eyed goddess, crowned with skulls, grins affably with mother-of-pearl teeth from her altar; upon her head and breast are jewels which the Jo himself might condescend to wear. Eight large, square charm-boxes of gold and gems, two pairs of gold-set turquoise earrings, each half a foot in length, and a diamond-studded fillet on the brow beneath the crown are perhaps the most conspicuous ornaments. Her breast-plate of turquoise and corals is almost hidden

by necklaces, and a huge irregular pearl, strongly resembling the "Dudley" jewel in shape, is at last distinguishable in the centre leaf of her crown. Before her burn butter-lamps, and brown mice swarm fearlessly over walls and floor and altar, so tame that they did not resent being stroked on the lap of the goddess herself.

'With this famous image of the guardian deity—who, as every Tibetan knows, from the Dalai Lama to the peasant in the field—was reincarnated during the last century as Queen Victoria, the list of treasures in the Jo-kang of a special interest to Europeans is perhaps concluded. But for the Buddhist scholar there is an unexplored wealth which it may be many years before any second visitor will have the privilege of inspecting, or the knowledge to appreciate. The great eleven-faced Shen-re-zig, the "precious" image of Tsong-kapa, the innumerable figures of divine teachers, each symbolically representing the spiritual powers with which he was endowed, the great series of the disciples of Buddha, the statue of the Guru Rimpoche, the usual "chamber of horrors," and hundreds of other objects, each worthy of the great Pantheon of Lamaism—all these must for the moment remain unnoticed. But the longer one stays within these strange and sacred courts, the more amazing does the contrast appear between the priceless riches and historic sanctity of their contents and the squalid exterior of the most sacred structure in all the vast domain of Buddhism. Yet the face of the Buddha remains the dominant impression of the whole.'

As we left the Cathedral a significant thing occurred. I do not suggest for a moment that the Chinese deliberately let us in for the hostile demonstration which

we now encountered, but the fact that they had used the presence of our troops outside to inflict upon the Jo-kang what the lamas and perhaps the laymen of Lhasa also regarded as a slight, may have incensed the people. Our horses had been left outside the western gates, and the fact of our being inside the building was therefore patent to every passer-by. We emerged from the dark enclosures of the Cathedral into the blazing sunlight to find half the population of Lhasa waiting for us in a dense, growling crowd. They were pressing upon our horses and men, and they had filled the entire courtyard right up to the Do-ring.

I am not perfectly certain who gave the order, but I am inclined to think that it was the Viceroy's first secretary, who accompanied us on our tour of inspection round the temple; immediately, a great, powerfully-built lama ran forward with a weighted 8-foot whip of what looked like rhinoceros hide and struck out right and left, inflicting appalling blows on the packed crowd. It sullenly gave way before him, and an avenue was left through the courtyard, to the road leading out towards the town door and the Yutok Sampa. I had walked forward a few paces to look again at the Do-ring, not entirely realising the position, while the others mounted their horses and slowly rode out. The first stone came with a crash against the Do-ring itself, missing Mr. White's head by a few inches. It was the signal for a score of others Great jagged. pieces of granite, weighing two or three pounds, kicked out of the walls or pulled up from the road, crashed from the house-tops and the street upon our little party, and it was interesting to notice that the stones were directed obviously against our Chinese escort rather

than against ourselves. We had, of course, our revolvers in our pockets, but even a single shot over their heads under such circumstances, though it would without question instantly have brought the Tibetans to reason, might, in the long run, have complicated the negotiations, so we rode out slowly, trying to look as dignified as we could. But it was probably a relief to all concerned when we reached the little door in the city wall which leads out to the central park.

The real significance of this incident must not be mistaken; in itself it was of no very great moment, but as indicating the utter contempt felt by the Tibetans for the suzerain power of Tibet, it is something which we cannot entirely ignore. The more we acquit the actual guardians of the temple from all complicity in it, the more spontaneous and popular does this outburst of indignation against the normal overlords of Tibet become. Even when their suzerainty was supposed to be supported by the presence of our troops outside, it was possible that this could occur in the heart of Lhasa, and it is in itself a convincing proof that no action of the Chinese with regard to Tibet will, in the future, have any real importance, or be regarded by the Tibetans as binding upon themselves in any way. *

This was my last sight of the interior of Lhasa, and I am not sorry that it should have been so—after this, anything and everything would have been but an anti-climax. On the following day before dawn I set off on my long ride back to India, carrying despatches both to the Viceroy and to the Home Government.

* To carry the story of our political relations with Tibet up to the last possible moment, I propose to add in an Appendix the story of the signing of the Treaty, and the subsequent political action of the Home and Indian Governments.

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE RIDE FROM LHASA TO INDIA.*

I LEFT Lhasa just before the dawn, passing out towards the western end of the plain, then still enshrouded in darkness, but spanned by the most beautiful rainbow I have ever seen in my life. The Potala, rising straight in front of me as I left the Lha-lu house, was distinct enough against the growing amber of the south-eastern sky. There had been snow in the night, and a white pall came far down the mountain-sides all round. The greenery had not yet begun to detach itself from the darkness, but the road was clear enough, and after gaining the main road by the causeway across the marsh, I turned to the right and set off with the escort.

It is a curious thing that, on the whole, I have found almost more interest taken in this lonely return journey of mine than in anything else that occurred during the seven months of my stay in Tibet; yet the story is simple enough. There were two reasons why I went as fast as possible. The first was that I was carrying despatches both to the Viceroy at Simla and to the Home Government. Another was that there was a certain practical value in knowing exactly how fast mounted men, not unduly pressing their horses, could, with kit, travel from Darjeeling

* See Appendix I.

to Lhasa or from Lhasa to Darjeeling. The distance if a perfectly straight course can be kept, is 390 miles but, from one reason or another, the total amount that I had to cover was about 400 miles. For example, four miles were lost over the crossing of the Tsang-po alone. The military authorities in India had issued instructions that I was to be assisted in every possible way. Had it not been, in fact, for the kindly co-operation and help which I found at every stage, it would have been impossible for me to do the journey in anything like the time I actually took.

The first stage was a long one. The sun rose about the time that I passed De-bung Monastery, and I was glad of its warmth. Hitherto the road had passed the plantations and thickets, swamps and fields that I had again and again re-visited. Henceforward it was to go over an old track indeed, but throughout from a different point of view, which counted for much, and with a rapidity which afforded one a far better proportional view of the whole road between Lhasa and India than the toilsome daily movement of a force can ever give.

Near De-bung I passed many little companies of Tibetans, both men and women, going into Lhasa with ponies laden with goods for market. A light rain blew in their faces as we came along, and, head to wind, they were often almost upon me before they knew of my coming. But there was always the same kindly smile and some unintelligible remark smothered in a fold of their robe. After sunrise the rain ceased. I followed the road through the cultivated patches that lead on from one clump of white houses to another, all nameless so far as I could ascertain. Sooner than I

had expected the road raised itself a little and by a stone causeway reached up to Tölung bridge. The river beneath me was in a different state from that which we had previously known. Sullen floods of brownish water banked themselves against the retaining walls, and swooped down with concentrated viciousness upon the long sterlings of the bridge. A Sepoy sentry on either side roused himself as I passed. On the bridge I turned to look at the Potala, just then reflecting the first rays from its golden roofs. It was strangely clear, and I could hardly believe that it had seemed so far away when we had seen it on our arrival at this point. The clouds seemed driven upwards along the whole line of mountains which contained the plain. They formed a pearl-grey canopy, of which the lower edge was cut, as before, with knife-like sharpness. The greenery of the plain ran riot. From Tölung we went on past isolated farmsteads, keeping our right shoulders forward, till at last the tall heap of stones and the chorten, to which I have before referred, crawled slowly up towards us.

When it came to the point, it was no easy thing to see the last of Lhasa. But I knew that when that heap was reached, the last of Lhasa was just about to fade behind the spur which runs out from the southern hills. It needed no pile of stones to tell me that. I had been watching, with concentration and almost sadness, the slowly dwindling palace of the forbidden town. I would have given a good deal then to go back. But the thing was settled, and it had to be done. I went on till I reached the stones, and there halted to look at the two small pyramids of grey which rose far away in the distance just beyond the end of the

jagged spur. There the great structure stood, careless, impassive and eternal as the pyramids. The lines of terrace and descent could still be traced. The dark, red mass—red only because one knew that it was red, not red because at that distance any colour could be certainly seen—sat enthroned in its white chair. Its whole intent was cast away from me, away too, from the tented camping-ground, and the Lha-lu house which I had left; but every window pre-supposed a greater thing, that thrice-sacred shrine in central Lhasa which is the centre of all the life and all the fascination of Buddhism, that golden idol which I should never see again. A spit of grey rain slanted across the hill above Sera. I went on. But I can assure the reader that for twenty yards the Potala is still to be seen.

The road now humps itself over a little stream by a stone-built curve. As you descend on the western side of this small culvert, and not before, the last vestige of the Potala is hidden from your view for ever. The road goes on, but for many miles the warmth had gone out of the sun, the light was missing from the distant slopes.

Still sturdily trotting forward, one saw again the landmarks of our advance, and one halted to look at the gigantic Buddha in his stone recess, not only perhaps in curiosity; perhaps also to stave off for thirty seconds the last sight one will ever have of the plain in which Lhasa lies. But there was a long journey still before us, and I went on, something depressed at heart.

At Netang the first halt was made. I thought that, as we had done twelve miles, it was but fair to give both men and beasts a rest and food, so we dismounted

on a grassy patch by the roadside, not very far on from where a running stream runs a moat-like course between the white mud-walls of a substantial farm. We went on again in twenty minutes. The road was good enough, but already the coming weariness of this long trek was borne in upon me. There is, perhaps, something suggestive of keen pleasure and quickened appreciation in the idea of travelling fast over mountainous passes and the highest plateau on earth, day after day, day after day. But though I am glad to have done this journey, it was no cheery matter in the doing. I suppose that the knowledge that you may not stop, whatever your need, whatever your weariness, helps, to a certain extent, to tire you in advance. The day's programme must be carried through; there is no help for it. To such and such a place you must reach before nightfall; if you do not, you must go on through the night until you do reach it. Morning after morning you must rise at five o'clock or even before five, and you must press on with your strange escort till the next change of horses gives you ten minutes' rest. If you stay to rest, if you slacken your pace for two miles to see some specially beautiful view, you pay for it—not then, when you could well afford to pay for it, but at the end of your day, when you are content to drag yourself into the post you have watched slowly increasing through the gloom with eyes so tired that they have ceased to care much whether they see anything more or not that day. And the knowledge of what is before you every day helps to take away the poetry of such a ride. If, under these circumstances, you want to see the unrivalled beauty and the exquisite attraction of such a journey you must bring

a stout heart with you. The fourth day sees you an utterly sore and wearied man, already skinned by the bitter wind, wondering quietly whether the next day can really be done or not. It is not the distance that you have to traverse. This first day we did about forty-seven miles; in all, the average stage was hardly more than thirty-five miles, but it was thirty-five miles covered at an altitude which is felt most heavily in this continual work. One could do seventy miles a day more easily in England.

At 10.37 we reached Nam, where we had another halt. By this time we had caught up the convoy which had left Lhasa on the previous day. It just so happens that the road here winds round by a trang which forbids one to pass a string of laden mules. So there was every excuse for going slowly and resting thereby. The Kyi chu ran sullenly in a swollen flood, and the deep echoes of the water beneath the overhanging cliffs were like the grumblings of the sea at Tintagel. At last the road freed itself from the intruding hills; we set off at a canter across the flat plain and speedily distanced the slowly pacing train. We reached Jang, where the willow trees clog themselves and dam a small lake below the scarp of the granite hill. It is a pretty place, and we had stopped there on our way up. But now there is no time. Chak-sam is a long way ahead, and Chak-sam must be reached that day. So on we go, and at last, after many miles, we reached Chusul.

The barley fields round Chusul were ripening fast. Otherwise there was little change since we passed up by this road a month ago. Round the corner, however, we reached the Tsang-po, and here was a difference indeed.

The brown flood water from bank to bank slides by with desperate intention. There is no haste, there is no foam, but there is a long journey to go and the waters of the Tsang-po are losing no time. The road is under water. Again and again I had to climb the cliff-side where the new depth threatened to sweep my pony off his feet, or hid the edge of safety underneath its tarnished flood. The willow trees, which before stood high and dry above the stream, were now waterlogged, and filtered the flotsam of the surface through their reluctant leaves. Then, when this became too heavy a burden to be borne, branch and all cracked and splintered heavily down the stream, which was nearly a mile wide at this point. Beside it the road, sometimes submerged, sometimes not, struck on till the valley opened, and through a picturesque little hamlet where the poplars grew thickly together beneath the level of the road, making a shade in which no grass would grow, the track made onwards still towards the low-lying lines of vegetation which mark Pome-tse. Over forty miles from Lhasa our northern picket stood, and one dismounts with utter relief. But all was not over thus. The river has yet to be crossed, and for this one has to plod a mile upstream, then embark in a kwor—a frail yak-skin boat, distended upon bamboos—and go whirling down-stream, making an almost invisible progress through the brown flood. The land sweeps upstream with amazing velocity as we go. To cross 700 yards we travel two miles. Part of that 700 yards is still water, a small portion is even a gentle back-flow in the way we wish to go. We lose two clear miles in 400 yards. Soon we are swept round just beyond the spur of rock from which the ferry started.

Straight across the whirlpools where poor Bretherton died, our frail craft is carried creaking, twisted, awry, as the strain comes alternately on one side and the other. At last, however, just as it seems that we shall be swept down beneath the chains of Chak-sam gompa, the backwater is reached, and we come gently to rest, nosing the bank exactly to a foot where a little ghât had been prepared for us. For sheer skill in watermanship it would be hard to beat the thick-skulled grinning boatmen of Chak-sam ferry. There was never a moment's hesitation, there was never a moment's recovery. The course was as plain to these caramel-eyed barbarians as if we had swung across on an aerial wire. Another mile had to be covered before I reached my camp that night. I dined with Wigram and Davys, good, competent men. The latter, with unheard-of daring, succeeded in saving for Candler the use of his terribly maimed right hand, tying up the tendons with complete and successful disregard of the working drawings of his Creator. The former, after many weary months in unthanked solitude, still spent his own money to save his company of yaks from dying of starvation by decree of the commissariat.

On the next morning I rode on easily to Kambapartsi, where the road turns abruptly up the high mountain which separates the Yam-dok tso from the waters of the Brahmaputra, 3,000 feet below. We had milk at the house beside which the willow grows which is twisted into a figure of eight. Then we climbed, climbed steadily and wearily, thankful for nothing except that we always kept just ahead of a rainstorm clouding the valley 500 feet below us. We rose and rose until at last, after many halts, we saw

the side trail which runs along the river bank to Shigatse join us from the western slope. Then there was not much more to do. We passed the chortens which mark the summit of the pass, and, giving my horse to a Sikh, I thankfully went on my own feet down the long descent which, after giving again and again alternate views of the great blue lake, lands one at last beside its steady, unruffled ring of water. Then we went on again round the spurs containing the northern shore still blue with larkspur, here dipping far into the recesses where some stream deposited its scanty waters in the lake, there saving half a mile by taking the lake-shore down where the nettles could no longer grow. Hour after hour passed, and at last Pe-di jong, which we had had in sight for six or seven miles, began to grow in size. Arrived there, I made the best of my way with Lieut. Dalmahoy to his eyrie high above the lake in one of the few rooms in the castle which was still fit for use. Next day was the most merciful of all the eleven days I rode. Owing to the necessity of exchanging mails at Ra-lung, there was no use in going farther that day than Nagartse jong. This was easy indeed, and quite slowly we made our way round the north-western corner of the lake, over the causeway of Good Luck, and round the arm of the lake to the western shore. It was a short day, and I reached Nagartse before one o'clock.

Here Moody told me that among the duties unexpectedly thrown upon him was that of supplying the bare necessities of life to the neighbouring villages which had been mercilessly sacked by the followers of the Tongsa Penlop. In every case we had left in each house sufficient to last it through the winter,

but these Bhutanese brigands had swooped down upon the luckless villagers in our rear and had deprived them even of the last pound of grain or meal.

On the 18th I left Nagartse at 7 o'clock, and arrived at the scene of the fight on the Karo la four hours later. It was an interesting ride. All the way up the valley the flowers thicken. It would have been impossible for anyone, as we came down, to guess how carpeted the desolate valley would be in a month's time. Now there were sheets of blue larkspur below and above it purple and pink blossoms in myriads. Young green brushes of wormwood, the tall cool green pipes of hemlock, the insistent orange of the marigold, and the yellow of dandelions blended in confusion with the long feathery bents of windlestraws. In every crevice up the rock little ferns clung, vetches and strange violet primulas grew on the very face of the rock itself, and the grey-green and grey-purple pyramids of the monkshood stood amongst all this luxuriant beauty like devils in heaven.

The road was easy enough. I passed the camping-ground below Dzara in good time, and after crossing the stream which had been so black before, turned the sharp corner which gives one the first sight of the position held by the enemy in May and July. By the side of the road, almost within arm's length, there were two enormous Himalayan eagles fastened upon some piece of carrion. One heavily flapped away; the other held his ground, and I was able to examine him closely. They were huge birds, probably of the condor species, and the general effect is heightened by the very untidiness of their plumage. In colour black, shot with deep prussian blues, toning off here

and there into grays, but never enough to lighten the sombreness of the whole; a beak like a pickaxe, eyes, head, crest and breast all dark alike.* Pushing on past the place where the walls still lay in confusion, I reached the pass at noon, and descended into the Plain of Milk. This was now a shifting, soaked mass of snow and sleet, and one hugged the path by the cliff. At last the narrow gorge down into Gom-tang was passed, and the wide, rolling plain stretched before me to the entering in of Ra-lung. Here I found Lieut. Arundell, cheerful in spite of the long isolation from which he saw no escape for many weeks to come. He had discovered—what the Chinese mail runners had failed to find—wood in the wilderness, and a great heap of firewood taken from a neighbouring nullah helped to make Ra-lung a very different place from what it had been on the three other occasions on which I had passed through it.

On the next day, the 19th, the road was gay with flowers, but the grim severity of the spurs and clefts of granite was only intensified by this thin film of gaiety. At Gobshi, where I arrived shortly before eleven o'clock, crops again appeared—crops, that is, which actually promised ripeness and grain. I made no stay at the village, passing on beside the roughly-piled walls of quartzite, coral pink, sienna and white through which the feathery nettles stabbed, and over which the clematis sprawled behind a rank growth of larkspur and forget-me-not. I halted for half an hour at the end of the cultivation, and then pressed on over the remaining fifteen miles to Gyantse. There is nothing to

* I could not find in the Natural History Museum any bird resembling these, so I cannot give them a name.

record, nothing different, nothing significant; but the weariness of the journey was just then telling heavily upon me, and I was glad, indeed, when at last I made my way in through the Gurkha gate to the post I knew so well. Colonel Hogge received me with the utmost hospitality. Two companies were occupying the jong, and I turned in that night with the comfortable assurance that I should not be disturbed by the raucous war-cry which we had heard so often during our investment. The next day I went on again over the hardest journey of the road.

I rode out with Shuttleworth in the earliest dawn. We had two mounted infantry men with us, but, by this time, it was almost unnecessary to take precaution. We went along aimlessly in the clear morning air. He was only going to Sau-gang, and I trusted to putting on speed afterwards to make up for a pleasant and lazy march of thirteen miles. At Sau-gang we had breakfast, but our host, the commandant, was in bed nursing his own quinsy. It seemed a strange thing that so important a post should have not even a hospital assistant to look after it. From Sau-gang I moved on by myself with an escort of four men. The scene of the Red Idol fight was very different from what it was when I had last seen it. The vegetation grew rankly in between the boulders, the eyots in the stream were covered with thick, short, vivid grass, and there seemed to be ten times as many trees as one had expected to find. It is a long and wearying journey, and is, as a matter of exact length, understated in the official estimates. So at least I was assured by the officers at both ends of the stretch, so I was willing enough to believe.

At last the blood-stained altar rock on the hill at the entrance to the gorge was passed, and I came out into the more open ground through which the river ran evenly. But there was still a long pull, and it was not till past one o'clock that I reached the Hot Springs. Forty minutes later I rode into the temple which we had fortified and were using as a post on the road. It is the gompa which is to be seen in the photograph on page 169 in the first volume, and it was this post which had been attacked by the Tibetans when Colonel Younghusband made his hurried descent upon the Chumbi Valley in the early days of June. I had luncheon there, and inspected the great idol-houses down below on the ground floor. The painting on the walls here is different from that in other temples. It is of a much more archaic type, and approximates rather to Indian than to Chinese art. The place had been kept blocked up, and though it was in the usual confusion which marks Tibetan temples at all times, not much had been taken away. After a halt of three-quarters of an hour, I set out again for the stage of the day. I had already covered 31 miles and there remained before me 14. This, I think, was on the whole the most wearisome part of all the ride. People at home are rarely very tired, or if they are, they are generally tired in company; but there is something about the last few miles of a day's journey like that which I was now making, which almost defies description for sheer weariness. One has long ceased to take the slightest interest in the scenery or anything else. One barely raises one's eyes: riding or leading one's horse, one has eyes only for the ground immediately at one's feet. Unless an object comes within the ten-foot radius of your gaze, you do not care

to lift your head to see it. The most perfect glow of crimson evening upon the distant ice-fields of the Himalayas is not so interesting as a rare level ten yards' stretch of good road. Slowly, very slowly, the ribbon of the track unwinds itself and crawls beneath you. The shape of the stones, the wetness of the grey sand between them, the tilt of the sharp outcrop, the stability of a pebble, the little casual weeds and plants that sometimes grow beside the bigger boulders, a leaf thrown down here and there, a piece of wood, every now and then the stepping-stones by which, if you are on your feet, you cross a little angry torrent —all these have a real interest for you. On other days one's attention is chained to the slowly-sliding roadway, not from weariness only, but because it is positively dangerous to lift your eyes one moment from the stones on which your next foot was to be placed.

There is an expression used by Sophocles in his "Œdipus Tyrannus" which scholars who sit in arm-chairs have sometimes failed to understand.

*ἡ ποικιλῳδὸς Σφὶγξ τὸ πρὸς ποσὶ σκοπεῖν*
*μεθέντας ἡμᾶς τἀφανῆ προσήγετο*

All that Sophocles intended was that the presence of the sphinx made men care little for anything but what lay immediately before them. But only a nation of travellers in a land of mountains could have understood to the full the meaning of the phrase. "What lies at one's feet," that is, indeed, the only thing which chains the attention of wanderers in a land like this. Often one does not lift one's eyes from the road for miles at a time. To look around you perhaps means that you have to halt, and you never forget that you

pay for a five minutes' halt in the cool of the afternoon by five minutes' stumbling over sharp and dangerous rocks after night has fallen. There is not much interest or excitement about this work. You go on, and it seems to you that you have been going on for months. The prospect of arriving at your journey's end becomes something in the future so remote that it is hardly worth while troubling yourself about it; only you still go on—on—on. On—though your beast may be too tired to trot, on—though you may yourself be so foot-sore that each step is pain, on—although you may be dropping with fatigue, on you still have to go. Many people I have met have thought that there was some strange romance about this rapid passage over the very ridge-poles of the world. There was none. What you were doing to-day you would have to do to-morrow, and the day after, and you instinctively shrank from the weariness of anticipating day after day of this tedious tramp. It is true that it was only towards the evening that this depression assailed you. The heat of the day was comfortable compared to this. Then you had at least the contented knowledge that you had hours in front of you; probably, also, you had had, or were going to have, your mid-day meal. It might rain perhaps, or you might have a stinging wind blowing down the funnel of the valley straight into your teeth, but such things make no difference. You may be drenched through, but it is just as easy to go on. One almost ceases to be a free agent on these occasions. If you had had a companion with you, you would not have spoken for five or ten miles—you would have resented his sanest remark as unnecessary and tiresome. And yet my own journey was somewhat solitary.

I got into camp that evening, luckily finding three men from Kala tso who had made it their first halting place on the road to Gyantse. They gave me the best of dinners, and I rolled myself up in my blankets as soon as the last mouthful had been eaten. Next morning I went on to Kala tso, and there changed horses. Every arrangement had been made for me throughout the journey with the greatest care, and after passing by Chalu and coming out once more by the waters of the Bam tso, I found another relay waiting for me. Here I left all the mounted infantry behind, except one man to lead the pack-horse. However, he was foolish enough to let his own horse go, and as I could not waste the time to catch it again, I led my own beast all the way into Dochen. Riding on again, I set my head for the first time against the bitter wind of the Tang la, and though an ekka was at my disposal, I preferred to ride up over the slope of the spur behind Tuna rather than prolong the tiresome struggle against the ceaseless undeviating cold stress of air against which clothing seemed to be of no use. I came down into the post which the Mission had occupied for so long, and was warmly welcomed by Captain Rice. The usual bunch of telegrams was sent, and I slept on the floor of the little mess room underneath the pictures cut out from illustrated papers which will remain for a hundred years as a mystery peculiar to the houses along our route. Next morning I reached the Tang la in as good weather as one ever has over this detestable barrier. I dropped down on the farther side to the posting station, and came on to Phari, where Capt. Rawlings met me.

Phari had suffered severely since I had seen it last. Large gaps had broken away from the wall of the jong,

and it had been worth no one's while to repair them. They betrayed the shoddiness of the building. It is only a skin of stone, filled in with rubble, and for purposes of defence, it would be better if the whole of the keep were levelled with the ground. Except for this damage the scene was almost unchanged since the 28th of March.

Raw blue-grey shafts and terraces of pointed rock rise rarely from among the unclothed curves of treeless and shrubless brown down-land bosoming and sweeping as far as the eye can see. Here and there on a northern slope the white snow for a few hours after dawn streaks the side of the hills in a tangle of lacework crossed horizontally with burhel or yak tracks. For the rest, the snow that falls at night is, as a rule, thawed and gone by ten or eleven on the following morning, and looking south one sees again the dusty hillsides, rounded from end to end, except where a dry watercourse distinguishes with dirty ochre the dirtier drab which clothes the whole visible field of sight. A painter might force himself to call the dun waste of the ringing hills green, but only in so far as distance veils with a bluish haze the buff-soiled earth at his feet. It is all the same. Above these nearer eminences rise the pointed terraces of snowy mountain ranges—Chumiumo and Pahamri to the west and Masong-chungdong to the south—glittering at midday with jagged bastions of white and grey, and the curtains of rock which are seen connecting the heights one with another, if they are high enough to top the rounded hills, betray their steepness by the scanty snow that can find a resting-place upon them. I saw Chumolhari almost again with a feeling of reverence.

Of all the hills which the expedition saw from the

Jelep to Phembu-ri Chumolhari is queen. One cannot wonder at the invention which has clothed this extraordinary peak with a sacred character.

Phari is at its foot, and one watches it from hour to hour with a touch of the respect which has for the Tibetans filled its wind-swept clefts and ravines with baffled demons and glorified its summit with the presence of the Goddess herself. Like very impressive mountains all the world over, in surroundings and in shape, it somewhat resembles the Matterhorn. The great central pyramid rises from a platform—three miles in length and some 5,000 feet below the summit—of which the western mile is composed of four parallel serrated ridges of grey-toothed peaks, so sharp that little snow can rest on them. To the east the main mass rises 2,000 feet, into a great, snowy, right-angled ridge, which makes up with the central pyramid no very fanciful resemblance to the high-peaked, high-cantled Mexican saddle. Twenty-four thousand feet high, the peak itself is still curiously free from clouds. In the evening a periwinkle-coloured haze may throw a veil of the thinnest gauze before it, and all the afternoon the great bellying argent clouds crawl helplessly inwards from the south and west, powerless to resist the gravitational force of this vast upheaval of rock. But all day and all night she stands out cloudless and unveiled. She holds the sunset long after the plain is in darkness at her feet, and at one moment in the dying red light looks not unlike a westward-facing lioness couching proudly, with the hollows of her huge thigh-bones emphasized by the shadow cast on the cantle of the rock. Siniol chu and the Matterhorn, Chumolhari and Teneriffe have each something in common, each also their own

attraction, but the Peak of the Sacred Goddess makes the deepest impression of them all.

I went on over the plain towards Kamparab, and I was sorry enough to turn the last corner and lose for ever the sight of the great Tibetan stronghold.* At Kamparab the real beauty of the Chumbi valley begins. It is true that here and there the plain around Phari had been so blue with forget-me-nots that the illusion of still pools of clear water was absolutely irresistible. The barley fields near the jong were just giving up the attempt to produce a harvest. The weather had been milder than usual, and the bearded ears were all there, but in a whole field there would not have been found an egg-cupful of grain. But at Kamparab the converging slopes of the valley were standing thick with coloured flowers. I am a poor botanist and I could get very little information from anyone during the entire expedition, but I believe that collections were made by native collectors sent up by the director of the Botanic Gardens in Calcutta. These men were, however, of little use at any time for my purpose. But the result of their labours ought to provide as interesting an herbarium as could be made in any district in the world, though the best collection of pressed flowers is a mere mockery. The sheets of gold and mauve and red which swathed the steep sides of the valley were doubly welcome after one's remembrance of the bleak barrenness of earlier

* The Chinese route-books describe Phari—of which the original name was Namgye Karpo—as a place where neither barley nor rice will grow. It is, they say, the southern frontier of Tibet, and quote the curious Tibetan legend that Phari is protected to the south by a wall of water, and therefore does not need many soldiers. Here the actual numbers of Bhutanese and Sikkimese envoys are counted and recounted when they leave the country again, that no man should remain.

days. Nothing grows very high here except a curious form of dock with wide green leaves and a cluster of yellow trumpet-shaped flowers. All else is but a span in height, but the flowers seem to have received the glory which has been denied to the foliage.

At last, after riding steadily for four hours, I dropped down to Dota, where I found the famous frozen waterfall thawed away, and a foolish trickle of water was all that reminded one of what had been there, and what would again begin to form in two months' time. The next day I went on down the rocky and broken path beside the stream, made better, indeed, but still leaving much to be desired, to Gautso, and through the tangled green jungle beside the tumbling waters of the Ammo chu, down, always down, till the waste marsh land of Lingmatang spread out in front of me. I went on till Galin-ka and Chorten-karpo too had been gained and passed, and at last the slowly rising roofs of Bakcham promised a rest. I halted here for luncheon, and set out on the last stage of my travels in Tibet.

Here, for the first time, I began to realise what the phrase "the rains" means in Sikkim. To an English visitor the rain anywhere in India is a somewhat striking experience when met for the first time; but Assam alone can compete with Sikkim for a sheer deluge of water, daily, consistent, never hurrying and never slackening in volume or rapidity. Beneath it the road, which was my first consideration, had long gone to pieces; only the iron-bound stone trail remained, more stairs than track, which heaves itself up to the top of the Natu la, and thence drops like the side of one of the Pyramids to the lower river levels. The corduroy of the road enabled us to get along, slowly

and with many slips, to and, on the next day, from, the warmth and welcome of Champitang and Captain H. O. Parr. Beyond the corduroy the road was a sucking mass of black mud, steadied only by unexpected slopes and slants of hard rock, upon which, as one's pony's hoof encountered it, one was as likely to slide as stay. There was no help for it. I got off and walked. There were ten miles of walking in front of us, and as I have already described the road, it will not be necessary to do more than say that they are about the cruellest ten miles over which man ever dragged his unwilling feet. But the day was bright, and there was one great landmark at least by which to reckon our progress. Crossing the Natu la was the snapping of the last link with all that lay behind me. I had again crossed into English territory.

There was not very much more vegetation here than there had been in the earlier part of the year, but there was enough to mark the distinction of the season. It is not until Changu is reached that one dips suddenly below the lake into the trees and luxury of true Sikkim. Capt. Drake Brockman, whom I found at Changu, rowed me over the lake, and, about half-past twelve, I set out over the remaining twenty miles of the day's journey.

There is, perhaps, not much to say about the rest of my journey. The road was bad beyond description, and to those who knew it well, nothing could be more descriptive than the simple truth that the road between the tenth mile and the thirteenth mile was actually the best part of all the journey. Karpo-nang was reached and passed, and then a native

havildar set out with me to lantern me through the dying day to Gangtok. This was the sorest disappointment so far as roads went, for what had, when I went over it first, been a well-metalled good bridle path developing near Gangtok into a real cart road, had turned under the downpour into a nubbly sequence of projecting stones, ankle deep in white slush. It was, of course, raining by this time, but that was not of very great account. In any case one would not have been able to do more than about two and a quarter miles an hour. As a matter of fact, it took me four and a half hours to cover the nine and three-quarter miles that lay before me, and long after dark I arrived at the bungalow where dinner was awaiting me. Then I climbed up to the Residency, where I spent the night.

The next day I continued the descent, dropping down through the sizzing grindstones of the cicadae into the lower valleys of the Tista and the Rang-po, burdened every additional mile with a heavier blanket of air. When I reached Rang-po, the oppression was almost enough to make me faint. My heart was going like a sledge-hammer, my lungs seemed to have no grip upon the air, and I was nearly deaf. These were all the results of coming down too fast from a seven months' residence at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet. In twenty-four hours I descended from 14,500 to 600 feet. Going up was nothing in comparison, and, though the movements of the returning force were far more leisurely, I fancy the descent tried the hearts of some of the men far more than the climb. From Rang-po I still went on down the river to the Tista Bridge, where Mr. Lister's relays were waiting for me, and I climbed up again, to my intense relief, nearly five

thousand feet to the welcome shelter of his bungalow among the tea-fields, through the great cactus hedges, skeined with the gossamer of "Mary's hair." Next day I went on early, and reached Ghoom Station, the end of my long ride, at a quarter to nine, having come from Lhasa in eleven days and three hours. That same day I went on to Calcutta, and forty-eight hours later still I found myself in Viceregal Lodge at Simla, where I stayed three or four days before continuing my journey home.

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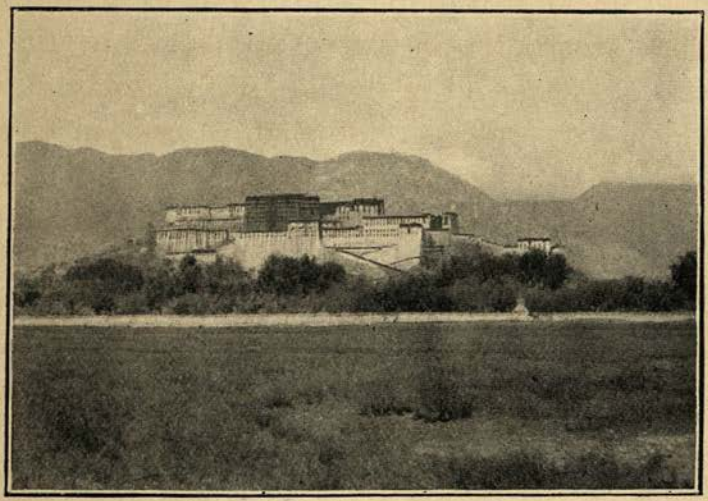
I have finished the story, and I lay down my pen with regret not unmingled with uncertainty. If this record shall have proved uninteresting, the blame is in very truth to be laid at my door. For assuredly no man ever had a better chance in the history of travel than I have had, and have been helped to make the best use of with the ungrudged assistance of all concerned. Still there has been more to convey than mere facts, and here I am in no position to judge. If it shall seem to some reader that I have brought into the course of the narrative even a flash from that aurora of fascination which haloed every step we took in this strange country, which danced will-o'-the-wisp-like along our road before us, which at the end sat like St. Elmo's fire within the shrine of the great golden idol in the heart of Lhasa—then I shall have done as much as now seems possible to me as I make an end of writing, and turn back the pages of these two volumes.

The wide field which the exploration—I had almost said in this case the discovery—of a new country always offers, I have, after my ability, tried to cover; but there must needs be matters which I have either unwisely

omitted, or, having included, have failed to present with proper clearness and adequacy. I have done what I could, but now at the end, I wonder if after all there is, or is not, some real image of the Sacred City and the road to it in these pages.

For Lhasa is more than the stones of which she is built, more than the people who inhabit her. Lhasa is more than the centre of royal Buddhism in the world to-day, more than all she enshrines of religion, more than all she suggests of holiness. Lhasa stands for a principle, for an attraction, for a spur to action, stands, or rather stood, for it exists no longer in the world to-day. Never again will the lonely isolation of the Forbidden City call out all that is best in a race of pioneers. Her challenge no longer rings across Asia, and the echoes of more than the call have died out with it. It is true that the curtain has again fallen, and fallen more impenetrably than before ; it is true that in all probability no other living white man will ever see the brown mice of Palden-lhamo, or watch the lazy ascending line of blue incense smoke in the chapels of Na-chung Chos-kyong—but the charm of Lhasa is for ever broken. There is account of profit and of loss to be taken at the end of all things. Here the reckoning is clear enough. England, the richer in security and prestige, will hereafter be the poorer by the loss of that incentive which has been her own especial boon for seven centuries ; the world, the richer by the knowledge that has now displaced conjecture and uncertainty, will for ever be the poorer by what after all may be worth many Tibetan photographs and facts—the last of her great lodestones of romance and mystery.



The Potala.

# APPENDIX D

## THE PRESENT CONDITION AND GOVERNMENT OF TIBET.

By Captain W. F. T. O'Connor, C.I.E.

Secretary and Interpreter to the Tibet Mission, now acting as British Agent at Gyantse.

Mr. Landon has asked me to write as an appendix to his book a note on Tibetan affairs, and I have consequently much pleasure in putting together such scraps of information as I have been able to collect—if only as a memento of the many pleasant days we spent together, at Gyantse and at Lhasa, in riding abroad together through the weird landscapes of this strange country.

I would, however, premise that as yet we have only scratched the surface of Tibet and things Tibetan. Every day in the country, every individual one meets, and every manuscript one reads, all reveal some new trait, some bizarre superstition, something unsuspected before. We can only hope that in a few years' time patient study may reveal some of the secrets now hidden and give us a wider comprehension of facts as yet only partially understood.

The first thing that strikes a student of Tibetan administration and affairs in general is the marked resemblance in many points between Tibet at the present time and Europe as it must have been during the Middle Ages or up to the time of the Reformation. Apart from the actual government by absolute monarchs the two most prominent characteristics in the interior

economy of Europe of, say, the 14th century, were the systems of Feudalism and Monasticism. It was these two institutions which at this period spread far and wide over the whole of Central, Western and Southern Europe, and stifled by the mere fact of their existence all initiative, knowledge, and spirit amongst the lower orders; and gave learning and power exclusively into the hands of a comparatively small minority of nobles and priests. If one opens any history of Europe relating to the time in question one finds numerous passages which might be quoted almost verbatim as applying to Tibet as we find the country to-day: "Amongst the various evils which oppressed and degraded the people. . . . may be mentioned two of especial prevalence and most baneful influence—the Feudal and Papal despotisms." Again: "The plebeian peasant was still a plebeian by birth, and few circumstances could take away the sting which aggravated his inferior condition . . . . only in the church could he rise to his proper rank or feel his true dignity as a man."

Such remarks and many others of similar import might be used to-day to describe the conditions under which the Tibetan peasant now labours. Practically all the high offices of State are monopolised by men of two classes—either by a most jealous and narrow clique of hereditary nobles, or by dignitaries of the Yellow-Cap or Reformed School of the Buddhist Church. Of these hereditary nobles there are altogether only some twenty or thirty families, but in a small country like Tibet even these furnish, with their numerous connections and hangers-on, sufficient individuals to occupy all lucrative government posts from the highest almost to the lowest. The bulk of these great families have been ennobled by virtue of the blessing of having at one time or another given birth to a Dalai Lama or a Penchen Rinpoche. This inestimable privilege at once *ipso facto* raises the head of the fortunate family to the highest rank of the Tibetan peerage; that is to say, the father or the eldest brother, as the case may be, immediately becomes a "king" or duke, and, in the latter case, the rank is hereditary, passing in direct succession from father to son, whilst large grants of land are made to support the dignity of the rank. In this way most of the great families have originated. They all possess large estates scattered about in various parts of the country, but the male members almost invariably hold

office and reside in or near Lhasa. The younger members may be either monks or laymen, but in any case are entitled to some small office, beginning generally low down on the scale as Jongpens* or clerks in government offices, and rising finally to be Sha-pes, treasurers, etc.

The ecclesiastical or monk officials are selected in two ways. In the first place there is a school at Lhasa for the education of young ecclesiastics who desire government employment. These young men, as remarked above, are generally but not necessarily scions of the great families. They are educated as boys in the conduct of official correspondence, the keeping of accounts, etc., and when duly qualified are given some small office from which they may gradually rise to power. They are not monks in the true sense of the word, and although nominally entered at one of the big monasteries as an *In-chung*, or novice, they do not as a rule join their monasteries at all, but live at home and attend school in the city. The other class of ecclesiastical official is composed of monks proper, who by dint of force of character and intellect have risen above their compeers in the monastery and are selected for office owing to their proved capacity. They are in a very small minority. In the case of the lay officials each office is accompanied by a gift of land in lieu of salary. In the case of the monks, who are not supposed to value or desire earthly possessions, a small salary is given for their support. Thus it will be seen that as far as the actual administration of the country is concerned the governing body is solely composed of members of the nobility and of a few monks who have risen by force of character. With the latter exception men of low origin, or even of respectable birth, are altogether debarred from office or power. As a natural result of this we find that throughout the country there are two classes—the great landowners and the priests—which exercise each in its own dominion a despotic power from which there is no appeal.

The peasant on an estate is in almost every sense a serf. He is bound to furnish the greater part of his agricultural produce for the use of his landlord, keeping only enough for the bare support of himself and family. He cannot without his lord's permission leave the soil or the country, and he is compelled to

* Captain O'Connor spells this word with a modified o (ö). I have, for purposes of uniformity, kept to the spelling in the text. The difference is immaterial.—P. L.

furnish free transport and supplies to all official travellers or visitors—Chinese or Tibetan. But in spite of this state of affairs, it need not be supposed that, administratively, the Tibetan peasant is crushed and ground beneath a tyrannical yoke. In spite of the arbitrary rule of the nobles and officials, the country on the whole is well governed and the people well treated. They are not, it is true, allowed to take any liberties or to infringe the orders of their superiors, but as long as they confine themselves to their legitimate sphere of action, and, above all, abstain from political offences, their lives are lived simply and happily enough under a sort of patriarchal sway. The common people are cheerful, happy-go-lucky creatures, absurdly like the Irish in their ways, and sometimes even in their features. They are always anxious to please and thoroughly understand the art of blarney; they are quarrelsome but good-natured. Discipline of any description is entirely remote from their conception of life, and if employed on any labour, they will only work as long as some European eye is upon them. They sing cheerily and display a deal of vigour while watched, but the moment they are left to themselves they gather under the lee of the nearest wall and spend the time in gossip and drinking buttered tea, for a teapot and the necessary ingredients invariably accompany every party of workmen, and even individuals when detached by themselves. They are, in fact, great children, very ignorant, very simple, and devoid of all idea of moral responsibility.

The regular artificers—carpenters, painters, masons, smiths—are of a better and more intelligent class. They are in their way excellent and conscientious workmen. Brought up to their trade from childhood they thoroughly understand it, and will work away all day without any supervision whatever. Their ideas of art, furniture, etc., are peculiar. They are partly Chinese, partly Indian, and partly the product of their own bizarre imaginations. Everything in Tibet, in fact—dresses, houses, furniture, paintings, ornaments, jewellery, whatever it may be—bears the impress of a country unlike any other country in the world. Every Tibetan, high and low, is a curiosity who ought to be in a museum. His salutations, gestures, clothing, and general *tout ensemble*, stamp him as something apart from the rest of the inhabitants of the globe.

Yet with all this they are a highly civilized race. A mere savage would never excite so much interest. But the civilization of Tibet, although derived originally from two such well-known countries as China and India, has been, so to speak, forced into a mould congenial to Tibetan ideas, and during the centuries which have elapsed since its introduction no outside influences have been permitted to modify or modernise the original conceptions as to what was right and proper. The ancient Mexicans and Peruvians no doubt exhibited to the Spaniards a somewhat similar state of affairs. They, too, were the inheritors of a unique civilization, totally uninfluenced by any known form of European culture, which had existed amongst them for centuries, and had retained throughout the ages all the original peculiarities and superstitions.

But in Tibet, besides the manners and customs peculiar to the country to which allusion has been made, we are confronted by the extraordinary spectacle of a simple agricultural people, superstitious indeed to the last degree, but devoid of any deep-rooted religious convictions or heart-searchings, oppressed by the most monstrous growth of monasticism and priest-craft which the world has ever seen. Here again comparison is invited to Europe of the Middle Ages: a vast number of superfluous ministers of religion were supported in idleness and pomp. There were continual additions made to the various orders of monks, who, pretending to superior sanctity, consumed the revenues of the people. They forged innumerable weapons of servitude, invented degrading legends, and stimulated a spirit of superstition. So it is in Tibet at this moment. A very large proportion (estimated by some at one-fifth) of the male population, having embraced the monastic life, is lost to all intents and purposes as a practical factor in the well-being of the nation. Vast as was the number of superfluous monks in mediæval Europe their sum in Tibet is, in proportion, vaster still. Monasteries abound in profusion all over the whole face of the country. Every valley, however small, owns one at least; one or two are seen on nearly every hill-side. They are found in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger towns, and are buried away in the most remote and inaccessible fastnesses. Some are huge collegiate institutions, like the monasteries of Lhasa, Shigatse, and Gyantse, numbering on

their rolls 3,000 to 10,000 inmates; others are mere hermitages affording shelter to half a dozen of the ruling caste. But all are run upon much the same lines. To every monastery certain lands have been apportioned by the State, upon the produce of which the monks are to a great extent supported. These estates are occupied and farmed by ordinary peasants, who are in effect the serfs or servants of the monks, and are managed, as a rule, by lay stewards. After harvest the great bulk of the crop is set aside for the monastery, and the cultivators are allowed just enough to support themselves and their families until the next autumn. Very exact records are kept. Every measure of grain and every bundle of straw is noted and has to be accounted for. During this last harvest I have often watched these stewards or agents at their work. While the active operations of threshing and winnowing are in progress the steward will sit all day long beside the threshing-floor keeping a watch upon the labourers. The grain is weighed daily in his presence and the straw put in sacks and duly recorded, and the whole locked up in some convenient storehouse and seals placed upon the openings.

As can easily be imagined the allotment of estates sufficiently extensive to afford sustenance to the entire corporate body of monks implies the sequestration for this purpose of no inconsiderable portion of the cultivable area of Tibet. Rentals which might otherwise be employed in enhancing the meagre revenues of the State or in furnishing a livelihood to more useful members of the community, are now swallowed up in the thankless office of maintaining in idleness a host of ignorant, pretentious sluggards. But besides this more legitimate source of livelihood the monks obtain yearly large sums both in cash and kind in return for their religious offices at births, deaths, marriages and festivals. The extent of these squeezes is only limited by the degree of the priestly rapacity and the poverty of the victim.

To comprehend in some degree the extent to which the monasteries bleed the country it is only necessary to enter any one of the larger lamaseries, and to mark the extraordinary contrast at once presented by its huge, solid buildings and rich trappings as compared with the houses of even well-to-do people in the neighbourhood. These latter, though generally comfortable and well built, are of an extreme simplicity—square, mud-

walled, two-storied structures, furnished within with the plainest of household goods, and, with the one exception of the domestic chapel, devoid of ornament or luxury. The monastery presents a remarkable contrast. Here we find massive stone buildings, their roofs often topped with gilded pinnacles and finials, surrounded by great flagged courtyards and a towering outer wall. Inside the temples are hung with silken banners and scrolls, and amongst the monastic treasures are to be found books and images, *cloisonné* enamels, china and ornaments of gold, silver, and ivory. There are, of course, monasteries of various degrees of riches. In Tashi-lhunpo, for instance, there is an overwhelming display of wealth. The fine tombs of the five previous Tashi Lamas are most richly ornamented, and contain numbers of beautiful specimens of Chinese and Tibetan art, including some finely-chased golden cups and bowls. Even the smallest monasteries have one or two temples containing brass images of Buddhist gods and saints and a variety of ornaments, silk scrolls, illuminated missals, etc. When the capital outlay on these treasures is added to the yearly sum necessary to support the vast monk population, to keep the monasteries in repair, and to decorate the chapels, it will be apparent that the people of Tibet pay no light price for the privilege of being included in the fold of the Buddhist Church.

But in pointing out the evils which necessarily follow in the train of two such abuses as feudalism and monasticism, I would nevertheless emphasize the fact that the Tibetan peasant is far from being a depressed or degraded type of mankind. Conditions which in modern Europe would be considered intolerable are the natural heritage of the Tibetan, and he accepts them not only complacently but with remarkable good humour. And taking it all round, he really has not much to complain of. Except at the very highest elevations and in the bleakest and most exposed parts of the Tibetan uplands the soil is of a wonderful fertility. The valley from Gyantse to Shigatse (sixty miles by four or five), that of the Tsang-po, and the whole neighbourhood of Lhasa, are all in summer a solid mass of beautiful crops. Wheat, barley, peas, mustard, are the staples, and the yield is in many cases fifty to sixty fold. The soil, which is alluvial, requires but little special nursing. Portions are allowed to lie fallow in rotation once every five years, and this precaution,

combined with a copious supply of manure, seems to preclude the danger of exhaustion. The seasons are regular, and except for occasional hailstorms (for which a sure preventative is provided in the shape of professional wizards), little is to be feared from the elements. The agriculturist has consequently an easy time and little anxiety as compared with his brother in the United Kingdom. The standard of comfort amongst the very poorest is high, and indeed luxurious as compared with that of an Irish cotter. It is no exaggeration to say that the average Tibetan farmers' condition of life is beyond comparison better than that of the average Irish peasant. Their houses are larger, cleaner and better built. Their household and agricultural implements are superior and more plentiful. They are better dressed and better fed. Naturally a placid and law-abiding people, they chafe not at all at any partiality displayed by the laws of the country, or on account of their lack of political privileges. As to learning it is enough for them that the numerous monks should study the scriptures and expound the dark passages of their religion. But in respect to ordinary education, it is surprising to find how many of the commonalty can read and write—far more certainly than was the case with our own lower orders one hundred or even fifty years ago. In every village not only the headmen but one or two members of nearly every family are tolerably well educated, and can read and write the Tibetan running hand fluently enough.* This is no doubt due to a great extent to the diffusion of education by the monks and the teaching faculties of the larger monasteries ; so much at least may be attributed unto them for righteousness.

Tibet, in short, with some natural limitations, is a land ripe for enlightenment. Given some reforms in the administration of justice, less partiality in the selection of officials, with more supervision on the part of the central government, a curtailment of the powers and numbers of the monks, the abolition of some of the privileges of the feudal aristocracy, and popular liberty : Tibet will then want for little. The beginnings of free trade and the introduction of European ideas have been effected by the recent mission to Lhasa, and will be continued under the terms of the resulting treaty. All that now remains is for a Tibetan Luther to appear upon the scene ; and in a land so

* No mean feat. I think O'Connor here also stands alone among white men.—P.L.

fruitful of religious reformers there would appear to be no good reason why a new and up-to-date reformer should not effect great changes, both moral and material, in his native land.

The above notes will serve to give some sort of idea of the present-day conditions of life of the average Tibetan peasant. But, as already noticed, the governing class forms a caste apart—high offices passing from father to son in each of the great families, and the subordinate members or poor relations between them monopolise every single post in the gift of the government. A brief sketch of the principal features of the Tibetan administration may be of interest.

The centre of all authority in Tibet is situated at Lhasa, where reside the Dalai Lama, the four Sha-pes, or ministers, and the bulk of the administrative officials. The head of the State is the Dalai Lama, known to the Tibetans as the Gyal-wa Rinpoche or Kyap-gon Rinpoche, meaning Precious Majesty or Protector. This personage is believed by the Tibetans to be the incarnation of Padma Pani (Avalokita* in Sanskrit, Chen-re-sik in Tibetan), as well as the inheritor of the spirit of the reformer Tsong-kapa. The first Grand Lama was Gedun-tubpa, the nephew of Tsong-kapa, who succeeded his uncle as head of the new Geluk-pa, or Yellow-cap Church, in the year 1419. He was the first of those spiritual reflexes or incarnations, who are now so numerous throughout Tibet, and who play so important a part in the government and general interior economy of the country. The name of the present Dalai Lama is Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso. He is the thirteenth incarnation, and is now thirty-one years of age. It would be tedious to attempt to trace the history of his predecessors. Some have been men of energetic character and high ambitions, and have exercised great powers. One at least has been dissolute and was removed by order of the Chinese Emperor. But the majority of the Dalai Lamas have been mere semi-divine figure-heads at the mercy of ambitious and unscrupulous lay ministers; and the natural result has followed that a large proportion of them have been removed from the sphere of earthly grandeur before they could arrive at years of discretion and take into their own hands the reins of temporal power.

The present Dalai Lama, however, showed himself early in

* Or Avalokiteswara. The word is equally common in either form.

his career to be of a very different mettle from the bulk of his ill-fated predecessors. From all accounts he is a man of pronounced traits of character, violent temper, and stormy passions, and when quite a youth evinced uncomfortable symptoms of an intention to have his own way. Shortly after he attained his majority the then Regent—an incarnate abbot of one of the four Lhasa "Lings," or monasteries—was accused of practising witch-craft against the sacred person of the "Protector," and was seized and thrown into prison. It was then conclusively proved that this arch scoundrel had concocted a spell, committed it to paper, and actually sewn the incriminating document into the sole of one of the Dalai Lama's new boots. So heinous an offence could not pass unpunished. The culprit, with several of his relations and his political faction, was interned in a dungeon, where he expired in less than a twelvemonth. The young Dalai Lama now found himself free to act in accordance with the dictates of his own untrammelled will. No person or party of the State dared for a moment to oppose him. His brief rule was signalised by numerous proscriptions, banishments, imprisonings and torturings. Neither life nor property was safe for a moment. His friends were raised to high honours in the State; his enemies or political opponents were banished and deprived of property and place. Amongst these last victims were personages no less highly placed than the four Sha-pes or executive ministers of the Tibetan Government. Cases had been known before of single ministers being arraigned for offences and disgraced. Such precedents in fact were far from uncommon, and the overthrow of any one councillor would have excited little surprise or even unfavourable comment. But to eradicate at one fell swoop the whole executive authority of the country was a measure rendered possible not only by a considerable amount of audacity, but by an authority supported upon a divine as well as a temporal basis.

The above facts have been adduced merely to emphasize the almost unassailable position of one of these incarnate lamas in the queer, topsy-turvy polity of Tibet. These incarnations are, of course, merely conventional, just as the symbols of Buddhist worship scattered broadcast throughout the country are conventions. But it is a conventionality which exercises an extraordinary power over the minds and imaginations of the simple

Tibetan folk. During a recent visit to Shigatse I had the opportunity of visiting the second great incarnate Lama of Tibet (the Penchen Rinpoche of Tashi-lhunpo), and I was astonished to see the very real reverence with which he is treated not only by pilgrims from outside but by his own servants and immediate entourage. But it had been different at Lhasa, and even an earthly manifestation of Avalokita may carry things too far. Scandals and ill-feeling, however carefully repressed, will at length find a vent: and it was no doubt partly the storm-clouds which the young ruler felt to be gathering about him no less than the imminent approach of a British army which caused that hasty flight at midnight from the Potala. At Lhasa, under the shadow of the walls of the Palace, people spoke little and with bated breath. But at Tashi-lhunpo and Shigatse, far from the intrigues of Lhasa and the overwhelming influence of the three great monasteries, there was less reticence, and many tales were told of the overbearing ways and cruel acts of the absent Dalai Lama.

Far different in character and general disposition is the Penchen Rinpoche (or, as generally called by us, the Tashi Lama) of the great monastery of Tashi-lhunpo near Shigatse. This prelate, as being the earthly manifestation of Amitabha, the spiritual father of Avalokita now represented by the Dalai Lama, should actually rank in the Buddhist world as the holier and higher of the two—and so he is considered by no small portion of his worshippers. At one time, in fact for some centuries, the Grand Lamas of Tashi-lhunpo not only enjoyed a high spiritual renown, but possessed in addition a full share of temporal power. The greater part of the large province of Tsang (which includes Shigatse, Gyantse, and many other large and flourishing towns) was under his sway, and his jurisdiction extended north beyond the Tsang-po and eastwards to Lake Yam-dok. But the grasping and jealous policy of Lhasa has gradually deprived Tashi-lhunpo of almost all remnants of authority, and the provincial government consists now of but three small jongs. Confiscation of property for political offences is a favourite punishment in Tibet, and the central government does not hesitate to apply the principle here in the case of a person so highly placed as the Penchen Rinpoche. But small as his kingdom is the Lama still holds his court at Shigatse.

Here, as at Lhasa, the Grand Lama has his winter and his summer residences, his prime minister, his treasurers, and his chamberlain, and maintains all the etiquette of royalty itself. Nor is the divinity which hedges royalty a matter of any doubt. In the case of the present Lama, at any rate, his immediate worshippers regard him with a devotion as real as it is touching. In the ordinary course of his frequent audiences the Lama, in bestowing his blessing upon a supplicant, will but touch with a tassel or wand the scarf extended as an offering; but in the case of holy men or high officials he will touch the uncovered head with his fingers. This is a mark of special honour, and is also much esteemed as a means of grace. On the occasion of my farewell visit to His Holiness numerous poor women and humble persons accompanied my Tibetan servants in the hope that on so propitious an occasion they also would receive the Sacred Touch. Nor were they disappointed, for the Lama graciously accorded to one and all the hoped-for blessing, and they departed happy.

But the character of the young Lama (he is only two-and-twenty), as in the case of nearly all his predecessors, apart from the sacred nature of his person, is such as to inspire his followers with confidence and affection. He is universally beloved and esteemed. His kindness, charity, good sense, and learning are everywhere acknowledged, and I feel impelled to repeat Bogle's oft-quoted words regarding his predecessor, the third Lama: "I endeavoured to find out, in his character, those defects which are inseparable from humanity, but he is so universally beloved that I had no success, and not a man could find it in his heart to speak ill of him."

These two Lamas, then, the Dalai Lama and the Penchen Rinpoche, are the two highest spiritual authorities in Tibet. But they are far from being the only ones. There are besides, the Sakya hierarch, head of a sect of the Reformed Church, which differs but little from the Unreformed or Ancient School, and a vast number of other incarnate Lamas of greater or lesser degree. Some by their own genius or piety rise to the exercise of great spiritual authority, whilst many are practically unknown except to the inmates of some secluded monastery, where they pass their quiet days encompassed by a perpetual atmosphere of homage and devotion. Their influence in politics is small.

The person next in consideration to the two great Lamas of Lhasa and Shigatse is the Regent, or, as he is generally called by the Tibetans, the King. A Regent is appointed during the period while each Dalai Lama is reaching his majority (generally eighteen years), when the Tibetans are naturally deprived of the offices of their proper ruler. He is invariably an ecclesiastic and has usually been selected from amongst the higher lamas of the various small monasteries scattered about in the city of Lhasa and its environs. These selections have not always been successful. No human being values or covets political authority more than the Tibetan, and most of the Regents have found themselves so reluctant to relinquish the reins of power that they have actually proceeded to the extremity of quietly doing away with their sacred ward before he arrived at years of discretion. Grave suspicions, amounting in one case to a certainty, have been aroused in previous instances. In fact, the present Dalai Lama is the only one for a hundred years who has reached his majority, and he took the precaution of anticipating any foul play on the part of the Regent by the vigorous measures alluded to above.

But this same ruler, when quitting his capital lately *en route* for a foreign land, made a most excellent selection of a temporary Regent to officiate during his absence. The monk chosen is known as the Gaden Ti Rinpoche. This is really the title of an office, the holder of which occupies what may be described as a sort of "Divinity Chair" in the great monastery of Gaden lying some twenty miles east of Lhasa. The post is won by pure merit, the incumbent being elected by his fellows from amongst a number of the most learned professors of the Yellow-Cap school of Tibetan Buddhism, and the holder is regarded with the greatest respect—amounting to veneration—by all Tibetans, monks and laymen alike. On the Ti Rinpoche entering a room, all, from the highest to the lowest, rise and uncover, and it is an honour to bow and to receive his hand in benediction upon the head. It is curious and almost touching, in this land of self-seeking and scheming politicians, to see how much consideration is attached to an individual who has risen solely through his learning and personal character, and who owes his position to no favouritism or family influence.

The present holder of the Divinity Chair is one of the most charming men it would be possible to meet in any country. He is an elderly man of over sixty years of age, of a perfect simplicity and modesty of character. That his attainments are great and his character above reproach is testified not only by the position he holds, but by the very real affection and respect displayed towards him by all, from the most highly-placed officials to the beggars in the streets. The existence of such a man is in itself a justification of the Buddhist Church in Tibet, and strengthens the hope of a possible Reformer in the near future.

The executive powers of the Tibetan Government are vested in four ministers, known in the vernacular as Sha-pes, of whom three are generally laymen and the fourth an ecclesiastic. Of these the three laymen belong almost invariably to some of the great families, whilst the monk is often a self-made man. In ordinary circumstances the four Sha-pes are practically, as far as the internal administration is concerned, the rulers of Tibet. They reside, generally speaking, all four in Lhasa, and meet daily in a little office near the Jo-kang or cathedral. Hence they issue all orders to the minor executive officials throughout the country. The collection of the revenue, the posting and changing of officials, the general administration of justice, the levying of troops, transport, and supplies—orders on all these and many other matters emanate from the Council and are stamped with their square seal, well known to all throughout the length and breadth of Tibet.

Occasionally one or other of the Sha-pes will make a tour of inspection to Shigatse or Dingri, or some important frontier post, attended by a body of minor satellites, and received everywhere with all possible marks of respect. But by far the greater portion of their time is spent at Lhasa, where they find themselves sufficiently busy not only in the transaction of their own duties but in circumventing the ceaseless plots of their rivals. I went one day whilst at Lhasa to visit their office and some of the other public offices and chambers. These are all situated in a range of buildings which, whilst forming a portion of the main cathedral structure, encloses the actual temple on three sides. Amongst these offices are found those of the Lhasa magistrates, the financial secretaries, the treasurers, the Sha-pes, and the National Assembly. They are, generally speaking, small,

untidy, ill-lighted rooms, furnished with a few cushions, whereon the officials themselves sit whilst transacting business, and with long files of papers fastened by strings in festoons across the low roofs. The Sha-pes' room, or council chamber, is rather better than the others. There are four fat cushions disposed at the upper end for the four ministers and smaller ones near the door for the clerks, whilst in addition to the numerous papers there is a small altar on one side with a few little images and the usual Buddhist paraphernalia. But the meeting-hall of the National Assembly (of which more below), where all questions of high policy are discussed, is the worst and untidiest den of all. This is a low-roofed, gloomy room, some thirty feet square, perhaps, lighted by a single window looking out on to the streets of Lhasa, devoid of furniture, fittings, or decorations of any kind—if one may except a few long ragged and very filthy-looking cushions set out in parallel rows, whereon sit the members of the Assembly during their deliberations; at one end, facing the window, stands a sort of raised chair or throne for the president—who just now is the Ti Rinpoche. Adjoining the main hall is a small room screened off, where the Sha-pes sit during a momentous debate. They are not permitted by the laws of the Tibetan Constitution actually to attend the meetings of the Deliberative Assembly, but they may listen from behind the screen to what is going on.

Immediately below the four Sha-pes, and forming a part of the Central Administration at Lhasa, come a host of lay and ecclesiastical officials of varying degrees of importance. There are chief secretaries, treasurers, accounting officers (or secretaries to Government in the financial department), judges, paymasters, under-secretaries, and clerks; and amongst these should be included the De-pens or generals, who, although nominally military officers, have in reality almost no military duties as a rule, but occupy a high rank and important place in the political world. Thus there are a large number of officials resident at Lhasa, who constitute the central government of Tibet. Every question of the slightest importance must be referred sooner or later to Lhasa, and hence issue all orders to the provincial executive authorities, the jong-pens, or district prefects. These latter are distributed all over the country in the various district headquarters or jongs, where they administer justice, collect the

revenue, and are responsible to Lhasa for the state of their district. Many of these jongs are picturesque old edifices perched on crags or low rocky hillocks, and are often the remnants of strongholds belonging to independent chieftains or brigands in the old days, before Tibet was united under a single administration. Some of these jongs at Shigatse, Gyantse, Kamba, and elsewhere, are really fine, imposing structures, towering several hundred feet above the plain and villages below; but nowadays they are all falling into a state of more or less decay owing to want of proper attention and repair. Even so as defences they can give a good account of themselves, as was proved in the case of Gyantse. Each jong-pen has a number of subordinates—such as tax-gatherers, clerks, and understrappers of sorts—through whom his orders are conveyed to the surrounding peasants. Like the majority of Tibetan officials the jong-pen gets little or no pay, but his perquisites are by no means inconsiderable. At the same time, be it understood, the average Tibetan strongly objects to parting with a farthing more than he is obliged to, and whilst conforming cheerfully to the usages of long-established custom, he will protest most volubly should the jong-pen or any other official push things too far.

Besides the regular government offices at Lhasa there are a large number of purely monkish officials, who are in attendance on the Dalai Lama, and are entrusted with various duties of a ceremonial or religious character. Such, for instance, are the Lord Chamberlain and his assistants, the private secretary, cup-bearer, master of the horse, and numerous others of a similar personal character. These monks, though not properly government servants, exercise nevertheless a considerable amount of influence in the State, and as the confidential advisers of the Dalai Lama may often direct the course of political events.

But there is one institution of high importance in the Tibetan constitution which has not yet been described. This is the Tsong-du, or National Assembly as we might call it, though it is far from being a representative or popular assembly according to European ideas. Allusion had frequently been made to this assembly in reports and correspondence dealing with Tibet, but it is only within the last two years that its real consequence as a factor in the Tibetan government has been properly estimated. The Assembly is of two kinds—the Greater and the Lesser

Assembly. The Greater Assembly is composed of all government officials, lay and ecclesiastical, who may wish to attend, representatives from any monastery throughout Tibet, and members of any good family irrespective of office. The Lesser Assembly, which sits constantly when matters of importance are on the tapis, is composed of delegates from the three great Lhasa monasteries—Debung, Sera, and Gaden—and a certain number of the higher officials and noblemen resident in Lhasa. The Sha-pes, as being the direct executive instruments of the State, do not sit in the Tsong-du, but, as noted above, are accommodated with a small room adjoining the Assembly Hall, where they can listen to, but not share in, the proceedings.

The duty of the Tsong-du is to deal with any matters of national importance, and with all questions, however trifling, relating to foreign policy. The Greater Assembly is summoned only when some broad guiding principle has to be decided or some momentous step (such, for instance, as a declaration of war) taken. The Lesser Assembly may be, and often is, in constant session. It was in this state during the whole period of our stay at Lhasa, and no doubt since the Mission first crossed the frontier at Kamba jong. Its decisions are final all over Tibet. In minor matters of internal administration the Sha-pes have a fairly free hand; but in any question even remotely connected with the outside world the Tsong-du alone can dictate the policy to be pursued. Its leading lights are the abbots of the three great monasteries, and, as might be expected from a congregation so led, its tendencies are narrow in the extreme, and any liberal or forward movement meets with instant disapproval if not persecution. The monkish element all over the world has always been intolerant, narrow-minded, and at times cruel; the Tibetan monks are no exception to the rule. A national assembly guided by such stiff-necked priests will naturally counsel exclusion of foreign influence, and will look with horror upon the introduction of enlightenment or moral progress before which their authority will inevitably decline. Hitherto they have had their own way and the results are only too apparent. Tibet in remaining a closed land has never advanced a foot beyond the position she assumed one thousand years ago on the first introduction of Buddhism and letters from Chinese and Indian sources. Like China, she is still the slave of worn-out customs

and long-exploded ideas. In spite of the intelligence and natural abilities of the people in general, modern science and knowledge are a sealed book to them all, and the wisest and most revered lamas spend their time and waste their brains in poring over aged metaphysics and infantile legends translated into almost incomprehensible Tibetan from old Sanskrit works. Trade, invention, progress, learning, and freedom have alike been stifled by this plethora of priests; and it is typical of the amazing ignorance even of the best-informed and highest-placed officials that the Tibetan government should have deliberately made preparations to declare war upon the greatest Power of the modern world with no better means of manufacturing arms than a hand-power wheel and a forge for an arsenal, under the superintendence of one Mohammedan blacksmith.

There was to my mind something almost pathetic in the stubborn resistance made by these brave, simple peasants with their antiquated muzzle-loaders, swords, and magic spells, without leaders, organisation, training, or aptitude for war, in order to defend their fatherland against what they were told was the greedy advance of an unscrupulous enemy, eager to seize and ravage their country. That phase of our Mission into Tibet has now passed away. A treaty has been made and friendly relations established, and it remains to be seen what the effect will be of a few years of trade and intercourse with a civilised and sympathetic neighbour.

W. F. O'CONNOR,
Capt. R.A.

*Gyantse, 8th Dec.*, 1904.

# APPENDIX E

## RETURN OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

AFTER a stay of a few weeks, marked by no incident excepting an attempted "a-mok" run by a fanatic monk in the camp, the expedition left Lhasa on the 23rd of September, and after an uneventful journey returned to the Chumbi Valley and India. Colonel Younghusband, Mr. White, Mr. Wilton and Captain O'Connor rode on ahead of the main body, which was ferried across the Tsang-po most expeditiously by Captain Sheppard. He selected a point about ten miles higher up the river, and the Nabso la was used to conduct the force over the brim of the basin of the Yam-dok tso. No incident occurred during the retirement of the force except a blizzard on the Tang la, which caused a good deal of temporary snow-blindness.

Three other return expeditions were planned:—Mr. Wilton proposed to go back through Ta-chien-lu to China; Captain Ryder planned a descent into Assam by the banks of the hitherto unexplored Tsang-po; and eventually Captains Ryder, Rawlings and Wood, and Lieutenant Bailey were detailed for a surveying excursion to Gartok, far along the road to Leh, one of the places at which a trade market was to be established.

For different reasons the third was the only expedition which was actually carried out. I take the following brief account of their journey from the *Times*. Captain O'Connor also makes some reference in his "Political Notes" to the Tashi Lama, with whom he had repeated conversations. He did not accompany Captain Ryder beyond Tashi-lhunpo.

"The Gartok party, consisting of Captain Rawlings and his companions, and accompanied by Captain O'Connor, whose researches in Tibet during the past few years have been so frequently described in the Blue-book, left Gyantse on October 10th, and arrived at Shigatse in three days, after what is described as a delightful journey through richly-cultivated and highly-irrigated valleys. Villages lay dotted thickly over the slopes, every house and hamlet being surrounded with trees. The harvest had been very good and was being got in, and affairs looked prosperous in this part of Tibet. On nearing Shigatse the British officers were met by a deputation of Lamas and laymen, who extended to them a cordial welcome and entertained them with refreshments laid out in tents by the roadside. The streets of the town were filled with large crowds, who gazed with much surprise at the first Europeans seen at Shigatse since Turner's visit 120 years ago. The Tibetan Government, on receiving notice of the setting out of the Mission, had relays of ponies and mules and also coolies, prepared at all the towns and post stations along the road from the Ladak frontier to Lhasa.

"The reception of the Englishmen was of a pleasing character. The officials could not have been more courteous or hospitable and the populace were most friendly. The two parties were lodged in a nobleman's garden, and Captain Steen, of the Indian Medical Service, was called upon to minister, from morning till late at night, to the sick of Shigatse and the surrounding parts. Rich and poor are said to have sought his good offices, the fame of Captain Walton's skill at Lhasa having spread far and wide. The British officers describe the monastery of Tashi-lhunpo as far finer than anything at Lhasa, its circumference being two miles. Turner says it is a large monastery consisting of three or four hundred houses, the habitations of the Gylongs, besides temples, mausolea, and the palace of the Sovereign Pontiff, in which is comprised also the residence of the Regent and of all the subordinate officers, both ecclesiastical and civil. Its buildings are all of stone, none less than two storeys high, flat-roofed, and crowned with parapets.

"On October 16th Captain O'Connor, accompanied by all the Europeans, paid an official visit to the Tashi Lama, who is at present, by virtue of the decree of the Emperor of China, the head of all the Churches owning the supremacy of the Dalai Lama. The Tashi Lama is a young man of twenty-three years of age, with a pleasing address and owning the reputation of being both pious and able. He received the Englishmen with respect and regard, and impressed his visitors most favourably. On the night of their arrival the lamasery was

brilliantly illuminated in memory of some great Lama of the past, and, curiously enough, this date coincided with the date of Captain Turner's arrival, October 13th, 1783, a fact considered by the Lamas to be especially propitious. The monastery contained some wonderful tombs and was far more richly decorated than any of those of Lhasa. Here Captain O'Connor separated from his friends and returned to Gyantse, while Captains Ryder, Wood, and Rawlings, and Lieutenant Bailey continued their long and interesting journey to Gartok."

The last news of the party is that after a pleasant but monotonous journey beside the Tsang-po to Gartok, its members returned in the first week of this year to Simla, having crossed from Tibet to India over the Shipki pass.

# APPENDIX F

THE following is, I believe, a complete list of the officers, civil and military, of the Mission who actually reached Lhasa. I am indebted to Major Iggulden for it.

THE MISSION.

Colonel Francis E. Younghusband, C.I.E.
Mr. J. Claude White, Political Officer of Sikkim (Deputy-Commissioner).
Mr. E. C. Wilton, Chinese Consular Service (Deputy-Commissioner).
Capt. W. F. T. O'Connor (Secretary and Interpreter).
Capt. H. J. Walton, I.M.S. (Medical Officer and Naturalist).
Mr. H. H. Hayden (Geologist).
Mr. Vernon Magniac (Private Secretary to the Commissioner).

THE ESCORT (*Staff*).

Brig.-General J. R. L. Macdonald, C.B., R.E.
Major H. A. Iggulden, Chief Staff Officer.
Lieut.-Col. L. A. Waddell, C.I.E., P.M.O.
Major W. G. L. Beynon, D.S.O.
Major A. Mullaly.
Major McC. R. E. Ray (Intelligence branch).
Capt. J. O'B. Minogue.
Capt. C. A. Elliott, R.E.
Lieut. B. H. Bignell.

Lieut.-Col. E. H. Cooper, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers.
,, ,, F. Campbell, D.S.O., 40th Pathans.
,, ,, M. A. Kerr, 8th Gurkhas.
,, ,, H. R. Brander, 32nd Pioneers.

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Major R. W. Fuller, R.G.A.
,, A. R. Row, 8th Gurkhas.
,, F. Murray, 8th Gurkhas.
,, F. H. Peterson, D.S.O., 32nd Pioneers.
,, A. Wallace Dunlop, 23rd Pioneers.

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Capt. S. F. Legge, Royal Fusiliers.
,, C. V. Johnson, Royal Fusiliers.
,, C. H. Peterson, 46th Panjabis (M.I.).
,, J. B. Bell, 32nd Pioneers.
,, F. A. Easton, R.G.A.
,, J. R. Maclachlan, 40th Pathans.
,, S. H. Sheppard, D.S.O., R.E.
,, L. H. Baldwin, 8th Gurkhas.
,, G. J. S. Ward, 8th Gurkhas.
,, F. E. Coningham, 12th Pathans, att. 40th Pathans.
,, G. A. Preston, 40th Pathans.
,, C. Bliss, 8th Gurkhas.
,, H. F. Cooke, 32nd Pioneers.
,, W. J. Ottley, 23rd Pioneers (M.I.).
,, H. M. Souter, 14th B.L. (M.I.).
,, J. L. Fisher, Royal Fusiliers.
,, C. A. H. Palairet, Royal Fusiliers.
,, D. W. H. Humphreys, 8th Gurkhas.

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Lieut. H. V. L. Rybot, att. 23rd Pioneers.
,, G. C. Hodgson, 32nd Pioneers.
,, L. A. Hadow, Norfolk Regiment.
,, R. N. Macpherson, 40th Pathans.
,, J. D. Grant, 8th Gurkhas.
,, L. G. Hart, 8th Gurkhas.
,, E. H. Lynch, 8th Gurkhas (Treasure Chest Officer).
,, W. G. T. Currie, 40th Pathans.
,, G. A. Yates, R.G.A.

Lieut. C. C. Marindin, R.G.A.
„ A. C. S. Chichester, Royal Fusiliers.
„ L. A. Bethell, 8th Gurkhas.
„ A. D. Walker, R.E.
„ W. A. B. Daniell, Royal Fusiliers.
„ W. P. Bennett, R.G.A.
„ F. Skipwith, 24th Punjabis (M.I.)
„ F. E. Spencer, R.G.A.
„ H. G. Boone, R.G.A.
„ J. F. S. D. Coleridge, 8th Gurkhas.
„ T. de B. Carey, Royal Fusiliers.
„ H. St. G. H. Harvey Kelly, 32nd Pioneers.
„ E. Marsden, 32nd Pioneers.
„ F. M. Bailey, 32nd Pioneers (M.I.).
„ J. C. Bourn Colthurst, Royal Irish Rifles.
„ H. F. Collingridge, 9th Gurkhas.

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MEDICAL CORPS.

Major C. N. C. Wimberly, I.M.S.
Capt. C. W. Mainprise, R.A.M.C.
„ W. H. Ogilvie, I.M.S.
„ E. P. Conolly, R.A.M.C.
„ T. B. Kelly, I.M.S.
„ W. H. Leonard, I.M.S.
„ A. Cook-Young, I.M.S.
Lieut. G. D. Franklin, I.M.S.
„ G. J. Davys, I.M.S.

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SURVEY.

Capt. C. H. D. Ryder, R.E. } Officers in charge of the
Capt. H. M. Cowie, R.E. } Survey.

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"S" AND "T" CORPS.

Capt. C. H. G. Moore.
„ R. C. Moore, A.V.D.
„ A. P. D. C. Stuart.
„ J. B. Pollock Morris.
„ F. T. T. Moore.

Capt. F. G. Ross.
,, M. Synge.
,, O. St. J. Skeene.

CORRESPONDENTS.

*Times*, Mr. Perceval Landon.
*Daily Telegraph* and *Pioneer*, Mr. C. B. Bayley.
*Daily Mail*, Mr. Edmund Candler.
"Reuter," Mr. Henry Newman.

The force which moved to Lhasa from Gyantse was composed as follows :—

Head-quarters Staff.
Six guns of the 7th M.B. (10-pr.).
Two guns of the 30th M.B. (7-pr.).
½ company, 3rd Sappers.
Mounted Infantry (2 cos.).
Royal Fusiliers, H.Q. and 4 cos.
32nd Pioneers, H.Q. and 4 cos.
40th Pathans, H.Q. and 6 cos.
8th Gurkhas, H.Q. and 6 cos.
Section British Field Hospital.
2½ Sections Native F.H.
Transport taken from the 7th, 9th, 10th and 12th Mule Corps.

The 23rd Pioneers were left behind at Gyantse, greatly to the regret of the members of the Mission, with which they had been connected for so long.

TOTALS.

| | |
|---|---|
| British Officers | 91 |
| British Warrant Officers | 11 |
| British N.C.O. and men | 521 |
| Native Officers | 32 |
| Native Warrant Officers | 5 |
| Native N.C.O. and men | 1,961 |
| Followers | 1,450 |
| Mules and ponies | 3,451 |

# APPENDIX G

## THE FOLK-LORE OF TIBET.

THE three following tales are characteristic of Tibetan folk-lore, and it is interesting to note how similar they are to those of Europe. It is difficult, however, to see how any external influence can have been brought to bear upon them, as there are almost no Chinese or other foreign women in the country :—

### I.

#### THE TALE OF THE MONKEY AND THE LIZARDS.

Once upon a time a Lizard and his family lived in a lake by the side of a great forest in Tibet. Now there was not much to eat in the lake, and after a while Mrs. Lizard said to her husband : " I see on the shore a tree with beautiful fruits upon it ; if you really cared about me and the children, you would go ashore and climb the tree and bring us back some of the beautiful fruits, that we may not all starve."

And the Lizard said : " My dear, you know that I cannot climb a tree, so why should I go ashore to try to do that which you know is impossible ? "

But Mrs. Lizard kept on day after day saying that he did not really care about her and the children, or he would go ashore and climb the tree and bring back the beautiful fruits for her and the little Lizards.

So at last the Lizard was weary of what his wife said to him day after day, and swam ashore and tried to climb the tree.

Now you know a Lizard cannot climb a tree.*

But there was up in the branches of the tree a Monkey, and to him the climbing of a tree is the easiest thing in the world. And he was a clever Monkey, and having made the Lizard very grateful to him, by picking for him the beautiful fruits on the tree, he struck up a friendship with the Lizard and persuaded him to leave his wife and come and live with him in a cave. So there they lived, and the Lizard forgot all about Mrs. Lizard and the children, and remained in the cave eating the beautiful fruits of the tree.

Now after a while Mrs. Lizard began to think that something had happened to the Lizard, and at last, after long hesitation, she sent one of her little children to see what had happened to father Lizard. So the little Lizard went ashore, and spied out to see what had happened to father Lizard who had been away for such a long time. And for a long time he could see nothing of anyone, but towards evening he saw father Lizard come out of the cave with the Monkey and go to the tree. And then the Monkey ran up the tree and picked the beautiful fruits and threw them down, and the Lizard carried them into the cave, and that was all he saw.

So he swam back to his mother and told her, and she was very angry, for there was nothing to eat for herself and the children, and now she knew that her husband was living in a cave in the forest and eating plentifully with a Monkey, and forgetting all about his wife and children.

So she sent the little Lizard once again, and she said to him :

"Go to the cave from which you saw your father come out and call to him, and when he comes out to you, take him aside, and say to him, 'Mother Lizard is sick unto death.' And say no more then. And when he says to you, 'What is the matter? How can she be cured?' then say to him, 'Only one remedy there is.' And then say no more to him. And when he shall say to you, 'What is the remedy?' then you shall say, 'There is only one thing which can cure her, and that is a piece of a monkey's heart.'"

So the little Lizard did as he was told, and went on shore, and called out for his father, and said to him as his mother had

* This is the Tibetan story: I should have thought that there was nothing on earth that the big Tibetan lizards could not climb.

told him; and he said: "There is only one thing which can cure her, and that is a piece of a monkey's heart."

When he heard that he was sorely frightened, and remembered all about his wife and the children, and he did not know what to do. But at last when he had again and again asked his son, and his son had again and again answered, "There is only one thing which can cure her, and that is a piece of a monkey's heart," he determined to do as his wife asked.

So he went back to the cave, and asked the Monkey to come with him to his own home in the lake, and he offered to carry him on his back. And the Monkey said that he would come and pay a visit to the Lizard's home, and because he could not swim he said he would be very glad to be carried on the Lizard's back.

So they started, and the Lizard was carrying the Monkey across the lake on his back. And the Monkey asked about Mrs. Lizard, and the children, and how she was. And the Lizard, who was not very clever, told him all that his son had said, and even that Mrs. Lizard could only be cured by a piece of a monkey's heart.

Now when he heard this the Monkey was very much frightened, and he wondered what he ought to do, for he said: "There is no doubt that the Lizards are going to kill me and take my heart to cure Mrs. Lizard with." So he said to the Lizard: "I know all about this cure. You are quite right, a monkey's heart is the only thing that can cure Mrs. Lizard, and, indeed, if we cannot get the remedy, she will surely die. But if she is very ill, one monkey's heart is not enough; she must have two monkey's hearts, or she will surely die."

Now in order to bring her husband back to her, Mrs. Lizard had told her son to say that she was very ill indeed, and the Lizard stopped swimming in the middle of the water, and said: "What ought we to do?"

Then the Monkey said: "I have a capital plan. I know where I can get for Mrs. Lizard two monkeys' hearts, and then we will bring them back to her and she will recover. Put me on shore again, and I will get them for you at once." So the Lizard, who was not a very clever Lizard, believed all that the Monkey told him, and carried the Monkey back to shore on his back.

Then the Monkey climbed very quickly up into the tree, and

said to the Lizard: "Lizard, what a foolish Lizard, even for a Lizard you must be. Did you really think that I was going to find you another monkey for you to kill as well as myself, in order that your ugly wife might recover. It would be a good thing if she were to die—ugly thing. Truly, you must be a very foolish Lizard."

Then the Lizard saw that he had been outwitted, and he became very angry, and determined to kill the Monkey after all. But he could not reach up to the Monkey, and he could not climb a tree. So the Monkey continued to revile the Lizard, who had repaid his kindness so unkindly, and it became night.

And the Lizard, when it became night, said to himself: "I will go away, as if I were going back to the lake, but I will really go to the cave, and when the Monkey comes down and goes back to his cave, I will spring upon him and kill him." And so the Lizard went back to the cave and thought that he was doing a very clever thing.

But the Monkey was a clever Monkey, and when at last it was quite dark, and he could see nothing, he came down from the tree, and cautiously went to his cave. Now he did not know anything about what the Lizard had done, but he suspected that he might be planning some treachery; so when he came about ten yards from the mouth of the cave he stopped, and called aloud:

"Oh, Great Cave! Oh, Great Cave!" And then he listened for awhile, and said out very loud: "It is very strange, there must be someone in the cave, for there is no echo to-night." Now there never was really any echo at all.

And the Lizard heard what he said, and after a while, when the Monkey called out aloud again, "Oh, Great Cave! Oh, Great Cave!" the Lizard answered him: "Oh, Great Cave! Oh, Great Cave!" So the Monkey knew that the Lizard was laying a trap for him, and he ran away jeering at the silly Lizard.

So the Lizard returned to Mrs. Lizard in the lake.

## II.

### THE STONE LION.

Once upon a time there was in Tibet a poor woman and she had two sons, and one of them was proud and the other one was

humble. And the proud son took unto himself a wife, and he said to his mother: "There is no more room for you in the house, you must go away and get another shelter. I will have you no longer." And to his brother he said the same thing, so the mother and the humble son were driven forth and lived as best they could while the proud brother and his wife lived in comfort and luxury.

And after a long time it came to pass that the humble brother went a-gathering sticks over the hill-side, for it was very cold and the old mother needed a fire. And as he went along he found a few sticks here and there, and at last he came to a Stone Lion sitting on the hill-side.

And the Lion said to him: "Do not be afraid, but go fetch a bucket, and bring it here." And he brought a bucket, and the Lion said to him: "Hold it beneath my mouth"; and the man did so. And the Lion said: "Take care that not a piece of gold fall to the ground," and as he spoke he let fall from his mouth a stream of pieces of gold until the bucket was nearly full.

So the humble brother went away thankfully to his mother, and they two lived in peace and contentment for a long time.

But at last the proud brother began to hear of the comfort of his mother and brother, and was exceedingly jealous. So he went to where they were living and found that it was true, and his jealousy knew no bounds. And he said to his brother: "Brother, how came you by all these riches? Tell me, that I also may receive much money." And the younger brother told him at once, saying, "On such a hill you will find a Lion made of stone. Be not afraid, but go to him and ask him to fill a bucket with gold pieces for you also, and he will do so."

So the proud brother hasted and took the largest bucket that was in his house, and went as fast as the wind to the place that his brother had told him. And he found the Stone Lion, and the Lion, though unwilling, said to him just what he had said to the other brother, and the heart of the proud brother was exceeding glad, and he hasted and set underneath the great bucket, and the gold pieces dropped from the Lion's mouth even as his brother had said. And he said to himself: "I was a wise man to bring a great bucket, and I will see that it is well filled indeed." So he let the Lion drop gold into the great bucket until it rose in a heap in the middle over and above the brim.

And then there fell just one gold piece too many, and it slipped upon the heap and ran over on to the ground. And the proud brother looked up, and saw that the finest and greatest lump of the whole was stuck in the jaws of the Lion, and he put out his hand into the Lion's jaws, and tried to take it, but the Lion's jaws shut tight upon his arm, and he remained caught; and he cried out a great deal, but no one could help him to get free.

And there he remained for many years, while at home his wife and children became very poor and everything in the house was spoiled or stolen. Still the proud brother could not get his arm out of the mouth of the Stone Lion.

Then, after many years, his wife came weeping to the Stone Lion and told him how all the house was ruined because her husband was still being held by the arm, and the Lion laughed to himself as he heard. And the wife went on with her sad tale, and the Lion was more and more glad, until at last he could not help opening his mouth and chuckling. And at once the proud brother pulled his arm away out of the Stone Lion's mouth and became free again.

But he had lost all his money, and from that day he was only able to beg his livelihood at the street corners, while his mother and his brother lived in comfort and luxury in their own house.

## III.

### THE DEFORMED BOY.

Once upon a time there was a Boy with a deformed head, and as soon as he was born, his father said that he was so ugly that he would never get anyone to marry him, and so it happened. For no one would speak to him, and at last he went away by himself sadly, and kept cattle, and never saw the face of a man or a woman for a long time. Then there happened to him a strange thing. One day he was tending his herds by the side of a great lake, and a white drake came down from the sky towards him and settled upon the surface of the lake. And the bird swam three times all round the lake to the right, and three times all round the lake to the left, and after that the Boy caught the drake.

And the bird struggled to get away, but the boy held him fast, and at last the drake told the boy who he really was. Now the

drake was no other than the King of the Fairies, and he promised to give the Boy any one of his three daughters to wife if only he would release him. And the Boy consented, and chose the daughter that was neither the eldest nor the youngest, but the middle one. So the drake flew away.

Then after a little time, the middle daughter of the Fairy King appeared, most beautifully dressed, and in her hand she carried jewels of priceless value. So the two were married, though the Fairy King's daughter foretold to her husband that she would be able to remain with him only nine years.

So for nine years everything went as happily as it could, and everything that the Boy wished to have was at once there ready for him, palaces and cattle and servants and silks and jewels. And he almost forgot that there had once been a time when no one would speak to him for his very ugliness.

But at the end of the nine years, the fairy princess vanished without warning, and with her vanished also all the palaces and cattle and servants and silks and jewels. So the Boy was heart-broken, and he went out to search throughout all the land for the princess, but he found her nowhere. Still he went on searching, and as he wandered he came one day to the side of a great lake, and it was the place where he had first seen the drake and won his bride nine years before.

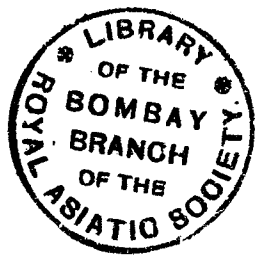
And as he stayed to look he saw a huge nest in the rushes by the side of the lake, and he knew at once what it was. For there is nothing like the nest of a Gryphon in the world. Luckily for the Boy the big birds were away and only the young ones were in the nest, for the Gryphon eats a man at a single meal. And as he looked in terror lest the parent birds should return, there came up out of the lake a Dragon, and he crawled towards the nest to eat up the young Gryphons. Then the Boy ran towards the nest and fought with the Dragon, and at last towards night he killed it; and just then the parent Gryphons came home; and they saw the nest and the dead Dragon, and they could not thank the Boy enough who had saved their young ones from the Dragon.

Then the Boy told them all his sad story, and asked the Gryphons if they would help him, and they said that they would. So the Boy sat upon the back of the male Gryphon and the Gryphon flew away with him up into the air for a long,

long way until at last they reached the kingdom of the fairies. And they went into the kingdom.

Now if there is one thing which the fairies and the gods cannot abide it is the sight of a mortal in their kingdom, so they all called out to him that he must go. But he said: "I will not go except my wife come with me." And they all called out upon his boldness and foolhardiness, and told him that he was but a mortal and might never again mate with a fairy. But he held his ground and said, again and again, "I will not go except my wife come with me." And the fairies and the gods wearied themselves in crying out against him, but always he said the same thing and retreated not an inch.

So at last, in despair, the King of the Fairies (for he found that his middle daughter after all was glad at the thought that she would go back again and be the Boy's wife, although he was so ugly) said to her: "Go, then, with him, and never again show yourself here." And blithely then she went away with the Boy on the back of the Gryphon, and returned to the Boy's country, and there they lived happily ever afterwards.



# APPENDIX H

## MISCELLANEA.

1. The origin of the name Tibet is phonetically curious. The inhabitants of the country spell its name "Bod." This, in accordance with the recognised rules of Tibetan pronunciation, they pronounce "Peu" (as in French, but with a phantom "d"). "Upper" in Tibetan is "Stod," which, for similar reasons, is pronounced "Teu." "Upper Tibet" as opposed to the lower districts to the north, east and west of Lhasa, is about conterminous with what we regard as Central Tibet. The pronunciation of "Teu-peu(d)" was crisped on the Darjeeling frontier into "Tibet," and thus became known to Europeans in this form.

The Chinese name for Lhasa is "Tsang." The two provinces of U (Lhasa) and Tsang (Tashi-lhunpo) are distinguished by them as Chien-tsang and Hou-tsang respectively.

2. Lhasa lies in N. latitude 29° 39′ 16″, and in E. longitude (Greenwich) 90° 57′ 13″. Its height above the sea is approximately 12,900 feet.

3. I cannot refrain from inserting the following remark of a Chinese historian named Masu. In the I-shih, a work upon the Chinese empire in 160 books, he says, in reference to the fauna and flora of this country, "There is in Tibet a plant which flies. It resembles a dog in shape, its colour is like tortoise-shell, and it is very tame. If lions or elephants see it they are frightened: hence it is the king of beasts." If there is really anything

in the theory of the transmigration of souls, it is clear that Miss Sybil Corbet must have inherited that of Masu.

4. One of the earliest kings of Lhasa, it is interesting to note, was a practical socialist. Muni-tsanpo three times redistributed the wealth of the country among its inhabitants, and three times he found it useless. The rich became richer, the poor even poorer, so he abandoned the scheme.

5. The names of MM. Tsybikoff and Norzunoff deserve to be mentioned in connection with Russia's policy of expansion in Tibet. The former is a Buriat of Trans-Baikalia who has visited Lhasa as the personal friend of Dorjieff. He took a series of good photographic views which have been published by the Russian Geographical Society. The latter is chiefly known for an unsuccessful attempt to join his colleague Dorjieff by crossing the frontier from Darjeeling. Neither of these men is of much political importance.

6. As illustrative of the influence which the Dalai Lama has over his present asylum, Urga, it is worth while to draw attention to the following story told by Sven Hedin. Some monk there had offended the Grand Lama of Lhasa, and twice the wretched man was compelled to make the journey from Urga to Lhasa—a three months posting journey at the quickest —*upon his knees*. Then he was again compelled to perform the same penance only to find the Dalai Lama unrelenting, and the doors of the Sacred City shut upon him.

7. I append a rough translation of the extract from the Odyssey, which I have placed on the title-page. The coincidence is worth quoting:

> "Over the tides of Ocean on they pressed,
> On past the great White Rock beside the stream,
> On, till through God's high bastions east and west,
> They reached the plains with pale-starred iris dressed,
> And found at last the folk of whom men dream."

The Arabian Sea, Ta-karpo, the Himalayas, Gyantse, and the Lhasans seem prophesied here clearly enough.

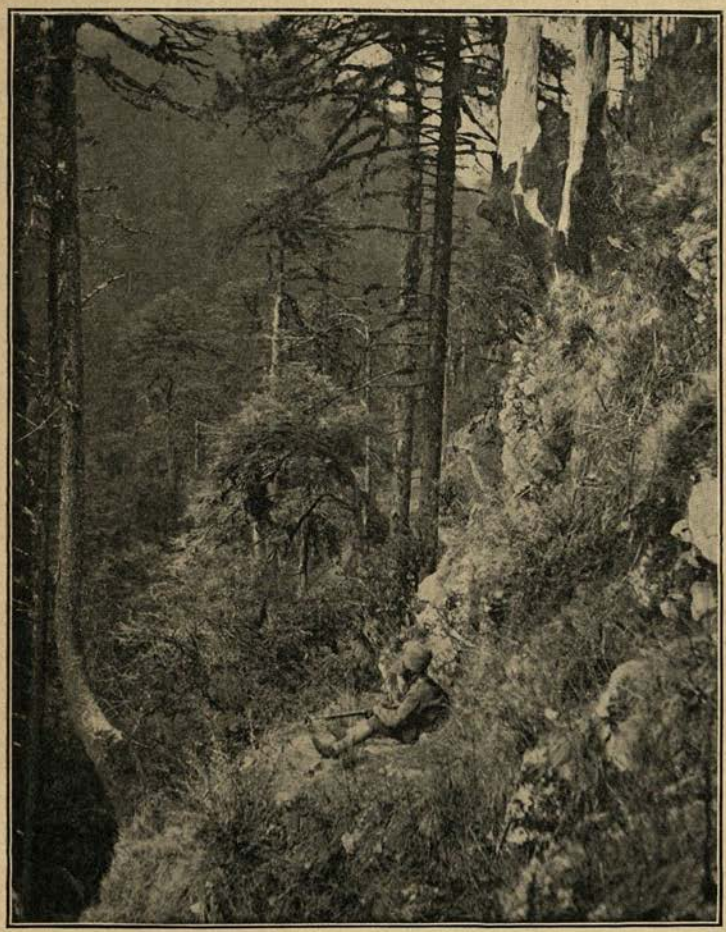
8. In a blacksmith's shop in Phari, I found a man-trap very similar in construction to those but recently obsolete in England. The jaws were armed with the teeth of some huge fish, and the spring was provided by a strong yak-hair rope. The punishments inflicted by the Tibetans are abominably cruel. The wretched men attached to the Mission who were caught in Gyantse on the night of the 4th of May, were cut to

Bolka. This, being a clearing in a bamboo plantation, is in Bhutanese territory.

pieces slowly in the "alternate" method, and during the stay of the Mission at Kamba jong an unhappy woman, convicted or suspected of adultery, had her nose and lips slit, and was afterwards flogged to death. In a country where morality is of the loosest, this was simply inhuman. It is a Tibetan, not a Chinese custom. The "alternate" mutilation is of course found in China also.

9. On the 16th of February I went for a two-day excursion

with Major Ray down the valley of the Ammo chu. After a difficult climb through the rhododendron jungle nine or ten miles below Rinchengong we encamped across the Bhutanese frontier—which is here delimited by the clearly-defined line



The end of the path down the Chumbi Valley below Assam. The trail here descends the precipitous side of the rock.

of bamboo growth—in a "dmo" accouchement clearing in the bamboos, named Bolka. Unfortunately, in returning for the mules which were unable to climb further, Ray slipped in the darkness, and fell down the khud. He hurt his arm severely,

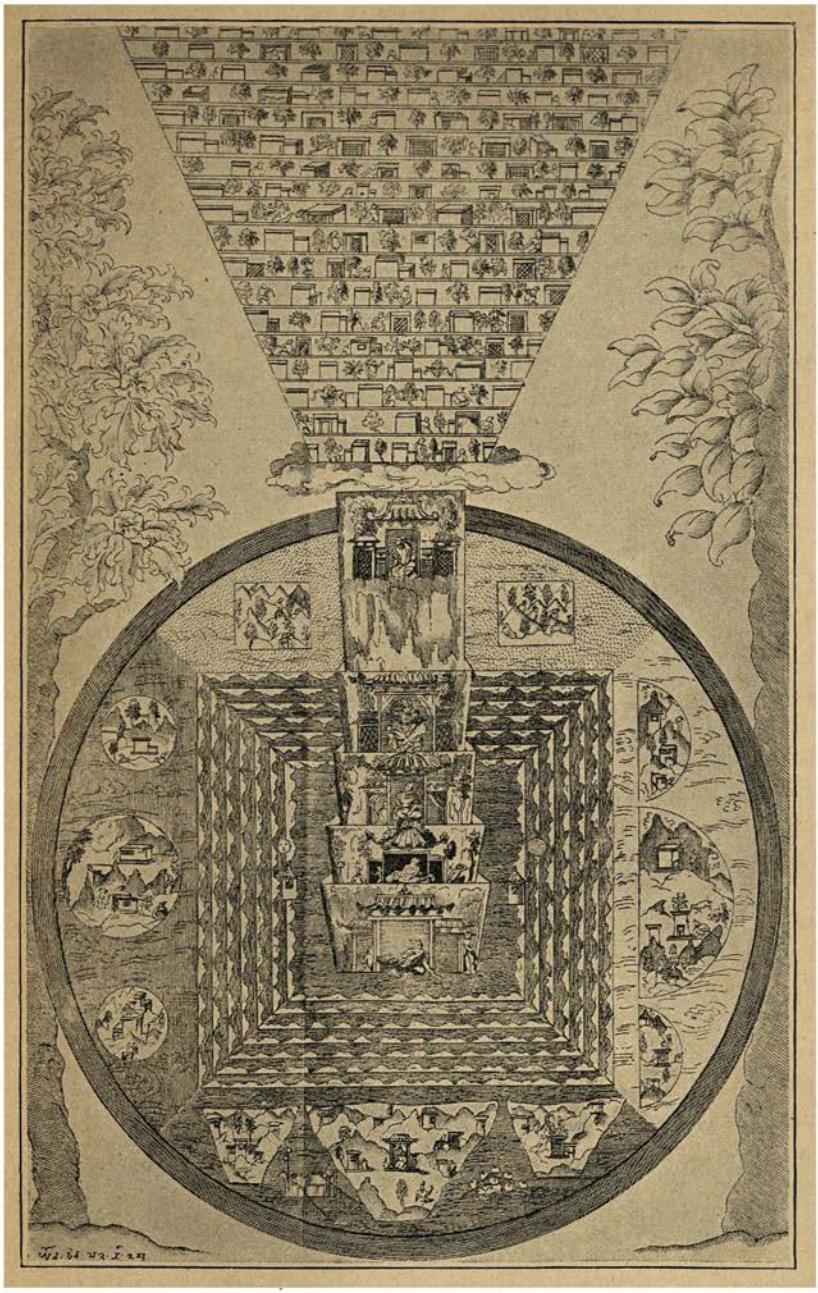
and on the next day when we moved to the precipitous cliff of the Dé chu, he was not able to climb down, and we yielded to the protests of our servants. The head of the gorge lay immediately to the south of us, and from where we were we could see the extreme difficulty which would attend any attempt to carry the road from India through this locality at the level of the Ammo chu.

10. The Aryan foot is high in the instep, and the big toe projects from the others. The Tibetan foot is flat on the ground from end to end, and has three equally projecting toes which give a foot-print that is unmistakable. It is as square cornered as a brick, except that the heel is narrow.

11. The coldest temperatures we experienced were in January and February near the Tang la. At Chu-gya the thermometer was once observed to go down to 27° below zero (Fahrenheit), but there can be no doubt that had there been the means of taking regular records at this spot, this depth would often have been exceeded. The average temperature nightly at Phari was about -10° during January. The bitter wind over the Tang la of course made the sufferings of the troops infinitely greater, though the dryness of the air no doubt saved us from feeling the full effects of the frost.

12. The rarefaction of the air caused several curious phenomena. The sighting of our rifles on the back-sight was of course entirely thrown out. A range of 1,350 yards was correctly sighted at 1,050 on the sight during our stay at Gyantse (13,000 feet). At 15,000 feet the fusee springs of the maxim had to be reduced from a seven and a half pound "pull" to four or even three-and-three-quarters. I have in the book referred to the action of the time fuses of shells at 17,000 feet. The maxim water-jacket was of course merely a source of trouble until someone hit upon the device of filling it with a mixture of rum and water. Lubrication was also à trouble. The only safe course was found to be a thorough cleaning away of every speck of oil, and a substitution of black-lead.

In other directions also there was difficulty. Water boiled at about 180°, and as a result only Mussoor dal (lentils) would



The Tibetan Universe: a picture in the Borghese Museum in 1680, painted from the original "in Lhapranga Lhassensi asservato." Our triangular earth, with its two similarly shaped satellites, occupies the base of the circle and is divided from the sacred Meru Mountain by seven oceans—of milk, curds, butter, blood, poison, fresh water and salt water respectively—and seven ranges of hills. The reader is referred to Waddell's "Lamaism," p. 78, for an interesting and detailed account.

cook properly. Arhar, Moong or Chenna dal was alike useless. Wounds or scratches took an abnormal time to heal, owing to the oxygenless state of the air. Colonel Waddell did indeed try to obtain cylinders of oxygen for certain medical purposes, but they were found to be impossible of transport. Incidentally it may be remarked that for the same reason "instras"—of which the force took up a large number—failed to keep alight, to our great disappointment.

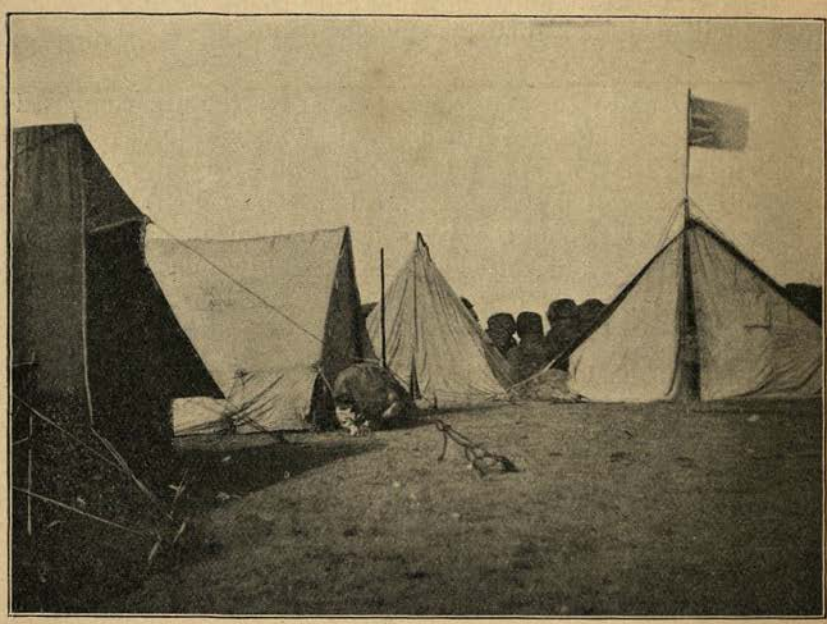
13. Heaven, to the Tibetan, is a vast structure composed of precious stones laid vertically, not horizontally, as in the Revelation. The north is gold, the east, white crystal, the south, Indranila, the west, Pemaraga or ruby. The colours therefore differ somewhat from the recognised Hindu distribution of colours to the quarters, of which the P. and O. houseflag is the best illustration.

14. The medical profession in Tibet is based exclusively upon Chinese practice. This is one of the puzzles of the east. It is naturally a matter of superstition and tradition alone, neither research nor the first requirements of cleanliness are used by the profession. The medicines they employ are in many cases grotesque, powdered lizards, dragon's blood, dry yellow dust, professing to be the remains of the Guru Rinpoche or some other distinguished teacher, the tiny powdered scrapings from a cup mark, scraps of Daphne paper with charms printed upon them; all these are taken internally. Captain Walton, the surgeon of the Mission, tells me that the Tibetans responded willingly and gratefully to his invitations, and as he expressed it himself, if the expedition has done nothing else it has certainly improved the looks of no small number of the good people of Tibet; six or seven hundred cases in all of harelip or cataract must have been treated by him alone.* The Amchi, or doctor, is a man greatly respected in Tibet. It was in this disguise that Manning was able to enter Lhasa, and the records of the Capuchins betray the fact that their services were in

* I remember his grimly speculating one day, during our bombardment in Gyantse, as to what his late patients must be doing who ran away from under his charge before the stitches had been taken out.

vastly greater request as physicians of the body than of the soul.

15. The brilliancy of the moonlight was beyond all conception. I append a photograph taken by moonlight at Tuna.



Photograph taken by moonlight at Tuna, in the General's camp, March 31, 1904.

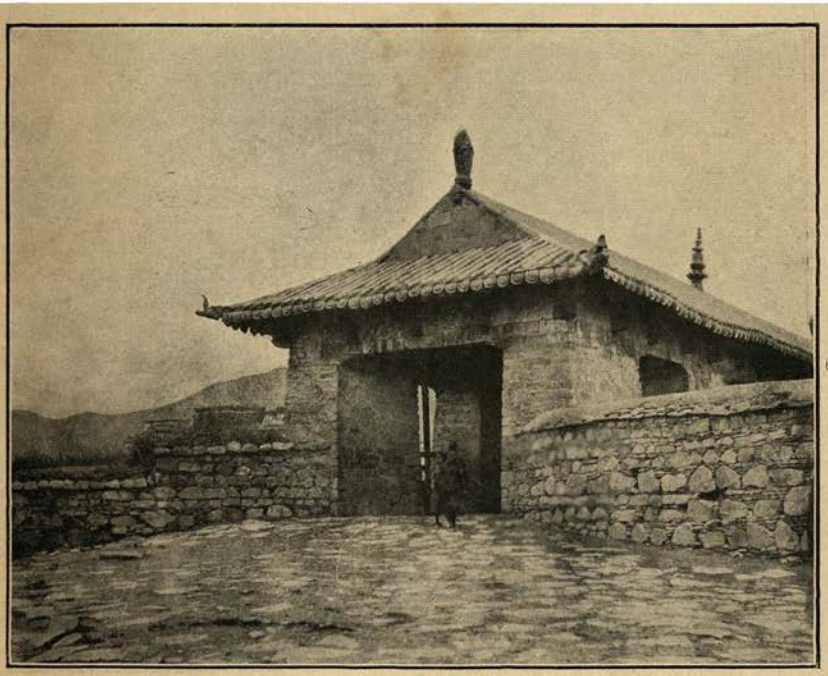
It is only fair to say that for all the photographs I took in Tibet, I used an ordinary 5×4 cartridge kodak, taken out of stock.

16. There is some little difficulty about the wording of the inscription on the Do-ring. In the journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vol. XII. N.S. a rubbing and a translation are given by Dr. Bushell, of which I have incorporated the latter in the text.

It is at once clear that the rubbing was not made from the Do-ring itself. The proportionate width of the rubbing to the length is about as 6 to 25. That of the Do-ring is about 2 to 3. Further, in the rubbing, the Tibetan and the Chinese versions

are side by side in vertical columns. On the Do-ring the Chinese version fills the eastern face, the Tibetan the western. It is possible that the rubbing is taken from the duplicate copy of the lettering on the Do-ring which exists in the Amban's residence. In that case it is difficult to see how the four cup-marks on it have been caused, but the fact seems probable.

It is clear from the wording of the treaty in the rubbing that it was made at a time when " Te-chih-li-tsan " was reigning



The city entrance to the Yutok Sampa.

in Tibet, not " Koli-kotsu." Now Chilitsan (the " Te " is merely an official prefix—see Ti Rinpoche), or " Ralpachan," was reigning in 783 and " Koli-kotsu " or " Yi-tai " reigning in 822. It is therefore clear that this particular treaty dates from 783, not—as Dr. Bushell surmises—from 822.

But I have no doubt that there were at one time *two* treaties recorded on slabs outside the Jo-kang. Masu—who may be more accurate in archæology than he is in natural history—definitely states that there were two, both of the Tang period

—one called Té-tsang, the other called Mu-tsang. These are the names, and this statement tallies with the dates, of the two emperors who in 783 and 822 made two distinct treaties with Tibet. Masu goes on to say that Mu-tsang is gone and only Té-tsang remains. If this be so, the Do-ring dates from 783 and the rubbing of Dr. Bushell must have been taken from some authentic copy, probably that kept at the Chinese Residency, for it is clear that the text of the rubbing refers to 783.

Tibetan woman weaving on a primitive loom.

17. Further examination of the case of Moorcroft merely increases the mystery. It seems that every foreigner connected with the matter was put away. It is difficult to suppose that Moorcroft himself, Trebeck, Guthrie—a native assistant of Moorcroft's—and Mir Izzat Allah, a confidential servant, all died within a year by a mere series of coincidences. No one was with Moorcroft when he was reported to be killed. Trebeck never saw the body which was interred at Balkh; it was probably frightfully decomposed by this time.

The story I have referred to in the first volume was corroborated and given to Huc in a more detailed form by Nisan himself, Moorcroft's servant, in Lhasa, eight years after it had occurred, and he there added a fact which seems to destroy the only obvious reconciliation of the opposing versions of Moorcroft's death. It will at once occur to anyone who studies the matter that Moorcroft's papers and effects might have been

A group of Tibetans. The old woman's face is smeared with kutch, and the characteristic Tibetan foot is seen ( ? slightly deformed) to the right.

looted by a Kashmiri travelling to Lhasa, and that the whole story may have arisen from a discovery of this loot in the Kashmiri's kit when he was himself murdered on his return journey.

But Nisan's statement was direct that Moorcroft, before leaving Lhasa, gave him a "chit" or letter of recommendation to someone unknown in Calcutta. The letter was written in English characters, and, as he gave it to Nisan, Moorcroft re-

marked that if he ever found himself in Calcutta the note would serve him in good stead.

I might suggest to anyone who may have the opportunity of doing so that an exhumation of the corpse buried at Balkh as Moorcroft's would settle the matter at once. It might also be a good thing to remove altogether the remains of an Englishman from a place where they have for so long been treated with disrespect. If the skull is that of a European the body is Moor-

Group of Tibetan women and children.

croft's. If it is that of a native, there will arise a strong probability that the story Huc tells had at least some basis of fact. I should add that so great was the anger in Lhasa over the discovery of Moorcroft's notes and maps, that Nisan destroyed the "chit" lest in some way it should incriminate him.

18. I had not properly read my Marco Polo ("Yule's" latest edition), when I wrote that I could not understand the reference to the "flesh-licking" yak. The emperor, Humaion himself,

told the Turkish admiral, Sidi Ali, that when a yak had knocked a man down, it skinned him from head to heels by licking him with his tongue.

19. I have not drawn sufficient attention in these pages to the danger with which any decrease of our prestige in Lhasa threatens our best recruiting ground—Nepaul. The Gurkhas, who are the mainstay of all our hill operations in the North-West, would be the first object of any foreign hostility in Lhasa, which still exercises considerable spiritual ascendancy over their races. The excellent work of the 8th Gurkhas, who had been brought almost to perfection by Major Row and the opportunity of active service, demands mention in this record, though in general I have avoided singling out officers or men for especial comment.

20. In Tibet, only the members of the family are carried out to burial through the door. Others dying in the house are put through a window. In the Chumbi Valley the dead are cremated in a sitting posture. Some important persons in Tibet are cast after death into the Yam-dok tso, others—especially lamas —are reduced to a mere cuticle and enshrined in chortens. The enormous majority are hacked in pieces and given to the pigs, dogs and vultures.

# APPENDIX I

## RIDE FROM LHASA.

THE following bare record of the times of a ride from Lhasa to Darjeeling may, perhaps, be of some small interest. As I have said, the question of the real nearness to India of Lhasa in point of time was one which the authorities were anxious to decide. With a led horse apiece, and with very small kit, a well-found body of men would occupy about the time that I took myself in coming down from Lhasa to Darjeeling. The distances given are those by the shortest route. This was not always available for myself.

| *First day :—* | MILES. | |
|---|---|---|
| Left Lhasa, 5.36 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Tölung Bridge, 6.55. | | |
| Last view Chorten, 7.22. | | |
| Great Buddha, 8. ... ... ... | | Stayed twenty minutes at Nethang. |
| First spur, 9.15. | | |
| Spy Hole Rock, 10.12. | | |
| Nam, 10.37. | | |
| Chusul, 2.15 p.m. ... ... ... | | Stayed half-an-hour. |
| Pome-se, 3.40. | | |
| Chak-sam Ferry, 4.40... ... | 42 | River in flood; an average crossing would be about 20 men per hour. |
| *Second day :—* | | |
| Left Chak-sam, 6.45 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Kamba-partsi, 8.35 ... ... | | Stayed twenty-five minutes. |
| Top of Kamba la, 11.56. | | |
| Pe-di Jong, 4.10 p.m. | 27 | |

| | MILES. | |
|---|---|---|
| *Third day :—* | | |
| Left Pe-di Jong, 8.50 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Kal-sang Sampa, 9.57. | | |
| Arrived Nagartse, 12.40 p.m. | 17 | |
| *Fourth day :—* | | |
| Left Nagartse, 7.7 a.m. | | |
| Arrived at the Tibetan Wall, 11.0. | | |
| Arrived Karo la, 12 noon ... ... | | Stayed half-an-hour. |
| Arrived Ra-lung, 4.19 p.m. | 27 | |
| *Fifth day :—* | | |
| Left Ra-lung, 6.20 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Long-ma, 8.40. | | |
| Arrived Gobshi, 10.50 ... ... | | Stayed half-an-hour. |
| Arrived Gyantse, 4.7 p m. | 33 | |
| *Sixth day :—* | | |
| Left Gyantse, 5.35 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Saugang, 9.20 ... ... | | Stayed an hour. |
| Arrived Kang-ma, 2.20 p.m.... ... | | Stayed three-quarters of an hour. |
| Arrived Menza Pass, 7.16. | 44 | |
| *Seventh day :—* | | |
| Left Menza, 5.20 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Kala tso, 8.7... ... ... | | Stayed an hour and a-quarter. |
| Arrived Dochen, 12.40 p.m.... ... | | Stayed forty minutes. |
| Arrived Tuna, 5.5. | 42 | |
| *Eighth day :—* | | |
| Left Tuna, 7.5 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Tang la Post, 10.2 ... ... | | Stayed eighteen minutes. |
| Arrived Phari, 11.32 ... ... ... | | Stayed an hour and twenty minutes. |
| Arrived Dota, 4.35 p.m. | 35 | |
| *Ninth day :—* | | |
| Left Dota, 7.20 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Gautso, 9.20 ... ... ... | | Stayed fifty minutes. |
| | | Met large convoy on road, which delayed pace considerably. |
| Arrived Chumbi, 1.45 p.m. ... ... | | Stayed an hour and a-half. |
| Arrived Chumbi-tang, 7.15. | 31 | |
| *Tenth day :—* | | |
| Left Chumbi-tang, 6.50 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Natu la, 8.36. ... ... | | Nine days five hours to frontier. |
| Arrived Changu, 11.45 ... ... | | Stayed fifty minutes. Raining till I reached Gangtok. |
| Arrived Karponang, 4.15 p.m. ... | | Stayed half-an-hour. |
| Arrived Gangtok, 9.12. | 32 | |

| *Eleventh day* :— | MILES. | |
|---|---|---|
| Left Gangtok, 7.10 a.m. | | |
| Arrived Bridge, 8.30. | | |
| Arrived Rang-po, 1 p.m. ... ... | | Stayed an hour. |
| Arrived Tista Bridge, 4.50. ... ... | | Raining. |
| Arrived Pashok, 6.5. | 41 | |
| *Last day* :— | | |
| Left Pashok, 5.50 a.m. ... ... | | Raining. |
| Arrived railway station, Ghoom, 8.46 ... ... | 15 | 11 days 3 hours and 10 minutes from Lhasa. |

I reached the hotel at Darjeeling at 10. I may add that I reached Simla at 4.15 on the afternoon of the fifteenth day, and London on the evening of the thirty-fifth day.

# APPENDIX K

The following honours and promotions were awarded in recognition of services in connection with the Tibet Mission :—

*To be K.C.I.E.*

Major Francis Edward Younghusband, C.I.E., British Commissioner.
Major and Brevet Colonel James Ronald Leslie Macdonald, C.B., R.E., in command of the Escort.

*To be C.I.E.*

John Claude White, Esq., Assistant to British Commissioner.
Captain William Frederick Travers O'Connor, R.A., Secretary to British Commissioner.
Lionel Truninger, Esq., Chief Telegraph Officer.

*To be C.M.G.*

Ernest Colville Collins Wilton, Esq., His Majesty's Vice-Consul at Chungking.

*To be C.B.*

Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Colonel Hastings Read, Indian Army.
Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence Augustine Waddell, M.B., C.I.E., Indian Medical Service.
Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Joshua Cooper, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers.
Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Fountaine Hogge, Indian Army
Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Ancrum Kerr, Indian Army.
Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Ralph Brander, Indian Army.

*To be D.S.O.*

Major Alexander Mullaly, Indian Army.
Major Frank Murray, Indian Army.
Major Robert Cobb Lye, Indian Army.

Major MacCarthy Reagh Emmet Ray, Indian Army.
Captain Charles Hesketh Grant Moore, Indian Army.
Captain Thomas Mawe Luke, Royal Artillery.
Captain Julian Lawrence Fisher, Royal Fusiliers.
Captain Dashwood William Harrington Humphreys, Indian Army.
Lieutenant George Cecil Hodgson, Indian Army.

BREVET.

*To be Colonel.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Campbell, D.S.O., Indian Army.

*To be Lieutenant-Colonels.*

Captain and Brevet Major William George Lawrence Beynon, D.S.O., Indian Army.
Major Richard Woodfield Fuller, Royal Artillery.
Major Herbert Augustus Iggulden, the Sherwood Foresters (Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment).

*To be Majors.*

Captain Seymour Hulbert Sheppard, D.S.O., Royal Engineers.
Captain William John Ottley, Indian Army.

The following officers had been brought to notice by Brigadier-General J. R. L. Macdonald, C.B., as deserving of special approval for their services with the military forces attached to the Tibet Mission :—

STAFF.—Colonel H. Read, Indian Army, commanding Line of Communications; Major H. A. Iggulden, Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment, D.A.A.G.; Brevet Major W. G. L. Beynon, D.S.O., 2nd Batt. 3rd Gurkhas, D.A.Q.M.G.; Major J. M. Stewart, 2nd Batt. 5th Gurkhas, Special Service Officer Line of Communications; Major M. R. E. Ray, 7th Rajputs, D.A.Q.M.G.; Major J. O'B. Minogue, West Yorkshire Regiment, D.A.A.G.; and Lieutenant B. H. Bignell, 117th Mahrattas.

*Royal Artillery.*—Major R. W. Fuller, No. 7 Mountain Battery R.G.A.; Captain F. A. Easton, No. 7 Mountain Battery R.G.A.; and Captain T. M. Luke, No. 73 Company R.G.A.

*Royal Engineers.*—Major C. H. Heycock, 2nd Company Sappers and Miners; Captain C. H. D. Ryder, Survey Officer; Captain S. H. Sheppard, D.S.O., 1st Company Sappers; Captain C. Elliott, Field Engineer; and Lieutenant J. A. McEnery, Assistant Field Engineer.

*The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment.*—Captain G. H. Neale, Transport Officer.

*Royal Fusiliers.*—Colonel E. J. Cooper, D.S.O., Captain J. L. Fisher, and Captain C. A. H. Palairet.

*Norfolk Regiment.*—Lieutenant A. L. Hadow, commanding Machine Gun Section.

*Royal Highlanders.*—Captain J. B. Pollok-Morris, Transport Officer.

*14th Murray's Jat Lancers.*—Captain H. M. W. Souter, Transport Officer.

*19th Punjabis.*—Major L. N. Herbert.

*23rd Sikh Pioneers.*—Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Hogge, Major R. C. Lye, Captain H. F. A. Pearson, and Captain W. J. Ottley (commanding Mounted Infantry Company).

*32nd Sikh Pioneers.*—Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Brander, Major F. H. Peterson, D.S.O., Captain E. H. S. Cullen, and Lieutenant G. C. Hodgson.

*40th Pathans.*—Lieutenant-Colonel F. Campbell, D.S.O., Captain T. R. Maclachlan, and Captain G. A. Preston.

*46th Punjabis.*—Captain C. H. Peterson (commanding Mounted Infantry Company).

*2nd Batt. 2nd Gurkhas.*—Captain F. G. C. Ross, Transport Officer.

*8th Gurkha Rifles.*—Lieutenant-Colonel M. A. Kerr, Major F. Murray, Captains C. Bliss and D. W. H. Humphreys, and Lieutenant J. D. Grant.

*Supply and Transport Corps.*—Major A. Mullaly, Captains C. H. G. Moore and H. H. Roddy, and Lieutenant W. Dunlop.

*Royal Army Medical Corps.*—Major A. R. Aldridge.

*Indian Medical Corps.*—Lieutenant-Colonel L. A. Waddell, C.I.E., Major C. N. C. Wimberly, and Captain T. B. Kelly.

*Army Veterinary Department.*—Captain R. C. Moore.

Volunteer Nursing Sister A. Taylor.

# APPENDIX L

## THE POLITICAL RESULTS OF THE MISSION.

I HAVE waited till the last moment to sum up the results of the Mission in order to include the latest possible phase. At the moment of the publication of this book there still remains much to be done, if the full benefit of the expedition is to be reaped; but already matters have arranged themselves in a more satisfactory manner than at one time seemed likely, and though the ultimate action of the Dalai Lama is an unknown factor of the highest importance, it is now possible to forecast with some certainty the effect which any action of his or of the Chinese will have upon our own position in the country.

After tedious and prolonged discussion during the month of August, Colonel Younghusband determined to bring matters to a head, the more so as General Macdonald was pressing him to retire from Lhasa. The first serious hint of his determination to delay no longer was enough, and with the assistance of the Amban himself, the Nepalese Resident, and the Tongsa Penlop, the representatives of Tibet agreed to sign, and actually did sign, on the seventh of September the long-demanded Treaty. The ceremony of affixing the seals of the Dalai Lama, of the Sendé-gye-sum and of the Tsong-du, took place with all possible solemnity in the hall of the Potala Palace, in the presence of a large gathering of all the more important officers and officials on either side. In form the Treaty corresponded closely with that which I have already sketched out on page 19 in this volume. One important clause there was, however, to which

special attention must be drawn. The indemnity demanded by the British Commissioner—this question having been left entirely to him—was adjusted so that the Tibetans should pay about one-half of the expense to which the Indian Government had been put in its effort to come to a final and amicable arrangement with its Tibetan neighbours. This sum was, as at first arranged with the Chinese Resident—who thought it an entirely inadequate demand—to be paid within a period of three years, but at the dismayed protest of the Tibetans, Colonel Younghusband at last consented to adopt their own suggestion and accept payment in seventy-five annual instalments of one hundred thousand rupees each. In return for this, they willingly consented that the Indian Government should hold the Chumbi Valley as a security till the debt was paid off.

This, it must be remembered, was the Tibetans' own suggestion, and it is not surprising that they looked upon this occupation with unconcern. The Chumbi Valley is of no importance to Tibet; it was wrested by them from what is now an Indian Native State, and from the point of view of value, agricultural, mineral or otherwise, the valley is an insignificant property. Its whole value lies in the fact that it is the Lobby joining the two great Houses of India and Tibet. There was, therefore, no difficulty in making this arrangement, so far at least as our late opponents were concerned. But there was violent opposition at home. As I have said before, the Home Government had repeated their assurances to Russia that we had no intention of annexing Tibetan territory. In June, this pledge was not regarded by the Cabinet as interfering with any mortgage to us of the Chumbi Valley, even if we admitted that the soil of it properly belonged to them at all. But a certain deference to the susceptibilities of Russia—it is hard to pick the right words to describe the attitude of ministers at this time—now intervened, and the fact that by the Tibetans' own deliberate action a state of war between them and ourselves had taken the place of the previous peaceful relations to which the assurances had referred, was not regarded as affecting the status of these voluntary undertakings. They were even construed with greater rigidity than before.

The agreement, therefore, to which the Commissioner has signed his name has now to be modified lest Russia should resent

what she might regard in us, if not as a positive act of bad faith, at least as a want of delicacy of conscience in ultra-Asian affairs. There is no doubt much to be said from this somewhat cynical point of view, and the fact that it received the support of our representatives in St. Petersburgh lends to it considerable weight. The Treaty, therefore, is still awaiting ratification so far as the suzerain power is concerned, but it cannot be too widely remembered that, as against the Tibetans themselves, the Treaty, in the form in which they themselves agreed to its terms, is a valid document, and if China should attempt to evade its formal ratification—subject of course to such acts of remission in the terms as we may and, no doubt, shall think it advisable to grant—her action must inevitably be construed as a *pro tanto* renunciation of her rights of suzerainty over Tibet. This, however, is not really to be feared. We have acted throughout with the cordial assent and advice of the Wai-wu-pu, and China has already reaped no small advantage from our vigorous action. In addition, she has committed herself to support of our policy by no less significant an action than the deposition of the Dalai Lama from his temporal authority by proclamation of the Amban in Lhasa on September 11th.

This action deserves some notice. It is by no means the first time that the Celestial Government has found itself obliged to interfere with even the sacrosanct position of the Tibetan pontiff. In 1706 Lo zang rin-chen tsang-yang gya-tso was beheaded at Dam, and his successor was degraded and exiled by the Chinese conquerors for fourteen years. Whether it was the latter's private or public demoralisation which offended his new suzerains, it is clear that no protest was ever raised by the people of Tibet, either then or eight years later, when His Holiness was again cast into prison for the murder of the Chinese "Regent."

But Tubdan gyatso is no ordinary man. He is fully aware of the almost irresistible influence which his incarnate self possesses over a country trained in the narrow school of Lamaism, and if he does not choose to accept his demission, he may find strong support, especially among the outlying portions of his spiritual kingdom. In Lhasa itself his absence will probably be little regretted, and should he again put himself within the grasp of the hierarchy which he has so deeply offended, the

chance of his escaping the poison which always lies handy to secure the devolution of Avalokiteswara's spirit is small indeed.

In the event of his assassination or continued exile, the results of the Mission will have been indirectly achieved, for Tubdan gyatso is the only man of his own way of thinking among the greater dignities of Tibet. If, on the other hand, he can force his way single-handed back to power and reinstate Dorjieff, the Russophile tendencies of Tibetan politics will of course be redoubled, and we may once more have to intervene to put things upon a proper footing. But Russian influence in Eastern Asia has naturally waned, and the Grand Lama has gone to the very place where the real lesson of the Japanese war will have been perceived and assimilated more perhaps than anywhere else in the dominions of China, and the recent foolish Russian restrictions upon the Baikalia will have had time to bring about a different estimate also of Russia's real sympathy with the faith of which he is the divine head. Kiakhta, which is said to be his present residence, is on the Siberian frontier less than a hundred miles from Missovaia on Lake Baikal and the railway.

The temporary, almost nominal, Government which we helped the Chinese to set up in Lhasa may almost be dismissed from consideration, except in so far as the Three Monasteries are concerned. The Tashi Lama—for whom we secured the temporary ascendancy in things spiritual and, provisionally, in things temporal also—has had no intention even of leaving his secure retreat at Tashi-lhunpo to risk the unpopularity, impotence and personal danger which he would surely meet with in Lhasa. The jealousy between the two capitals still plays a most important part in Tibetan politics, and this deliberate challenge on our part was intended rather to set the Tibetans thinking than to achieve any immediate re-devolution to Tashi-lhunpo of the power of which, as we have seen, she was deprived by Lhasa in the seventeenth century. The Chinese Amban may also be omitted from our estimates. He is powerless to vindicate his Emperor's suzerainty or influence Tibetan counsels in any way. His very life is insecure.

In the hands of the Three Monasteries, therefore, lies all the power at this moment, and their bitter hostility to foreign influence of any kind is the strongest guarantee we have that no further philanderings with Russia will be allowed to go on.

This, after all, is our chief aim. All other considerations are of insignificant importance, and we are willing on our part to co-operate with the Tibetans on our side of the frontier to keep unauthorised persons from visiting Tibet, provided of course that an equally strict isolation is enforced on all other frontiers.

We have not made ourselves beloved by the Lamaic hierarchy, but their grudging respect we have won, and for an understanding with an Eastern oligarchy respect is a better basis than love. How important that understanding is for India I have before in these pages attempted to show, and at the approaching conference in Calcutta with Tang—the Chinese special envoy sent to discuss the terms of the Tibetan Treaty—Lord Curzon may be trusted to safeguard the advantages we have now fairly gained.

I have just said that in dealing with an Eastern political oligarchy affection counts for little. But I should be sorry to lay down my pen without re-stating in this connection that in almost every other department of Oriental life it counts for much indeed, and herein—in the slowly spreading influence which the first acquaintance with Englishmen must have among the mass of the Tibetan people—in their memory of our fair dealing—in their gratitude for sick tended and wounded made whole—perhaps even in return for the blow we have unintentionally struck at the spiritual fetters which bind them down—in these we may perhaps find in the end a greater advantage to that vast Asian Empire for which we have made ourselves responsible, than any secured by the mere letter of the Treaty as it will eventually be interpreted and modified.

THE END.

# SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

THE contents of a Tibetan Blue Book, which was published at the end of January, 1905, merely confirm and elaborate with details the preceding estimate of the political situation. Little of importance for my present purpose has been added by the latest papers included in it, except the official announcement that the indemnity to be paid by the Tibetans has been reduced from seventy-five lakhs to twenty-five, and the time allowed for its payment contracted to three years.

The chief interest of the Blue Book to the ordinary reader proved to be the frankness with which any points of disagreement between the British Commissioner and the responsible Minister of the Crown have been emphasised by the latter, together with his outspoken criticisms. It was, however, made clear in the Blue Book that Colonel Younghusband retained to the last the full confidence of the Indian Administration, and the prevailing feeling in this country was merely a trace of regret that the Secretary of State for India should have taken so unusual and, in the almost universal opinion, so unnecessary a course. It was felt on all sides that more was involved in the matter than the expression of an official opinion upon the work of an individual: there was also raised the wider question of the loyalty of the chief of a great department of State towards a representative entrusted with an exceptionally delicate and difficult task, and, on the whole, the impression was left that, in this matter, the India Office had taken up the position of an advocate rather than that of a judge.

This view was well expressed in a leader in the *Times*, from which I quote the concluding paragraphs:

"The Treaty of Lhasa sets the seal on a notable achievement, which has not only placed our relations with Tibet on a

more satisfactory footing than has ever yet been the case, but has materially added to the security of our North-Eastern frontier and strengthened our position throughout Central Asia. That achievement, as Lord Ampthill emphatically states, in the last despatch addressed by the Government of India to the Secretary of State, is 'mainly due to the conspicuous tact, ability and constancy' displayed by Colonel Younghusband 'during the whole course of his arduous negotiations.' 'If,' continued Lord Ampthill, 'in one particular the Commissioner has failed to earn the approval of His Majesty's Government, we feel confident that when the importance of what he has achieved, taken as a whole, has been more fully realised, His Majesty's Government will not withhold from him a generous measure of approval.' We cannot improve upon the dignified language in which Lord Ampthill thus indirectly rebuked in anticipation the course which the Secretary of State for India has chosen to adopt. It will be an evil day for the Empire when Ministers at home shall set about to discourage by churlish strictures the readiness of public servants abroad to assume responsibility in cases of extreme difficulty and urgency. It is this highest form of courage which has helped more than any other quality of our race to build up and preserve the British Empire. No mistake which may, and must inevitably sometimes, be committed from excess of zeal or error of judgment by the ablest and the wisest in the exercise of that quality will ever have such grave consequences as the loss of that quality itself would have, if it were gradually to decay under the blighting influence of official censoriousness."

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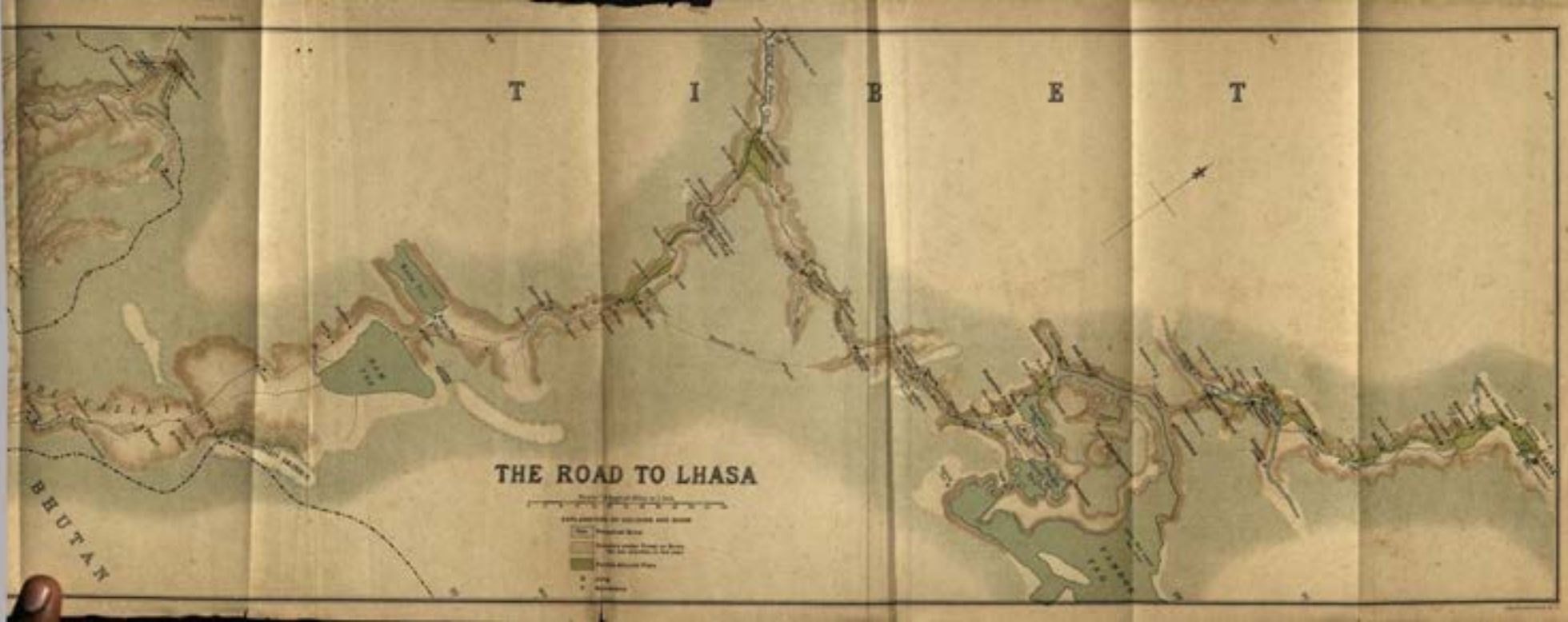
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